

ROLLING STONE

JUNE 25, 1970

No. 61

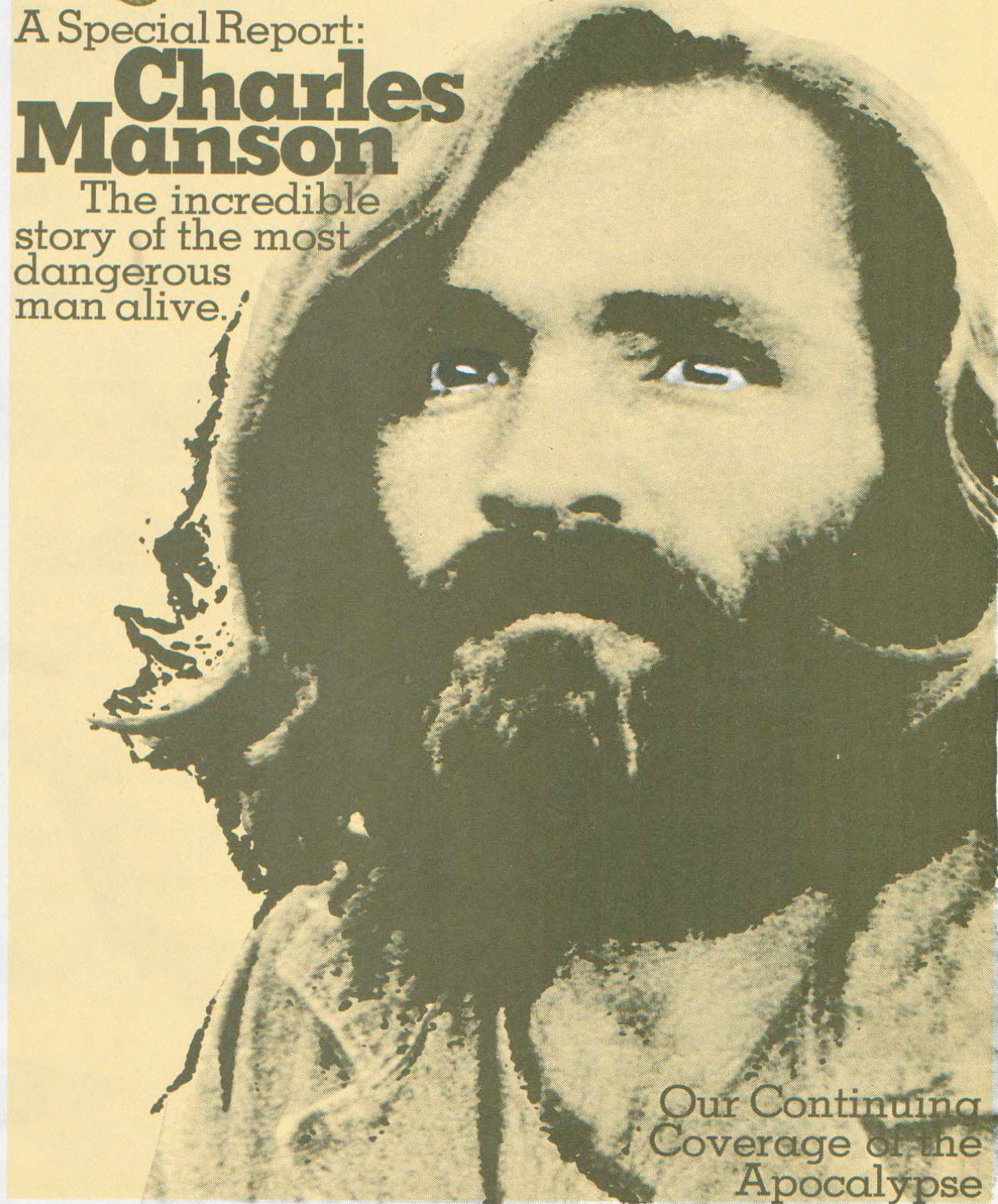
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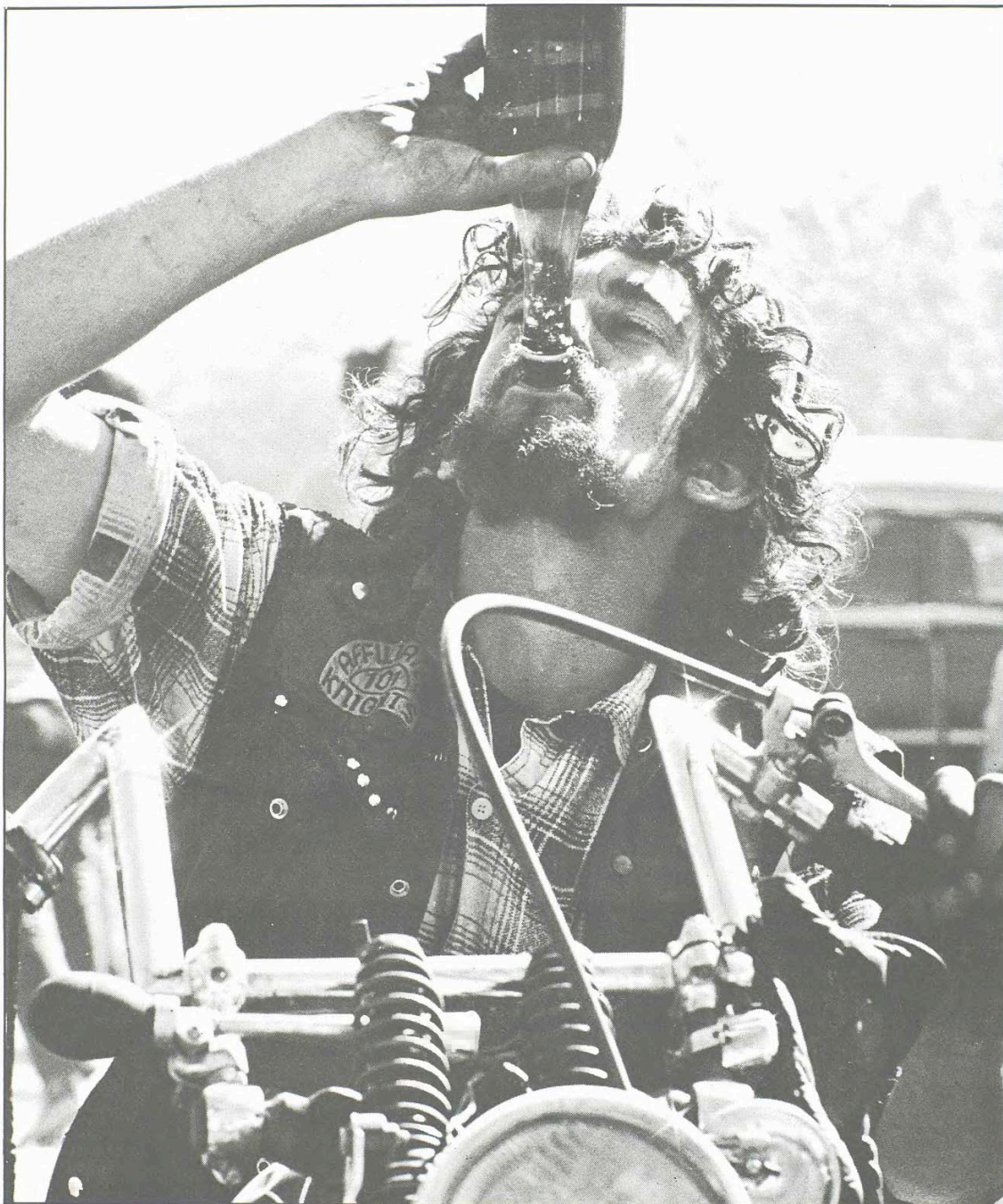
A Special Report:

Charles Manson

The incredible
story of the most
dangerous
man alive.



Our Continuing
Coverage of the
Apocalypse



Fueling at Strawberry Mountain. At Grass Valley, another festival was entering its 2nd month. Got lots festivals, pages 10, 11, 14, 15, 16.

KENT AFTERMATH: TEEN TURMOIL POISON AT B.O.

By JOHN MORTHLAND

SAN FRANCISCO — Lou Rhode, a student at San Francisco City College, is a clerk at Tower Records, and wears an "Out Now" peace button at work. Like most employees at the store, he's dead-set against the war, even to the point of taking a week off from his job and fasting with a group on campus.

"We've got to get out, right away," he says. "It just can't go on much longer. Everybody feels that way in the store, and so do the customers we talk to." He stands there in an aisle of the store, barefooted, alternately shaking his head in dismay and smiling in frustration.

"There was incredible activity here right after Cambodia," Rhode said. A

table was set up, where customers sat down to write letters against the war. Petitions went around the store.

"Now it seems to have died back down again, though," he added. "It's like everybody wants to do something against the war, but the movement has no direction and really doesn't know what to do. The war doesn't reach down into here much; it's hard to keep impressing on people the fact that innocent people are being killed there every day."

Tower, which proudly advertises the fact that they're open 365 days a year, closed for both big Moratoriums. The staff still keeps the turntable going with antiwar music much of the time, and they freely express themselves through

buttons or black armbands. But those employees who have continued their antiwar activities have done so away from the store, except in talking to friends and customers.

The events since Cambodia and Kent State have had a profound effect on the rock scene. Antiwar sentiment is high, not just among the bands, or the audiences, or record store clerks, but also among bookers, promoters, and store executives.

Record sales dropped considerably across the country after the Cambodian invasion. Students were out in the streets instead of at home listening to music. Money was going into bail funds instead of records. The stores are most

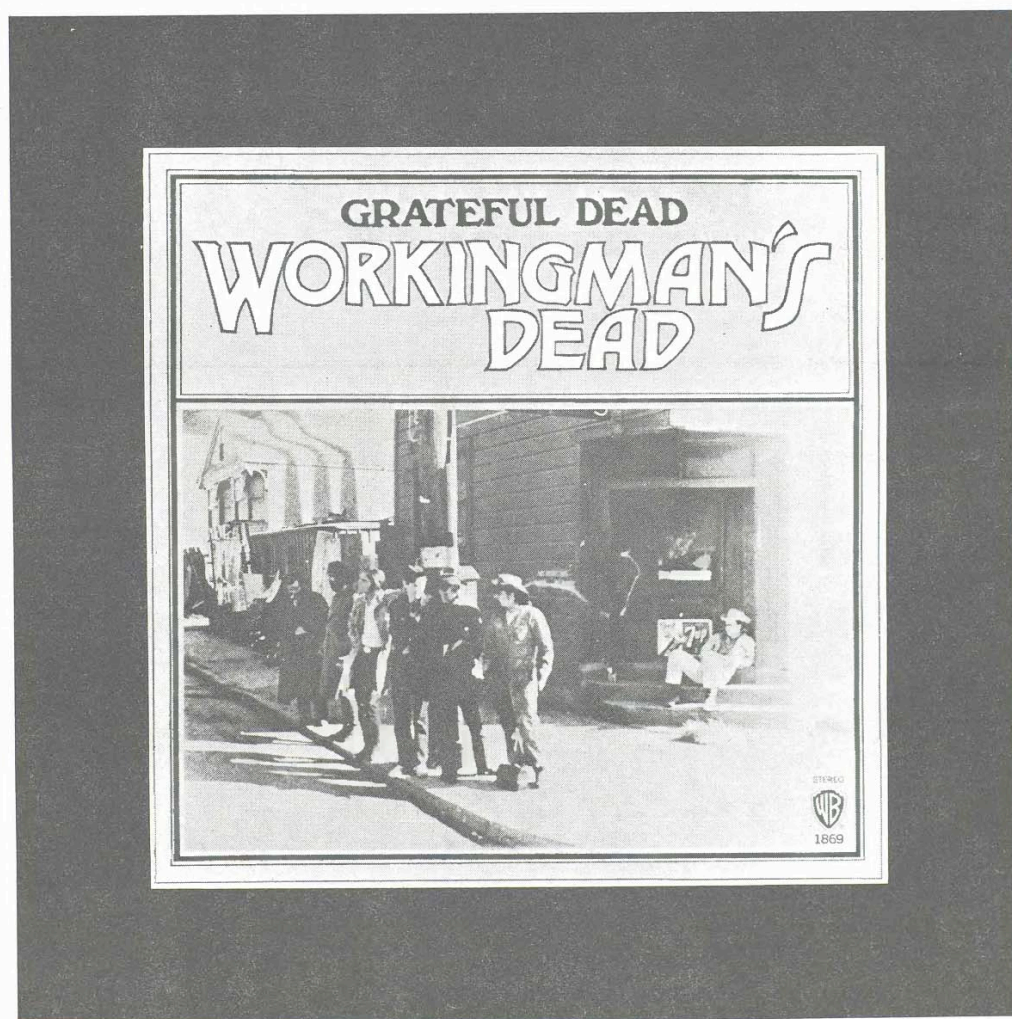
often sympathetic, and contribute to those bail funds. Sales are back up now, but still lower than usual around campus communities.

Bands lost a lot of gigs, especially on campuses. But they feel an empathy with the students; they feel the repression too. So they respond with benefits.

Booking agencies are still taking a soaking. Their bread and butter is the campus tour, and with so many campuses closed down during the tumult, a huge number of concerts were cancelled. Furthermore, April and May are the months when they book campus acts for the fall, and the existing uncertainty has made that impossible.

—Continued on Page 8

Good New Grateful Dead



It's Different.
It's on Warner Bros. (albums and tapes).



CORRESPONDENCE, LOVE LETTERS & ADVICE

SIRS:

Here's a little number that might help bring us closer to an understanding of this record biz. It's a photo clipped from the bottom of page 48, Record World, March 21, and it sums up in one pop of the flashbulb: what record companies think of their rock artists; what rock artists feel they must do to motivate label executives to sell, sell, sell their product;



what, in short, each is extracting from the other.

The facial expressions are classic. Where is Walt Maguire?

THE BAR
LOS ANGELES

SIRS:

I am a Canadian and have all of the Rolling Stones ever written but I have never seen one damn letter from any Canadian. Why is this? We swear, most of us Canadians can spell fuck, shit and piss, so why the hell don't our letters get printed? Canadians know a lot about rock music. Enough that we may come out with our own rock magazine called Rolling Boulder. So look out.

TIM GRAY
LONDON, ONT.

SIRS:

Although Santa Rosa isn't the hippest city in California, I can at least say it has its good points. Upon reading your article on Berkeley's non-profit record store, Leopold's, I'd like to say this type of store exists here also. The store goes under the unlikely name of Poverty Rec-

ords. I don't know if this store is non-profit, I can say that the prices are just as low.

The store itself is not at all extravagant. Made from an old office, it lacks the hype regular record/departments stores possess. The store carries all the bootlegged albums at reasonable prices. No neon signs, flashy displays, no hassling merchants. The splintery redwood shelves hold probably the best inventory around. Orders are fulfilled within three days. I imagine the local \$3.98-\$4.98 merchants are getting pretty upset.

This may sound like a plug, but really it isn't. It seems that these types of street merchants are more concerned about serving customers like me than with making money selling records at \$4.19. Just like the bootlegged LP thing has caught on, I hope these shops catch on in the other cities.

KENT ZIMMERMAN
SANTA ROSA, CALIF.

SIRS:

Who does Ralph J. Gleason think he is, calling Laura Nyro "the Manhattan Latin"? She happens to be, in point of fact, a Bronx Italian, which is good enough.

By the way, since he seems to have such difficulty distinguishes tones in music that he disagrees with every other listener about the astonishing exactness of Miss Nyro's sense of pitch, the Bronx chapter of the Nun Scurda' Sicilia (Never Forget Sicily) League hereby offers to send him, free of charge, the hearing aid of his choice.

MANNAGGIA SIA FATTA
BRONX, N.Y.

SIRS:

Buffoon-critic Lester Bangs has made several errors. In his recent review of the new "Blue Cheer" album he said that Bruce Stevens "has finally learned to lay out." Who is Bruce Stevens?

The great Leigh Stevens, former guitarist of the original Blue Cheer and present genius of London's Silver Metre, performs with twenty-two Marshalls and does not lay out. Bangs also claimed that Blue Cheer, once the authors of "ugly

speed-rock" and, of course, "old blaring feedback sludge" (sic) have matured into a group that "matters" and produces "unaffected rockabilly riffs" and "chopping funk progressions." This is an outrage. Let us never connect the great Leigh Stevens with anything so spurious as rockabilly riffs or chopping funk etceteras.

I love Blue Cheer and I know many other people who also love Blue Cheer and they are not bubble gum freaks or Vanilla Fudge teenies and neither are they strung out on speed. Rather, they are enlightened persons who compare Leigh Stevens with Richard Wagner in scope, intensity, complexity and genius. It is the long-kept hope of such people that Blue Cheer may be known for their real brilliance and will someday play again.

BARNEY PALMATIER & ED McDONALD
SANTA MONICA, CALIF.

SIRS:

Your record review of 1970 *Rock and Roll Revolution*, Reparata and the Delrons, shows your reviewer's ignorance once again. He failed to mention (and apparently didn't know of) their early Sixties hit "Whenever A Teenager Cries" which gave birth to their first album of the same title on the World Artists label. The award for the group's name goes to lead vocalist Reparata Aiese, the other two girls are Carol Drobnicki and Sheila Reilly. Get the facts before writing a record review, hate to see my favorite mag fuck up.

JIM WHITED
BURLINGTON, VERMONT

SIRS:

I enjoyed the acappella article in the April 16th issue. There were several mistakes made that should be corrected.

Irving "Slim" Rose certainly never bought out the "entire Herald label"; or any other entire label. He brought practice tapes and some master tapes by groups that had later become famous, such as the Nutmegs, and Five Satins. He also had several record companies, such as Fortune and Combo, release "extra" copies of various group goodies. A complete story of Times Square Records appears in the January issue of

Quartette Magazine.

That the Velvet Angels were in reality Nolan Strong and the Diablos, is a rumor and not a reportable fact. The chances that this rumor was started to promote the Velvet Angels records, is "almost" a fact.

"The Wind" by the Diablos was more than a "moderate" national hit in 1954, and not in 1952.

An important point not made by Kaye and Ward in their interesting article is that the acappella phenomenon is hardly new. There were many fantastic acappella groups such as the Fisk University Jubilee Quartette and the Taskiana Four in the Twenties (and before), the Evening Four in the Thirties, and the Rainbow Four in the Forties, to mention only a few.

RICHARD A. HORLICK
QUARTETTE MAGAZINE

SIRS:

Your report on the Dead bust-Warehouse opening was both fair and factual. I was at the opening night show where the Dead followed the Flock and Fleetwood Mac (who did a fantastic set and gained a large local following). The set that you described as so-so was beautiful and inspirational to the thousands of kids who have never been exposed to rock of the quality that the Dead put down.

There is a very large hip community in New Orleans and they are full in support of the Dead and of the Warehouse. Outside of Houston and parts of Florida, New Orleans has got to be the headquarters of the South. A weekend night on Dauphine Street in the French Quarter looks like St. Marks Place without the hostile vibes. The local straights are cool to the kids. Much more so than in the East Village.

The Airplane and Dead busts may be a statement of policy by the heat. The big cops may be uptight as you stated, but the young patrolmen are much less paranoid. The New Orleans Pop Festival was held last Labor Day weekend and drew fifty thousand kids and there was absolutely no hassle. And it was held

—Continued on Next Page

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15 miles below Baton Rouge (of *Easy Rider* fame. It was the best festival of the summer in terms of establishing relationships. The Airplane, Dead, Santana, Beautiful Day, Youngbloods, Country Joe, Iron Butterfly, Byrds, Chicago, Janis Joplin, and Canned Heat put out a maximum effort to kids not used to rock of their calibre. The response was great and Bear Hite was moved to say, "Any one who puts down the South are full of shit." Things are coming together everywhere.

ROY
HATTIESBURG, MISS.

SIRS:

I was happy of your enthusiasm over the future of New Orleans and the Warehouse in the Dead beat story. But *Please* don't scare the shit out of other rock groups. They need only warning and New Orleans needs good music or the Warehouse will close. The Youngbloods and the Guess Who cancelled engagements this past week.

I think that John Fogerty is a great songwriter and singer, but he is an SOB. The group made it big with "Proud Mary" and "Born on the Bayou," but Creedence has yet to come to Bayou Country. A few more articles like that framed bust, and Creedence will never come.

SPIDER
NEW ORLEANS

SIRS:

Dennis Hopper seems to be just another asshole American tourist businessman at loose in Peru. "Gee, dear, aren't those Indians just darling?"

Peru is my spiritual home, having lived with the Indians there in the summer of 1961, in a village at 10,000 feet elevation. They turned me on to cocaine and a whole lot more, because they are a gentle, loving, stoned people who have been raped by European and American colonists for over four hundred years. And now comes the big Hollywood director, to show us how the Indian savages kill a man as part of pretending to film him.

Bullshit! Hopper may be on a violence trip, but the Indians of Peru aren't. If he knew any Indians he would know that. The people with whom I lived took my picture with my camera many times, and I lived to tell the tale.

The Incas from whom these Indians are descended practiced human sacrifice as part of their religion, and by means of which desires for violence and revenge were relieved. Kind of a Christ of the Year: one brutal murder rather than many. Perhaps our leader should be chosen with the understanding that at the end of a year he dies for all of us, live on TV. Maybe Dennis would like to first, since he seems to be into killing himself off in his movies. Or maybe his cast and crew could do it as part of *The Last Movie*, really do it. It would win an Oscar for sure.

STEVE NELSON
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

SIRS:

Excellent article on Jimi Hendrix (March 7). The creativity that comes out of your publication never ceases to amaze me.

N. R. HOFF
GOLETA, CALIF.

SIRS:

While reading a recent copy of *Rolling Stone*, I asked myself, "Do I need this, I mean does it really contribute that much to my well being and peace of mind?" After much thinking I came up with the realization that of all the paper media we receive to keep up with America's various trips (Time, Vogue, Village Voice, Esquire, Glamour, N.Y. Sunday Times), *Rolling Stone* is the only one that I read unfailingly from cover to cover and beyond.

DENA HARRIS
IOWA CITY, IOWA

SIRS:

I must take issue with Thomas Ricks' letter about living in Afghanistan (November 29th, 1969).

Hashish is against the law here, but is freely smoked in the streets, often with your neighborhood cop. However,

the US Ambassador, the Honorable Robert G. Neumann, recently busted 23 American students from the American International School of Kabul. At 8:17 one morning they were hauled out of class, taken to the Embassy (seven kilometers away), and told they were "hard-core drug addicts." The Ambassador then called in a narc from Beirut, who seemed disgusted, to deal with the problem.

The kids involved were dependents of the men here on contract teams or A.I.D. personnel, except for the son of the I.M.F. representative here, one of my friends.

Thomas Ricks says that hash is legal. However, the Afghan Government is beginning to give in to pressure from the foreign embassies here. They have tightened up Customs inspections at Torkum (at the Pakistani border) and the Kabul Airport. Recently two Americans were busted with 12 kilos at the airport. (If they had gotten to Tehran, they would have been busted and then

where I got them. The man said, "Want to keep them?" The other said, "No, they're not my brand!" HA!

Then he said (real seriously), "Why do you take these, John?" So they wrote down my name on a paper with information on my High School and left. In the meantime the principal called my mother to the school. The nurse told all the men that I was "light-headed" and "confused" and she thought that white saliva "might be a sign of narcotics."

When my mother came, the nurse told her I often act strange in the halls and my "hand-to-head actions are strange." (Also she said I had been in her office for the same thing before, which I hadn't. In fact she really didn't even know me.) She told the principal and my mother that I should be taken to the hospital immediately to be checked out for narcotics. "Take him this morning! Not this afternoon!"

So I was taken over (which my father had to pay for) and the hospital Emergency Ward doctors gave me a check-out

with raisins and nuts in them in ball forms. Yes! They were "Balls" and they came two in a cellophane bag for 10c. (Just what America needs, some good 10c balls.) And now the people who brought you "Watermelon" bubble gum (which I can't find anymore) have come out with a new flavor I can't get into trying, it's "Pizza" flavored bubble gum. I can hardly believe the people who put out these things are Straight . . . they can't be.

S. S.
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Anyone who knows who the manufacturers of these products are, please write and tell us; we'd like to find them. Thanks. —The Editors

SIRS:

In the February 21st issue, Lester Bangs asked if anyone knew of new European talent. I know about a lot of good groups coming from Holland. There's the Golden Earring, with an album out on Atlantic. They seem to be doing some fine interpretations of other people's songs (most notably "Eight Miles High"). Shocking Blue, of which you've heard, of course, are Dutch.

The most popular group in Holland is Brainbox, a fine rock group known for their fantastic live performances. The Motions also rank as one of the top groups. Also there is the Swinging Soul Machine.

The music industry in Holland is much like it is here, with many good groups not discovered by the rest of the world. The teenagers go for such groups as Spooky Tooth and, of course, the Beatles. You would be surprised to learn of the great thing going on there, but it's too bad not many people outside Holland notice the whole thing.

STEVE WHITAKER
LOS ALTOS HILLS, CALIF.

SIRS:

Lester Bangs is asking for information about Continental groups. Well, here's something. Shocking Blue is a Dutch group from the Hague, and comes from Holland, not from Germany or Scandinavia. A second group, Earth and Fire, comes from the Hague too, and their single will be released soon in the States. It's titled "Seasons."

George Baker Selection and Teaset are abroad, released in the States. The Brainbox, like all the other groups, comes from Holland. They have signed a contract with the Elektra label and their new album will be released soon in the States. They have a bluesy sound like Greatful Dead.

C. RONDHUIS
HOCH, HOLLAND

SIRS:

I just caught the Jefferson Airplane in Kansas City (near Topeka) and I was just wondering when they will be taking the Act to the Copacabana and Talk of the Town. Their "psychedelic polish" and feedback militant choreography was outsize!

Also, can you please tell me when Grace is appearing on the cover of *Vogue*? I want to be first one at the newsstand to buy it. Her tailored groovy blue velvet suit with that "Now Look" tie-dyed shirt was very neat!

There must be something in the air. EARL JOHNSON
FAYETTE, MO.

PS—Onward and upward Airplane! You left me standing on the ground. Where is your new airport? Dubious, South Dakota?

PPS—I tried writing this letter neat so you would print it.

PPPS—I still like the Airplane.

SIRS:

The winner of this year's Meistersinger Festival in Eugene in honor of Richard Wagner was David Crosby with "Almost Cut My Hair" as the "Most Profound Song of 1970."

MEPHISTOPHELES MOSEN
EUGENE, ORE.

SIRS:

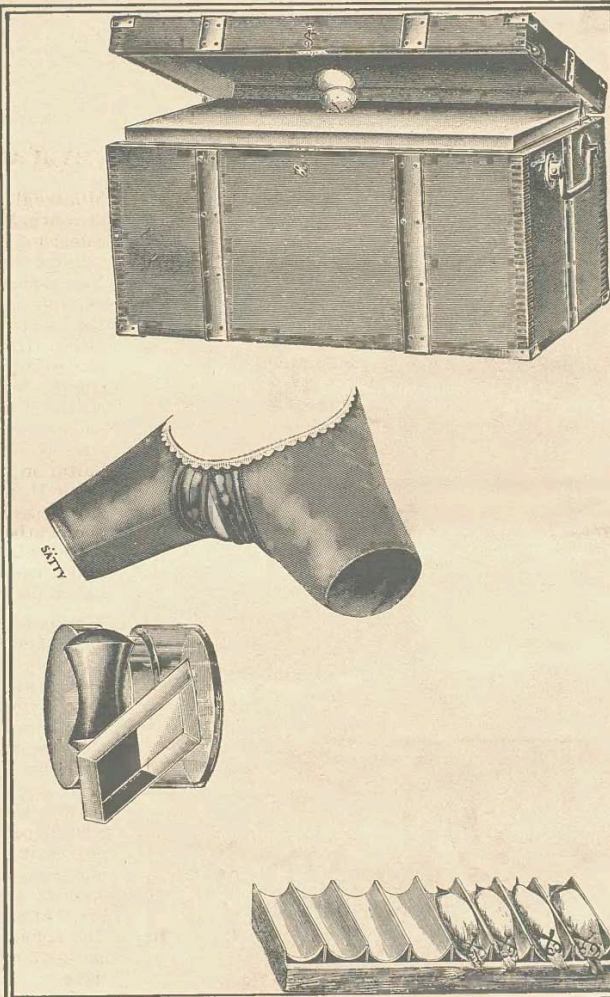
Is it true that Bob Dylan plans to include "Okie from Muskogee" on his next album?

JANINE GOODHEART
REALITY, ARKANSAS

SIRS:

What revolution?

T. V. DIMP
LOS ANGELES



shot! Travelers beware!)

Please do not print my address or name, as I could conceivably be sent out of the country on 24 hours' notice.

NAME WITHHELD
KABUL, AFGHANISTAN

SIRS:

The other day I was in my Health class when my saliva turned thick and as white as this paper. Startled, I went up to the school nurse, who proceeded to take my blood pressure and pulse rate. She said it was too high above normal, and took me to the main office (avoiding to look at my mouth or throat).

When I walked into the office I was confronted by two narcotics agents and the principal. The principal said, "John, I'd like these men to have a long talk with you." At that the two men proceeded to feel my arms and ask me questions and act like Dick Tracy. One said, "What did you have this morning?" I said, "These!" and showed him a pack of Lifesavers I had been chewing on. One of them started checking the Lifesavers real closely and they asked me

and said I had an infected throat and gave me penicillin pills.

JOHN PALERMA
OCEAN CITY, NJ

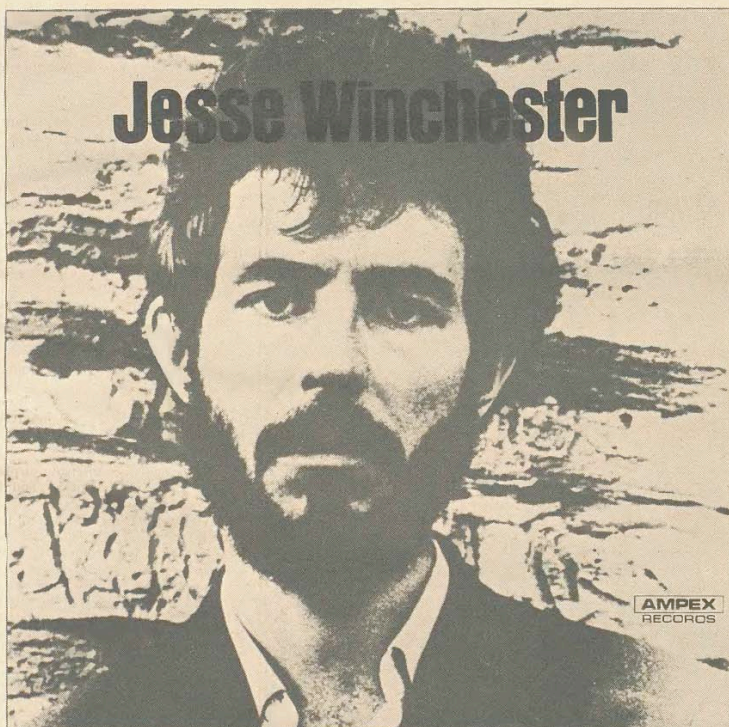
SIRS:

Screaming yellow zonkers are almost straight . . . really dull stuff compared to some of the candy and gum I've seen in the past two (munchie) years. Like last spring this bubble gum came out in the form of (unmistakable) a tablet (pill shape), multi-colored tablet that broke apart in your mouth and did a color thing all over your mouth like a dab of yellow here, purple there, red somewhere else, green, etc., guess what they called it . . . "Hip Psychedelic Gum."

Then a bit later in the summer of 1969 this company came out with (brace yourselves Richard Brautigan fans) "Watermelon" flavored bubble gum! (And it did taste like a watermelon too.) I hate chewing gum, but this stuff is so far out and hard not to buy . . . when you're really wrecked.

Then I found these chocolate candies

Ampex proudly announces the release of Jesse Winchester's first LP



A10104 Stereo LP

BY JUAN RODRIGUEZ

Montreal — Jesse Winchester arrived in Montreal early in the summer of 1967. He moved because of the Draft Now Winchester has an album out (on Ampex), produced by the Band's Robbie Robertson. It is a firm, beautifully performed and composed record, one that will surely mark Winchester as one of the important singer-songwriters. The fact that Robertson plays lead guitar on the album and that Levon Helm chips in on drums and mandolin here and there is bound to be of interest. But it is Winchester's album through and through, conveying a unique personal sensibility.

Winchester's music is rich in its depth and heritage, as it is a consummation of everything he grew up with. His sound is clean, like the Band's, Southern, with measures of rock and roll, gospel, even jazz—whatever comes naturally.

He sings as he writes, in a gentle but strong voice. He's a relaxed, perfectly paced singer, possessing beautiful ballad phrasing and plenty of funk on uptempo numbers. Winchester, like the best singer-songwriters, does not separate words, music and performance — it's all one thing.

"It used to be that a song could get across all the feeling you wanted from very, very simple words. Now the word has become more important. But, to me, I still like a sound song. I don't like a lotta words. The fewer the better, the simpler the better . . . in everything."

Winchester simply sings away, with nothing forced or put-on. The back-ups are fluid and mellow, rocking and rolling and, at times, just being quiet about it. The album, recorded in Toronto, is also a fine production achievement for Robertson, simply because he has remained faithful to the singer.

(Rolling Stone)
3/19/70

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"We believe in the cosmic giggle."

Random Notes

Rumor had it that John Lennon, visiting with Yoko in Los Angeles last week, was going to make a record with B. B. King and Leon Russell. Actually, Lennon had only wanted to observe the session with B. B. and Leon, then canceled out at the last minute when, according to ABC Records, Yoko got sick. It was Lennon's loss. B. B. and Leon had never met before but hit it off from the start, playing each other's music as if it were his own. "Leon's heavy; the whole group's heavy," said B. B., who then apologized for some minor problems he had with Leon's "Hummingbird." Backing them up were studio men Russ Kunkel and Brian Garafalo and the James Gang's Joe Walsh.

Sesame Street, which is almost certainly the best continuing program on television, uses a great deal of music to entertain and instruct the pre-school kids the show is mainly designed to reach. At first they used relatively safe performers—Lou Rawls, Pete Seeger and Odette, for instance—but a few weeks ago B. B. King showed up singing and playing the alphabet as a kind of funky, up-tempo blues. And from the beginning, a series of surrealistic cartoons dealing with various letters and numbers have been graced by the voice of that upstanding example of young American womanhood—Grace Slick.

Beatlemania (uh huh) had a brief resurgence at the London premiere of *Let It Be*. As police held back thousands of glamor freaks, such second-string trends as Mary Hopkin, Joan Collins, Spike Milligan and Jane Asher tramped into the theater. None of the Hendersons (late of Pablo Fanques' Fair) were there.

Michael Butler, the millionaire producer of *Hair*, showed pretty much where he's at by pledging to raise \$225,000 for the United Nations World Youth Assembly. He's not going to give the U.N. that sum of money from his o'erbrimming coffers, you understand, he's going to stage a benefit performance of *Hair* in which everybody from stagehands to producers will contribute their share of the day's take to the fund.

Tim Leary lost another one two weeks ago when Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, still nervous over Congressional criticism of his article in *Evergreen Review*, turned down Leary's request that Douglas override state authorities and set bail. Douglas, however, has not heard the last of Leary—Tim's lawyers were planning next to submit a writ of *habeas corpus*. . . . Meanwhile, Rosemary Leary, speaking on behalf of the Leary defense fund "Holding Together," said that the fund had received but one hate letter—and it contained a dollar donation.

Your First One Is Never Your Last One: Falstaff Beer, apparently attempting to turn the doping generation on to the down-home joys of good suds, recently sponsored a concert in Houston featuring Lighthouse, David Frye and Country Joe and the Fish. Lighthouse was splendid, Frye used a cheap co-

median's trick to wind up his act (he imitated Martin Luther King doing the "I Have A Dream" speech and left grinning in the wake of the subsequent applause), and the Fish cheer, at the end of a long and very good set, left the audience and the Falstaff representatives smiling manfully.

Humble Pie, one-time pride of Andrew Oldham's Immediate Records, is finally out of the woods. Left without a recording company after the recent crash of Immediate, Pie, surviving its hype as a supergroup, has signed a \$400,000 recording contract with A&M records.

Mouth To Mouth Resuscitation: A London bank clerk, Janet Hardman, was recently busted for transferring cannabis sativa to her boy friend, in prison on a theft charge, while their tongues met as she kissed him goodbye.

All The News: Cindy Birdsong of the Supremes got married recently to Charles D. Hewlett, a dental supply executive from Tulsa. . . . Johnny Cash won four major awards, including Entertainer of the Year and Male Singer of the Year, from the British Country Music Association. . . . John Mayall is dissolving his band at the end of their current tour and doesn't "even want to think about" putting another group together. . . . Levi Stubbs, a member of the Four Tops, was found not guilty in London on charges of possessing cocaine.

Each member of Led Zeppelin has been made an honorary citizen of the town that calls itself, among other things, "The Home of the Blues": Memphis. The four lemon-squeezers are the first musical recipients of that honor since Elvis Presley and Carl Perkins copped the coveted honorific way back when.

Grass Roots, a group never known for its outspoken political opinions, had a rare opportunity to show their contempt for the Nixon administration—and they did just fine. Invited to perform at the White House July 12th before an audience which will include Prince Charles, Princess Margaret and the Three Virgins—Tricia, Julie and David—Grass Roots turned the offer down cold, saying that to appear in the White House would compromise everything they believed in.

A member of Fats Domino's band, bass player Gene Davis, 58, was killed near Natchitoches, La., when the car he was riding in collided with a truck. Two other members of the Domino band, Clarence Ford and Robert Haganas, were seriously injured in the wreck.

"A Legal Assembly," a multi-media event at the University of Santa Barbara produced by a freak-genius named Frank Goad, ended in an unplanned but thoroughly satisfactory way when, to a background of a taped peyote chant and a live rock band, several couples got onstage, danced, took off their clothes and finally fell to fucking behind the speakers.

A couple of familiar names are getting into the San Francisco rock scene: Doug Weston, owner of the Troubadour in Hollywood, is building a nightclub and recording studios on Bush Street at the site of the old Coast Recorders. And Lee Crosby, owner of KMPX-FM until last November, is hoping to set up weekly rock shows at the Kabuki Theater in the Japanese Trade Center. The first show last weekend featured four obscure bands and Wolfman Jack as MC; another show was scheduled for June 20th. Crosby and company are now settled in Seattle, where they run a "Top 100/Underground" station. . . .

Some of the best FM radio music coming out of the Bay Area comes neither from KSAN nor KMPX, but from the Pacifica station in Berkeley, KPFA,

which runs tapes of live rock and jazz concerts on a Sunday night show called *Stays Fresh Longer*. In past months, the program has featured tapes of Dylan, Nina Simone, and the Incredible String Band, and for June and July the producers ain't letting up: June 14th: Joe Cocker at Fillmore West; June 21st: Sandy Bull at the Matrix; June 28th: Miles Davis and Bobby Hutcherson at the 1969 Antibes Festival in France; July 5th: Old Steve Miller tapes from the Matrix nightclub; July 12th: Fred McDowell and Lightnin' Hopkins at the Matrix, and July 19th: Van Morrison at Fillmore West.

Stays Fresh Longer begins at 10 PM and runs several hours. KPFA is 94.1 on the dial.

A symposium of sorts, a conference on "Alternative Media," will take place on the campus of Goddard College in the hills of Vermont June 17th through the 20th. Put together by Larry Yuridin (of CKGM radio; formerly with WFMU), the focus of the gathering was originally with FM radio, but now, with some 1000 media people planning to attend, the focus is "ecumenical," with workshops on black radio, alternative TV, Buckminster Fuller's World Game, lasers, women in media, films, and an alternative news network, among others. For more information, write Alternative Media Project, Plainfield, Vt. 05667, or phone (802) 454-8311, extension 341.

Man of Constant Sorrow: Peter Yarrow, who was found guilty in March of taking "indecent liberties" with a minor, has been slapped with a \$1.25 million suit by Mrs. Anne D. Winter, mother of the minor in question. Mrs. Winter alleges that Yarrow seduced both her daughters from 1966 through 1969 (not, apparently, continuously), encouraged a minor to perform indecent acts and attempted to persuade her older daughter, Kathleen, to leave home.

A rock band composed entirely of uniformed San Francisco police officers entertained recently at Mission High School. Inspector Herb Lee of the Narcotics Bureau, it is said, brought down the house with his renditions of "I Left My Heart in San Francisco" and Englebert Humperdinck's "Release Me."

Harvard psychiatrist A. M. Nicholi II has got it all figured out. Student radicals got that way, he told his colleagues in a recent speech, because they came from homes with absentee parents and, having already felt rejection there, became incensed at college presidents who seem equally remote. From that Freudian hell, it's just a short step to civil disobedience, rock-throwing and God knows what all. And you thought it had something to do with the issues. . . .

Dr. Zharkov, the San Francisco light show troupe, has taken off to the nation's capital to begin a series of political mixed-media shows, hopefully to raise money for anti-war organizations and to "help us all move past mass rallies and authoritarian theater." Zharkov and friends, under the name Continental Congress Mobile Unit, are agreeable to doing benefits. Write Vince Casalaina at 2146 Stuart Street in Berkeley.

Ever wondered *precisely* how lame Dick Cavett really is? On a recent show the guest was Senator Eugene McCarthy, and during the course of it the distinguished senator explained that history showed that an unchecked military inevitably will dominate a civilian government in a democratic regime. Senator McCarthy went on with historical examples and very dispassionately explained that, well, certain parallels exist in America today that could very shortly lead us into a military dictatorship.

Cavett's response: "Gee, that's interesting."

Space To Let

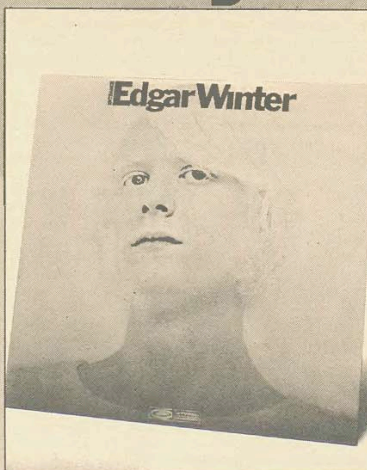
One entire floor, all fixed up for offices, is available in the same modest but cheerful building where Rolling Stone is located (a converted and remodeled warehouse). Ten thousand (count 'em) feet are available, plus nice neighbors.

For further information, contact: Ron Kaufman Realty, 55 Francisco Street, San Francisco (415) 982-5702.

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and scats and floats and screams and croons. On sax, organ, piano. And vocals. With "Entrance," Edgar's writing explores areas of music that others are just now picking up on. It's a symphonette plus songs that fuse jazz/rock as much influenced by Miles and Trane as by Blood Sweat & Co. But it's all Edgar Winter. And it's just a part of Edgar Winter. Entrance. Like nobody you've ever heard.
ON EPIC RECORDS AND TAPES

BN 26503



'It's Not Going to Hurt Us Because We're Part of It'

—Continued from Page One

Some off-campus promoters don't feel it too bad, they say, but most do. Bill Graham encourages his patrons to stay away from his ballrooms and work against the war instead. He wants to see the music industry do something against the war as an industry. Many antiwar groups are talking about the possibility of a record boycott against the war, and most record-buyers say they'd go along with it.

It goes deeper than just the war in Indochina, because there's a lot of fear the economy can only get worse. Also a feeling, among some, that stopping the war isn't going to make everything groovy, because the war isn't causing all these domestic problems. The war is just one of the many problems.

Another record clerk (who must remain anonymous because he's a noncombatant conscientious objector in the reserves and is making plans to split to Canada if they don't release him entirely) feels the conflict as strongly as anybody. He doesn't really want to leave because it means saying goodbye to his family, friends, and girlfriend. He notes the antiwar sentiments among friends and customers, but thinks he knows why people continue to buy records.

"It's the music today," he says as David Crosby's "Long Time Comin'" plays over the store speakers. "Everybody's really down—I came as close as I'll ever come to going insane two weeks ago—but what does everybody do when they're really on a downer? Music. It makes them feel better, and it's so relevant to them. People really do identify with Country Joe singing 'Fixin' to Die' on the Woodstock album, and with Gracie Slick screaming out 'Tear down the walls, motherfucker.'" That identification, he says, extends into his reserve unit, overwhelmingly.

Other stores, especially those close to campuses, felt it worse. Their employees swallowed the tear gas with their customers. Even now, with campus political activity somewhat less cataclysmic, their business is off, due as much to the economy as to student disruption and political activity. They are admittedly watching closely the constant rumors they hear of a record boycott, but their anger is directed more towards Washington than towards the students.

For example, at Harvard Co-op, records general manager Al Zavelle says sales are still ahead of last year, but have not been staying at the same rate of increase for the last few months. He doesn't blame it on the activists—Harvard and MIT have both had plenty of turmoil this year—but on Nixon.

"The problems we're having are the same any business is having with Nixon's economy," he says. "The problem isn't in Cambridge; the students here are very calm and sensible. The problem is in Washington; that's where the dangerous unrest is, not in Cambridge. I think we're heading for real economic trouble in this country. Students will keep buying records as long as they have the money, but it's getting tight; I'm not at all unhappy with students, but I am with national policy."

At Discount Records in Columbus, Ohio, sales dropped 40 percent when the National Guard occupied the Ohio State community and forced its residents to evacuate. While rock sales are still down considerably, the store also does a large volume in classical music with the other townspeople.

"Of course sales were off," a clerk said. "The area was cordoned off and you had to have a pass to get into it. There was a curfew, and we had to close early. And when police are tear-gassing everybody in sight, and the streets are covered with gas, you don't just walk through it to buy a record. Rock sales are still down, but over-all business is pretty good, not as big a drop as I expected. But right now there's a lot of things more important than records. Students are getting more involved politically. And then when the police are running around making indiscriminate arrests, there's a helluva lot of money going into bail funds to get those people out of jail."



'It's not just the students,' says Bill Thompson, 'it's the whole longhaired culture threatening Nixon & Agnew & Mitchell'

At Discount in Berkeley, where the University of California has seen tremendous new political activity, manager Michael Riese acknowledged the drop in sales, but said he was "hard-pressed to lay it to any particular source. Business went down noticeably during the rioting, but now it's a matter of increase in political activity, the national economy, and many factors. But it's still noticeable. Most significantly, the new Beatles album has been going very slow. The new Who at the same time is moving relatively well. Still, whenever a big new album like that comes out, there's always a big spurt in sales the first few days, and the spurt doesn't seem quite that big now," he said.

Across the country, other stores, especially those in campus communities, noted a decrease in sales; while the Top 20 albums still move well, they said, that's about all that sells in some places. The record-buyers themselves say that's because they don't have the bread to take a chance on much more than the "safe" albums. Most of them say they have been affected tremendously by the political climate, but few have become sufficiently motivated to take actions against the war.

"I don't like politics, or the people involved in them," one said.

"Yes, I've become very involved, working in the community to stop the war," said another. "But I don't think it's affected the amount of music I buy, since I buy little anyhow. It may have cut down listening time a little, but I'm not sure there's any kind of relationship between the two."

"My husband's in Vietnam now," a girl stated. "And I'm trying to keep my head together on that, just to stay above water. I have noticed lately I've been listening to a lot more softer music, Joni Mitchell and like that, and it probably is a reaction to the chaos everywhere around us. But I don't think I've been affected any other way. I have been thinking of getting into politics, I know I should, but so far I've done no more than sign petitions and things like that."

Nearly everyone questioned said he'd willingly go along with a record boycott if there were one organized against the war, but none had heard much of one. "I think that consumers do have power, not just record consumers obviously, but some kind of general consumer boycott would have effect," remarked the community organizer.

Amongst bands, there is a strong feeling that the war and racism, as well as the killing of black and white students, has a lot to do with them and repression in general. It's getting harder and harder to hold a festival, and repressive new

anti-rock laws are made by the same people who wage the war both at home and abroad.

As Ed Denson, manager of Country Joe and the Fish, says, "We're getting hit from both sides. Our big audiences were on the colleges, which have been shut down, and the reactionaries are closing down festivals. For bigger bands, it's been utter disaster since Cambodia, because nobody will let groups of young people gather anymore."

"The Fish are doing a lot more benefits now. Joe and Barry were really outraged when they heard about Cambodia and Kent. Not really surprised, because the killing of students seemed inevitable. The attitude was more like, 'Well, those fuckers finally got around to shooting students.' Ballroom audiences are really getting depressing anyhow, and they're not political at all. But we've been playing the antiwar rallies and benefits all along, and they are political."

"On the campuses, they're definitely more political since Cambodia. And they're really watching close for their chance to express it, to all get together and do something."

The Fish are going to stop performing in mid-June, to record an album of Robert Service antiwar poems, and to play in a Saul Landau film about revolutionaries. They also plan to record an album of *Songs of Man and Faith* from a Unitarian songbook. "I don't know if you could say it's because of the more current events we're doing that," Denson stated. "It's partly because performing as a rock band is getting less and less pleasant, and part of a longer, continuing commitment. And it is difficult to keep a rock band organized when the country is going to chaos."

Likewise, Jefferson Airplane manager Bill Thompson notes increasing repression and more benefit requests.

"It's not just students, or antiwar activists involved in this," he claims. "It's the whole longhaired culture, which is a threat to Nixon and Agnew and Mitchell and those kind. The music is a large part of this revolution we talk about, and the repression comes down on the bands too. We're fighting it just by continuing to play."

"The Airplane has done a lot of free concerts and has traveled the country in the last three years. And you can see the difference. They relate more to the political songs, you see a lot of clenched fists in the audience after one of the political songs from *Volunteers*," Thompson says.

The way the ballroom audiences talk, though, the clenched fist is more ritual than anything. Lined up outside the Fill-

more West, none especially wanted to talk politics, except to say that of course they were against the war, but what could anybody do?

"We come here as an escape from that," one said. "I'm not involved in politics though, and I never will be. Too much time, too big a hassle. There's other things going."

Still, ballroom attendance is down. On this night, there were barely 200 people at the Fillmore. Admittedly, this was partly because of the bill (Mike Bloomfield and Friends were the headliners), and Bill Graham had drawn a full house that weekend in Berkeley for Jimi Hendrix. There were also some gatecrashers, who, quite naturally, drew a number of cops.

"It's been down quite a bit everywhere," noted Graham's assistant, Vicky Jackson. "Of course it has something to do with the political climate. Police won't let people get together in numbers, the kids are out doing other things, it has a lot to do with the way the country's going."

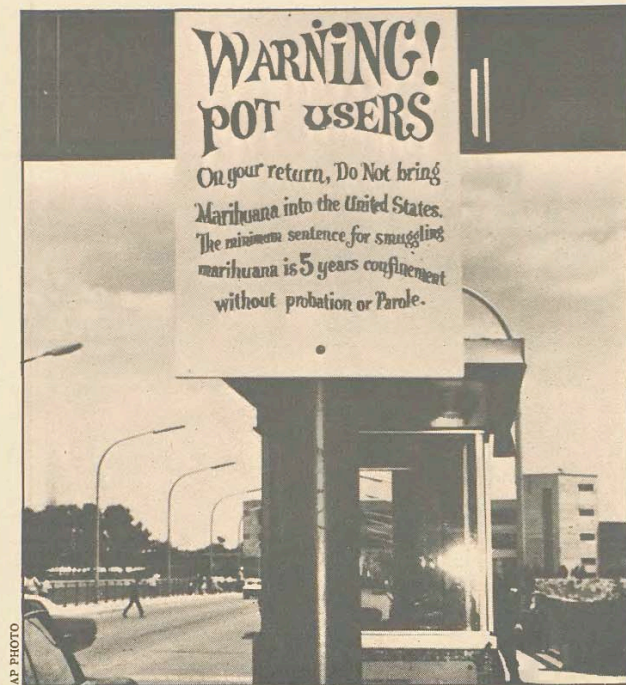
Other promoters, though, haven't had the same experience. Steve Wolfe, of Concert Associates in Los Angeles, didn't feel the political situation was affecting rock and roll "one iota. It's not uptight at all for us," he said. "There's been no drop in attendance, and all's cool as far as music's concerned. Of course the police that come to the shows are very nervous, and expecting confrontations, and shows on campus are a little scary, but we're really seeing no changes, and don't expect the fall to be any different."

And at the Electric Factory in Philadelphia, Larry Magid was noting that business was going pretty good, but "who knows what's going to happen?" His attendance had dropped right after Kent State; it was maybe the worst weekend they'd ever had. They took out newspaper ads supporting the strike movement, and cancelled one of their own shows to stage a two-day benefit for Penn students.

"I don't think rock audiences have really gotten any more political though. They're not activists, though a lot of people are now getting off their asses. The mere nature of the music represents the whole life-style, and is really political in itself. I do think though that there's more of a sense of community since this has come down; it's not going to hurt us, because we're part of it, but there's more community feeling now," he felt.

But it's the booking agents, more than any other echelon of the rock world, who feel the hurt. And they, almost without exception, look to the future with unconcealable pessimism.

STEPHEN SHAMES/PHOTON WEST



LAREDO, Tex.—Government psychedelic lettering, delightfully archaic spelling and a hard-bitten, Junior G-Man style of direct address are the most intriguing elements of this sign, posted by the U.S. Customs Service at a toll station on the International Bridge which spans the fabled Rio Grande. Olaf!

"I've got no tall dates at all—not one," said Frank Rio, who handles college dates for Associated Booking Corp. "And it's going to be a dry summer." ABC handles such acts as B.B. and Albert King, Canned Heat, Taj Mahal, and Ike and Tina Turner, none of whom usually finds any trouble finding a campus gig.

"These kids," Rio whined, "they try to crash into the concerts free because they won't work to buy a ticket. All these disruptions have made me cancel several acts; it's just setting off a chain reaction, and everybody's getting hurt. I just can't see any good coming out of this. It's not a healthy picture at all."

Rio and his New York agent had to cancel 15 dates after Nixon's Cambodian invasion. Other agents report similar losses, more so on the East Coast than on the West, but enough overall to worry them.

"Our drop here on the West Coast has been soft, but noticeable," said Marty Beck of the William Morris Agency. "Obviously it's because of the climate of the country. We haven't lost that many bookings out here, but back East, the big agencies, including us, really got killed after Cambodia and Kent State."

Fred Bohlander of the International Famous Agency noted the same difference between the coasts, but was hoping the summer would provide a cooling-off period and the fall would bring a revived interest in music. "It's not quite as bad now as it was," he stated in late May. "It was really significant at first, though. As of now, I don't think it's going to be that bad, but who can say?"

However, he did feel that music people, and the bands themselves, were becoming more politically involved, and several bands are refusing any fall commitments; they're "holding back" to see what's going to happen in the country, because they're having doubts themselves about going out under current conditions. IFA books, among others, the Grateful Dead, Country Joe and the Fish, Chicago, Delaney and Bonnie, the Flying Burrito Brothers, the Steve Miller Band, and the Youngbloods.

Joe Bailey of the Millard Agency cited a similar feeling among bands. One of the most obvious results in their own increased political awareness, he said, is an increase in benefit concerts.

"We're having a hard time sorting out all the benefit requests to see which ones are really going to the right thing," he said. "But obviously we all want to help. The general mood of the country is making the times tough. The kids aren't as interested in rock as they are in revolution, and it's difficult for colleges to project rock entertainment into

the fall. There's going to be really slim times through the colleges this fall. It's gonna get worse, and we're going to see a lot less entertainment and a lot more politics."

"We've already canceled 15 or 20 dates for the fall, and we had to cancel a lot more after Cambodia and Kent State. Like the Fairport Convention, who came here on their first tour, really enthusiastic and looking forward to it. And their tour is just not holding together at all," he added. Millard books several San Francisco bands, as well as other English groups like Manfred Mann and Renaissance.

At Creative Management, loss of bookings was attributed to disinterest on the part of students, who seemingly had decided political activity was more important than music. At Agency for Performing Artists, Tom Ross was blaming the loss on more than just unrest, but, like Denson, also on the nature of the rock scene at present: bands which are outpricing themselves, bands breaking up so often it's hard to book them, and the general inferiority of the music itself.

"We lost several dates with the Airplane and Chambers Brothers," he said. "And especially with the Byrds, who are one of the biggest college acts on the East Coast. Administrators are just afraid of having bands on the campus, because they attract too many people."

"I see really bad days ahead, and the summer's going to be really grim; I just hope it's not as grim as it looks now. The kids don't have money to shell out; they're putting it into bail funds, and going more into politics. And some of the performers don't want to go now either, because they think there's more important things to be done. So college tours just aren't happening. It's the politics, but it goes deeper than that. It's the music itself, too, and the good bands that don't really have that much respect for their audiences."

About the only agency which claims not to be hurt is Premier Talent, which has acts like Joe Cocker, Led Zeppelin, the Who, Ten Years After, and Traffic. "It hasn't affected us one iota. In fact, business has never been better," boasts Dick Frieberg. "We haven't had to cancel one date; even on Stony Brook, where the campus was closed, we ran shows and sold out. We think these agents that are complaining are cop-outs; they're hurting themselves."

The music trade magazines view the economic situation with mounting alarm, and are fearful that student disruptions will create conditions that are not conducive to entertainment. They have run an unusual number of ads and editorials, as well as news stories, about "unrest,"

and Variety reported, as only Variety could report, "Because of the different spirit in the air, there may be a complete change in attitudes. Many students have declared that since they will work for peace during the summer, they will adopt a different life style so that they won't offend those whom they wish to convince. Many have already started to patronize barbershops, and have already assumed a new look. A new attitude may also result, and a more serious student may go in for different types of entertainment than that to which he became accustomed in his longhair state."

Ah, Variety. TEEN TURMOIL, BIZ DIP, ROCK FEST BANS HINT TROUBLED SUMMER FOR SHOW BIZ was their headline.

Bill Graham, as always, had a lot to say on the subject: "It's having a definite effect on audience attendance. There's a pall all over the US, and it's certainly affecting the entertainment industry except those involved in no way with the war, like your average uninvolved middle-class couple going to see *Hello, Dolly* on Broadway."

"I think Kent and Jackson woke up a lot of youth. Those were really the first war casualties on our homeland since the 19th century. And there were a lot of do-nothing people who now want to do something. And if I'm going to lose a patron because he wants to do something else instead of freaking out to rock and roll every weekend, then as far as I'm concerned, fine. In our opinion we do whatever we can; we do our share, but we're running a business too."

Graham had both his permanent ballrooms decked in black bunting after Kent and Cambodia, and took out newspaper ads against the war as well. He's received many threats because of that, but it hasn't stopped him from doing "an incredible number" of benefits.

"I'd like to see the music industry as an industry do something against the war, but I don't think I will see it," he said. "I'd like to see some of the big rock bands go over to Vietnam and visit the troops, not for the money, or the publicity, but because it's right. Not all those guys are there because they want to be; they're not all killers and pigs."

"The love of the youth-rock revolution talks a very good ball game, but I don't see many of them playing ball," he concluded.

The Barn Door Stands Open

SAN FRANCISCO—A Federal judge here has just made a Selective Service ruling which in effect releases about 6000 men from the Army and opens the door to getting perhaps 3000 more out of jail.

The ruling is applicable to all men in the Army who had their inductions speeded up because they were delinquent. In the Gutnecht case earlier this year, the Supreme Court ruled that inducting a man for delinquency is illegal.

In the newest case, that of Robert W. Andre, a 25-year-old private in the stockade at Fort Ord for going AWOL, Judge Alfonso J. Zircoli ruled that there "... is no substantial reason why the decision in Gutnecht should not be given retroactive application."

Andre, who had been declared delinquent for failing to report a change of address and was drafted in April of 1969, is now out of the Army and back home in Southern California.

The government had argued that applying the Gutnecht case retroactively would cause "great administrative problems." According to Mark Susnow, the lawyer who argued Andre's case with Michael Sorgen, all indications now are that the US attorney will not even appeal Zircoli's ruling. In fact, in the week after that ruling was made, about 600 court cases were quietly dropped by the government.

Men are declared delinquent for a variety of reasons, such as burning or returning a draft card, or failure to report a change in status. In the past, the Selective Service had dealt with such cases simply by declaring the man delinquent and drafting him.

"But there's nothing in the Selective Service Act which gives the draft board power to punish men in that way," Susnow says. "Congress never allowed for that. He can face criminal trial for violating the Selective Service Act, but he cannot be punished with induction."

Such punishment deprives the man of a trial, among other things.

A further implication in the ruling, then, is that all men who refused induction after being called up for delinquency, and are now in prison, should also be released.

"I'm told there's a test case in the courts right now for someone in prison," Susnow said. "And I see no reason why this ruling shouldn't apply to them as well. The Selective Service inducted them illegally. The only difference is that they refused induction and went to jail instead of into the Army."

Susnow and Sorgen hold that the Army should start processing the 6000 soldiers for discharge at once, appeal or not, since they are at present in the Army illegally.

However, it seems unlikely that the Army will notify those men affected by the ruling that they're eligible for immediate release. Those who were inducted as punishment for being delinquent know who they are, because their induction orders noted the delinquency. According to Susnow, the only way they can probably be reached is through the media and through friends who read of the new ruling.

Those who are affected by the Andre ruling should see a lawyer and get a writ at once, he said. They're as good as out.

Tin Soldiers & Nixon's Coming

LOS ANGELES—Out of the Crosby, Stills, Nash, Young, Taylor & Reeves "break-up" last month comes one of the biggest spurts of productivity in the band's short history: Neil Young has come out with a tune called "Ohio," and the band has resumed its tour with a new bassist and drummer.

The new men are Johnny Barbata, thin but powerful drummer formerly with the Turtles, and Calvin "Fuzz" Samuels, bassist. Samuels joined the band on a day's notice last month when Greg Reeves was fired just before the band's concert tour began. He played the one CSN&Y show—in Denver—before the group began canceling dates.

The band is now back on tour.

As for "Ohio": Neil Young had gone off to the redwoods of Pescadero with Crosby and the band's road manager and light man, in the aftermath of the band's unofficial disbanding. When he got back to town, on Wednesday, May 20th, he had a new tune to sing to David, Steven, and Graham:

Tin soldiers and Nixon's coming

We're finally on our own

This summer I hear the drumming

Four dead in Ohio . . .

The chorus goes: "Gotta get down to it/Soldiers cutting us down; Should've been done long ago . . . What if you knew her/And found her dead on the ground; how can you run when you know?"

The next day, the band was in the studios. By that night, two songs had been recorded and mixed: "Ohio" and "Freedom" (the short exercise in harmonic grief that the band used as the encore number on its previous concert tour), and the master tape was sent to Atlantic Records in New York. By Monday, word had gotten back that "Ohio" was being pressed and would be released within a week. And KMET-FM in Los Angeles already had a tape of "Ohio" on the air.

If AM stations put "Ohio" on playlists, it will mean two CSN&Y singles on the charts at once. "Teach Your Children" had been released just two weeks ago, one week before Neil's Pescadero retreat.

But whether or not Bill Drake and AM radio in general will program "Ohio" is doubtful. "I don't think they'll touch it," Crosby said. "This one names names."

"Neil surprised everybody," Crosby said. "It wasn't like he set out as a project to write a protest song. It's just what came out of having Huntley-Brinkley for breakfast. I mean we've all stopped even watching the TV news, but you read headlines on the papers going by on the streets."

Young's own comment, said Crosby, was: "I don't know; never wrote anything like this before . . . but there it is . . ."

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Eric Joins Miles' New Rock Group

NEW YORK — Eric Clapton has played guitar with the Yardbirds, John Mayall's Bluesbreakers, Cream, Blind Faith, Delaney and Bonnie, Billy Preston, and Howlin' Wolf, as well as with the Beatles and the Rolling Stones. Who's left?

Miles Davis, that's who.

Clapton and Davis will play together July 17th-19th at the Randall's Island Festival in New York with Jack Bruce and drummer Tony Williams, organist Larry Young and English guitarist John McLaughlin.

Bruce has been working out with Young and McLaughlin in Tony Williams' Lifetime. But it goes further back than that. McLaughlin has played with Bruce and Ginger Baker in the Graham Bond organization. Miles wrote a number titled "John McLaughlin." McLaughlin played on *In a Silent Way*. Tony Williams was Miles' drummer from 1963 to 1968.

So, two weeks ago, Bruce, after talking to Miles, approached former Cream-mate Clapton, who agreed the challenge of such a lineup was indeed interesting. Although both Clapton and McLaughlin are lead guitarists, it is expected that McLaughlin's jagged, chopped style will be complimentary to Clapton's own long lines.

"I don't understand what Miles is doing," says Eric, who has long said that he finds it difficult to get into jazz heads. "But I don't suppose that matters too much."

"Miles wants to be a pop star in the sense that he wants exposure in the pop world, and feels that he can turn on hip people if he has that exposure," says Bruce. "If everyone digs it, it would be nice to play in Europe."

Says Miles: "I think I can put together a better rock and roll band than Jimi Hendrix."

Meanwhile, Clapton is getting together a new band, which will debut on June 14th at the Lyceum Ballroom in London in a charity concert in tribute to Dr. Spock for the American Civil Liberties Legal Defense Fund, to help defray the defense costs of the Chicago Seven.

With Clapton will be one-time Delaney and Bonnie organist Bobbie Whitlock, D & B bass player Carl Radle, and, hopefully, D & B's original drummer, Jim Keltner. Hopefully, because Clapton has not yet been able to track Keltner down. George Harrison will probably be at the Lyceum too, as will Stevie Nicks if Traffic isn't already in America. But Whitlock, Radle and Keltner will be the nucleus of Clapton's own band, with Whitlock doing all the singing as he does on Eric's new solo album, which is currently being remixed.

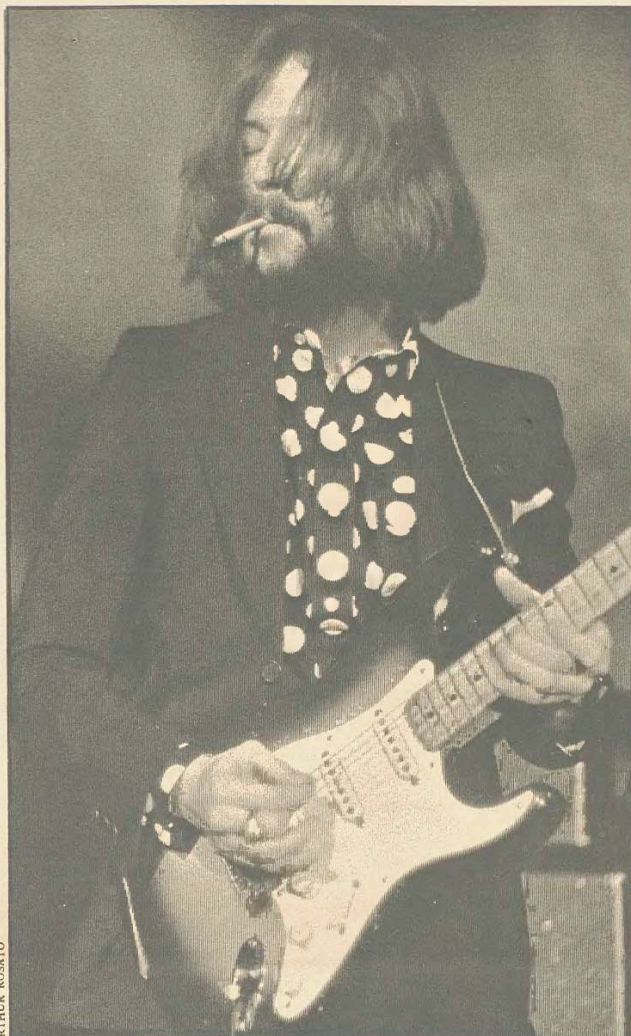
But if Clapton wants to stick to Whitlock for the vocals, actor Nicol Williamson has his own ideas. With Jane Fonda, Simone Signoret, Mia Farrow, Andre Previn, and Vanessa Redgrave, Williamson will appear at the Lyceum on June 7th in another benefit in aid of the Civil Liberties Defense Fund, and wants to sing with Eric. Williamson's last singing gig was at a Nixon command performance at the White House.

Blacks Lay Angels Low in San Jose

SAN JOSE, Cal.—What started out as a benefit for a San Jose State College black group on May 16th ended in a small riot between black students and Hell's Angels, and this time it was the blacks who were swinging the clubs.

While about 6,000 people sat in the 95 degree heat at State's Spartan Stadium watching local groups like the South Bay Experimental Flash and Quinn Harris and the Masterminds and waiting for Country Joe and Ike and Tina Turner, seven or eight local Angels suddenly appeared and began wandering around the stage area.

At first there was no trouble, the white students, the Angels and the black guards (arrangements had been made with the school to let blacks from the Black and Brown Educational Opportunities Program, for whom the benefit was being given, provide their own security) seeming to ignore each other. But as the afternoon wore on and the weather got hotter, a small fight broke out during a



Eric Clapton: 'Miles wants to be a pop star . . . he wants exposure'

Les McCann set. A short time later, as Country Joe was setting up, a thin black boy went down and when the crowd moved back to give the combatants room, there was an Angel standing over him.

The blacks who were acting as guards had provided themselves with clubs, and as the small group of Angels rallied around their brother, they were engulfed by flailing pool cues, baseball bats and tree limbs. The Angels tried to fight their way out but never had a chance. The crowd moaned as one Angel's head opened visibly.

It was over quickly. The blacks seemed to want to make sure that there would be no further incidents, and when they'd finished, none of the Angels was standing.

One of them was confined to a hospital for a week and three others were treated for cuts, bruises and various punctures. About 20 blacks were treated for minor injuries.

The police didn't arrive until an hour after the fighting, and by that time Country Joe was finishing his act.

Because of the injuries and a number of other casualties (due to the heat), costs rose higher than had been expected, and the benefit lost money.

You're Gonna Die, You Mother You

NASHVILLE, Tenn.—The last Johnny Cash Show of the season ended with that conglomeration of contradiction that marks the man: the appearance of his mother, Mrs. Ray Cash, a rendition of "What Is Truth?" and an award ceremony by United States Air Force recruiters.

"I spent 20 years in the Air Force," said Cash, "from 1950 to 1954."

Cash, it is said, was rather disappointed that the season had ended so soon. Certainly he didn't act like a man

who wanted to take a vacation. Almost immediately, he took his troupe on a ten-city tour of the Midwest. One stop was Leavenworth Prison.

"You're gonna die, you mother you!"

That's the unbepiped sequence from "A Boy Named Sue."

"I want you to know we're here today because we care," he told the inmates. "I don't know what we care about, but we care. This is the same show we did for President Nixon and we're going to try a little harder here."

According to one report, Cash explained a few things his mama had told him. "If you're gonna pick cotton, pick more than any man in the country. And if you're gonna rob banks, hit the First National." His audience was quite responsive. When he sang "Folsom Prison," he cursed the warden and substituted "Leavenworth" for "Folsom."

Recently, Cash donated two \$5000 checks. One went to Arkansas prisoners through Correction Commissioner Robert Sarver, who said he would talk to inmates before he would distribute the money.

The other \$5000 donation went to the Madison, Tennessee hospital where the son of Cash and his wife June Carter was born this spring. The check, presented by Cash's sister, Mrs. Reba Hancock, who handles his publicity from her House of Cash office in Madison, was intended for a pediatrics room.

"The only request Johnny and June made," said Mrs. Hancock, "was that the room be dedicated to their young son." John Carter Cash, that is. And so it will.

A hospital worker had written Cash and asked him to play a benefit for funding the project. Cash responded with the check.

Previously, Cash had donated \$5000 toward construction of a chapel in one of Arkansas' prisons. He is from Dyess, Arkansas.

Cash won't be idle this summer. He will spend most of the season acting in a film with Kirk Douglas called *The Gun-*

fighter.

"I've been fast-drawin' and ridin' and losing weight and everything else," he told WSM-TV's Ralph Emery.

In a rather special midnight interview, Cash talked about his White House concert. Nixon, he said, liked the religious songs best. He showed Cash around his digs and revealed a thoroughly-briefed knowledge of the career of Merle Haggard, whom Nixon admires for having overcome hard times without losing his sense of patriotism. Cash said Nixon asked him "two or three times" to write a song about astronauts. Some of the titles Cash has considered are "Splash-down" and "Marooned," but he hasn't come up with anything yet.

Another source of inspiration for Cash's songwriting is none other than Dr. Billy Graham, who came to Cash's house to urge him to write a song about "youth." That visit, says Cash, was the spark for "What Is Truth?"

Whether or not Nixon gets his song, he got a pretty hefty endorsement from Cash at the White House concert.

"We elected our man as President, and if you don't stand behind him, get the hell out of the way so I can stand behind him."

Cash acknowledged the statement to his interviewer, but added later, "I'm like a lot of Americans. He scared the hell out of me the other day when he moved into Cambodia."

Cash is getting mighty tired of some of the press coverage he has been getting lately. "They write a lot of trash about me," he said. One example he cited was a story in which a writer quoted a couple of lines from a song Cash allegedly was writing for his young son.

"There are angel wings flapping over Tennessee," or something.

Cash had never met the writer, he said.

He said he meant to vacation for a week in late May by working on a shrimp boat he bought last month.

Step Right Up, Don't Be Afraid

CHICAGO—A series of free concerts in the Grant Park Music Shell gets off here June 14th with a rhythm and blues show featuring Albert King, Booker T and the MGs, and Carl Holmes and the Commanders with Ruth McSadden. A similar series sponsored by WABX in Detroit opened May 24th, and the Summer Pops at Pennyback Park program in Philadelphia begins June 17th.

The Chicago series is produced by Murphy Dunne, former Open City actor and musician, and has the cooperation of the Chicago Parks District, which last summer found its own shows being dwarfed by the free Jefferson Airplane concert and the highly-successful blues bash.

There's no admission for any of the five shows, though the artists will be paid. The country and western show July 12th has Earl Scruggs, the Flying Burrito Brothers, Sonny James, and the New Lost City Ramblers.

Also scheduled are a July 26th gospel show, a rock concert August 16th, and the September 6th Blues Finale. Artists for those shows will be announced later. All shows will start around noon except the gospel concert, which will be a sunrise celebration.

The Philadelphia series will be opened June 17th, and will continue every Monday and Wednesday evening through August 19th except July 6th and July 20th. The series will present everything from symphony to opera to rock to afro dance groups. The sponsors are ultra-sensitive to the need for free entertainment, but are having some difficulty in financing the ambitious series. They need a "name" group to help put them on the map, but promise to continue the summer program with the best talent they can get if no national acts come forth.

Already booked for the June 24th rock concert is American Dream, a local band with one album out. Sweet Stavin' Chain is set for July 13th, and the promoters are negotiating for Doc Watson for the August 12th folk show. They have the city's cooperation, and a bandstand is being set up in the park at Rhawn and Winchester for the series. All shows at 8:15 PM.

In Detroit, WABX opened its series with Catfish, SRC, Mitch Ryder and the Detroit Wheels, All the Lonely People, and Virgin Dawn. Other concerts

are set for June 21st, July 19th, and August 23rd, at Tartar Field, the old Wayne University football field. Coming up are Shaky Jake, Dhoob Itch, Blues Train, Teegarden and Van Winkle, the Up, and Savage Grace.

Free concert series are anti-inflationary and pro-people. We need more.

Who Cares If It's Constitutional?

BY BOB FIALLO

TALLAHASSEE, Fla.—A state legislature committee ignored the Constitution May 26th when they accepted a bill putting severe restrictions on rock festivals.

The Crime and Law Enforcement Committee approved the bill 13-11 with Chairman Quillian Yancey (Demo-Lake-land) ignoring a point of order from Rep. Gerald Lewis that the committee had run five minutes past its time of adjournment and could not take action.

Lewis (Demo-Miami) and other opponents contended the bill drawn up by a special sub-committee amounted to an unconstitutional infringement on the right of assembly and would be unenforceable.

But Rep. Jim Tillman (Rep-Sarasota) replied that Constitutionality of a bill should not be considered. Said Tillman: "That's what we have courts for."

Rep. George Firestone (Demo-Miami) noted the bill referred to "rock festivals" and questioned whether it would have any effect when the musical tastes of young people turn to something else.

"What if the sound next year is not rock or hard rock?" he asked.

"That's why we have annual sessions," replied Rep. Lewis Whitworth (Demo-Miami), chairman of the House subcommittee which drew up the bill, which requires: that festival promoters get permits from local county commissioners; meet stringent requirements for posting bond for potential damages; and provide adequate sanitation, medical and parking facilities.

Persons under 18 could not be admitted unless accompanied by their parents or legal guardians.

Twenty counties in Florida have passed local legislation banning rock festivals or setting absurd regulations imposing unmeetable demands on festival promoters.

She Was Born on Christmas Day

BY TODD EVERETT

LOS ANGELES—There is a world of confusion in the music press—not to mention that among record companies—about the identity of Merry Clayton, the singer. Who, for instance, is she, and where does she come from? How does she really spell her first name (it has appeared in print and on record jackets as "Mary," "Merrie" and "Merry")? And then there's the Bonnie Bramlett confusion.

Miss Clayton ("... It's 'Merry.' I was born on Christmas Day and my mother thought it would be nice.") was altogether willing to set matters straight in a recent interview, conducted here in an A&M recording studio.

"My father was a minister, and I was brought up in a church in New Orleans. Outside of that, my first musical influence was probably Bessie Smith—that's what my mother says. But I got tired of the church, and decided to go out and make some money, so I went to work as a singer. Those were the times when you'd do record dates for \$10 a side—as the years passed, the union helped bring it up to \$25. The first record I made, I must have been 13 or 14. It was called 'There's No Need To Cry'—Richard Berry wrote it, and I think it was on V-J.

"When I really got into it was when Gracia Nitzsche—that's Jack's wife, and she was with the Blossoms—called me and told me that Bobby Darin needed a girl to sing with him on a record.

"I had the flu, but it was a big break for me, so I went down to the studio. While I waited for the time to sing, they sent out for food and fruit juices and things. The name of the song was 'Who Can I Count On If I Can't Count On You.' I did a couple of other things with



Merry Clayton: She had the flu, but it was a big break for her

Bobby later, and then had to stop singing to spend enough time with my new baby boy, Kevin. He's five years old, now. After I had the baby, I began to get back into it.

"I toured with Ray Charles for three years. It was an experience—the first time I had been on the road. I was 17. But it wasn't the kind of situation I had planned to be in. You can be lonely by yourself. You can starve by yourself. So why do it all over the country with a bunch of other people? The money wasn't cool—I could make as much doing one session a day. But I can't put Ray down—I wouldn't dare do that.

"When the years with Ray ended, I went back to session work. I'd do three or four a day. Then I got a call that Lou Adler was putting together a choir thing, and they wanted me to do the session. It was the Dylan Gospel album, and we were called the Brothers and Sisters of Los Angeles. I did the leads on 'The Times They Are A-Changin'' and 'Quinn The Eskimo.' At the session, Lou said 'Why don't you call me?' So a little later we got together, and started work on my album."

In the meantime, came the Bonnie Bramlett episode. "Bonnie was going to do the second voice on the Stones' record of 'Gimmie Shelter' but when it came time she had a sore throat or something. So Jack Nitzsche called me at home—I was half asleep—and asked me to come down to the studio. I'd never worked with the Stones before, but it was quite easy. Mick and Keith just stood in front of me and told me where they wanted me to sing. Any way that I felt it. So I did, and the next thing I heard, people were saying that I was Bonnie. I understand that she was pretty upset about it, too.

"Then I did the score for *Performance*. I also contracted the date. Jack wrote the music. There were about six of us, and we did a lot of moanin' and groanin'. Any sound that they wanted, we had to do. If they wanted wind, we'd

have to get down to the microphone and blow.

"Now we're finishing my album for Lou. It's called *Give Me Shelter*, and I do 'Gimmie Shelter' on it. Some of the other songs are the Doors' 'Tell All The People,' 'I Got Life' from *Hair*, a Spooky Tooth thing called 'Forget It, I Got It,' 'Glad Tidings' and 'Country Road' by Van Morrison and James Taylor, and 'Bridge Over Troubled Water.'"

Conclusion of the Merry Clayton Mystery. Case closed.

MGM & WB Chase Each Other's Tail

LOS ANGELES—Now entangled in court with Warner Brothers Records, MGM Records, nonetheless, has released its own version of the John B. Sebastian album.

MGM claims that Sebastian is their artist under an old Lovin' Spoonful contract. Warner Brothers signed Sebastian last year to their Reprise label after he'd split from the Spoonful, and are now suing MGM for \$1.5 million for issuing the duplicate LP.

Warner Brothers, which released the album in March, got a temporary restraining order against MGM as soon as it heard about the MGM LP, planned for release just weeks later. The MGM record is an exact copy of the Warner Brothers record, except for a different jacket, designed before Sebastian signed with Warner Brothers.

The MGM album, somehow pressed without possession of the master tapes, is now out because, according to MGM Records President Mike Curb: "Warner Brothers lost its injunction. To enjoin us, they would have to prove John not to be an MGM artist."

Which is jumping the gun somewhat. As Mo Ostin, president at Warner Brothers, explained: "The temporary re-

straining order was lifted in the face of the hearing on the injunction. We're now waiting the judge's decision."

As soon as the temporary order was lifted, MGM rushed its LP into the racks. "We don't know what the source of their album is," Ostin told *ROLLING STONE*. "They had 'She's a Lady,' but the others may be from illicit sources."

Curb, constantly on the offensive, says MGM is now trying to enjoin Warner Brothers from selling their Sebastian LP. Later in the conversation, however, he said an earlier decision to enjoin Warner Brothers was dropped, and "we chose to have a trial."

Curb denied an earlier accusation that the MGM LP is a pirate, taped off a Warner/Reprise record. "We owned four of the tracks," he said.

Curb admitted, however, that he still hasn't met John Sebastian, who personally delivered the tapes of his album to Warners/Reprise upon signing. "I didn't subpoena him for the injunction trial," Curb claimed, "even though anything he could say could be played in our hands."



Atlantisburg

BY RICHARD BRAUTIGAN

There were a couple of pool tables in the back and a table full of drunks nearby. I was talking to a young man who'd just gotten fired from his job and he was happy about it, but bored with the evening and the thought of looking for work next week. He was also quite disturbed about his home situation and went into it at great length.

We talked for a while, both of us leaning up against a pinball machine. There was a game of pool going on in the back. A little black Lesbian with a bull cut to her was playing pool with an old Italian, a sort of working type. Maybe he worked with vegetables or he was something else. The Lesbian was a seaman. They were locked in their game.

One of the drunks at the table spilled his drink all over the table and all over himself.

"Get a bar rag," another drunk said.

The spiller got up unevenly and went over to the bar and asked the bartender for a rag. The bartender leaned over the bar and said something to him that we couldn't hear. The drunk came back and sat down. He did not have a bar rag.

"Where's the rag?" the other drunk said.

"He said I owe him forty-five dollars and sixty cents. My tab..."

"Well, I don't owe him forty-five dollars and sixty cents. I'll go over and get a bar rag. This table is a mess," and gets up to prove that he doesn't owe the bartender forty-five dollars and sixty cents.

The table was returned to normal. They started talking about something that I know about.

Finally my friend said, "What a God-damn boring night. I think I'll watch that dike play pool."

"I think I'll stay here and listen to these drunks for a while," I said.

He walked over and watched the black Lesbian play pool with the old Italian. I stood there leaning up against the pinball machine, listening to the drunks talk about lost cities.

The Artist Sees Sex

The medallion hangs between your buttons like paint, and your thighs beg for a brush-up.

—Michael Waters:



CHET FLIPPO

His striking manner of dress—polka dots & stripes—multiplies the walls' effects. A sort of tunnel vision ensues.

Wow, Jim Duncan —Do Your Stuff

BY CHET FLIPPO

HOUSTON, Texas—Jimmy Duncan should charge admission to his office, for his sort of nouveau-Texas-recording-tycoon-flash-opulence digs are quite a visual experience. The visitor sits in a shocking red plush swivel chair facing Duncan across his transparent glass desk top (no desk, just a top) that seems to be hovering in the air. The walls are a black and silver halftone dot pattern that soon destroy one's perspective and the eyes soon have difficulty in focusing anywhere. In the diffused light, sharp edges become blurred and it's hard to look directly at anything, even Duncan. His striking manner of dress—polka dots and stripes—multiplies the walls' effects. A sort of tunnel vision ensues, a soft-focus tunnel with Duncan's head, the only distinct object left, floating in a maze of patterns. Adding to the visual confusion is his voice, which sounds something like a David Frye impersonation of Spiro. His even, well-modulated tones help to induce a light hypnosis.

Duncan is saying, "We want to make Houston the music center of the world." That certainly shakes the visitor from his trance. Can it be?

Yes, indeed. "That's the whole idea for Soundville."

Soundville, a new \$2.5 million music production center in an industrial and commercial section of Houston, is totally the brainchild of Jimmy Duncan. Three years ago it was just an idea in the head of Duncan, a veteran writer-producer, who has "My Special Angel" to his credit among about 600 other songs and was in on the formation of the Nashville pop sound.

What brought about the construction of a large recording center in Houston?

Said Duncan, "A studio of this size has been needed in this area for a long, long time. Until now, to cut a major record, you had to go to California, New York, Nashville, Detroit, what have you, and yet if you look at the charts, at the top 100, you'll find that probably about a third of the people there are from the Southwest."

That may be exaggeration to some extent, but there have been countless good performers and groups from the Southwest, many of whom did not make it solely because they weren't recorded right or distributed or hyped properly. Soundville seems to have facilities to do everything for a group.

It is a division of Jimmy Duncan Productions, Inc., and includes:

- Soundville Records, Soundville Country, and a planned R&B label;

- Sound/Ad Commercial Productions, including a projected TV facility in a building under construction next door which is supposedly to have four color cameras, VTR equipment and everything needed to produce commercials, programs, and market video cartridges;
- Sound/Art Talent Management;
- Two recording studios, about which more later.

There is also office space to be made available to producers, A&R men, arrangers, composers, and the like. One of Houston's three FM rock stations, KRBE-FM, plans to move its studios into Soundville this June. KRBE hypes itself as "luv" radio and talks a lot about "the good life."

Soundville may actually find itself leading a Southwest-centered musical phase. The major studios had reportedly been considering establishing a recording facility in the area. Listen to Fred Mirick, 23, who directs Sound/Art Talent Management: "I have heard that Capitol Records was interested in this type of facility in Houston and I know for a fact that some of the other major companies were considering it. Elektra, for example, has been very, very interested in the Southwest in general because they realize that the talent potential is here and they've just recently designed a portable studio that they will take into Southwestern cities for auditions on the spot.

"So it's not just Soundville or Jimmy Duncan alone that's looking at the Southwest situation. Jimmy, of course, got the jump on a lot of people by getting the idea years ago and starting to put it together and here it stands today."

Soundville had its grand opening March 20th, a day proclaimed by the mayor as "Jimmy Duncan Day" in Houston.

Duncan said they had parties for John Mayall and Jack Bruce, along with Johnny Nash who cut his new single, "Groovy Feeling," at Soundville.

"I think they were kind of overwhelmed by this thing," he said. "It's the largest audio studio in the country and I just don't think they expected to find that in Houston, Texas, you know. When they walked in to see that 24-track console and that 24-track tape recorder—I think there are only three 24-track studios in the United States—it amazed them. John Mayall had a heck of a time playing with all those buttons." Duncan leans back and laughs.

"He was punching buttons and running out to the studio and making sounds and rushing back to listen to himself. We had a ball."

The two studios are damned impressive, mainly because it's so rare to find a studio that was built to be a complete facility, none of that patchwork stuff that you find so often. The 16-track

studio is built to the dimensions of RCA's "B" studio in Nashville, 37 by 40 feet, said Mirick, except the ceiling is higher—22 feet as opposed to about 16. The studio with 24-track capability is 50 by 40 feet, with a 22-foot ceiling, and will accommodate 88 people. The control room is spacious—24 by 18 feet.

The only thing that went wrong in construction is that the glass opening between the control room and studio isn't quite wide enough to permit a view of the entire studio, but a mirror system will correct that. Beautiful, expensive equipment is everywhere.

Soundville does have competition in Houston, notably Nashville Sound Studio (which has just acquired five musicians from Muscle Shoals), but there is nothing to match their facility. What will come out of that facility will be the important thing.

Shortly after Soundville opened, Duncan was working with three groups, Wichita, Sundance, and Weasel. All three were (still are) relatively unknown but, said Duncan, each group has a unique sound. Wichita is a Houston group formerly known as Lucille. Weasel, a group from El Dorado, Kansas—imagine that—seems to be Duncan's favorite: "We found a new group out of Kansas, Weasel. We're just tremendously excited about them. They don't copy anyone. There's no local influence. Like if you live on the West Coast, you'll copy maybe the Mothers of Invention—I think that's where all of us started."

Duncan laughs and continues, "If you're from the East Coast, maybe you'll copy someone else. But in Kansas—there's just not much there. The kids are outstanding writers. Their material would be close to . . . the Beatles, to Lennon and McCartney, I'd say and almost comparable. And we're talking about people who are 18 years old. They're very deep, very heavy."

Urban Blight Grips Music City, USA

BY PATRICK NORTH

NASHVILLE—This city really began calling itself "Music City, U.S.A." about five years ago when Mayor Beverly Briley announced "beautification" plans for 16th Avenue South, the heart, or main artery at least, of the recording and music publishing business here. In 1965 following this announcement, property value on the street jumped as much as 500 percent.

16th Avenue is Music Row, a newspaper name calculated to stir the imagination like the "Strip" does in more than one city, or "the Haight" or even "Bourbon Street." There are great differences of course. The longhairs you see on this street are here for definite, com-

mercial purposes, and there are no clubs on Music Row.

One is tempted to compare it to Wall Street, but in fact it shares a least one problem with Haight Street: construction projects are in limbo on Music Row.

In mid-April, a powerful committee of Nashville music businessmen called a press conference to warn the Nashville Metropolitan Government and the community at large that the influx to this area may soon crest if expansion plans here continue to be checked by the postponement of urban renewal development on Music Row. Chet Atkins, one of the spokesmen, said that the "phenomenal" growth of the music business actually began slowing down four of five years ago.

In 1965, the Metro government promised the industry a boulevard complete with trees, islands and a considerably broadened street. (In a related development, a project called Opryland—a sort of country Disneyland—was proposed, though it would not tie in directly with Music Row.) Taxes went up immediately, but no money was ever allocated for construction.

Meanwhile, the Music Row area has degenerated into what one music industry spokesman called "Shanty Town." No one wants to build anything until "we can find out where the street is going to be," as Jack Stapp, president of Tree International Publishing, said at the press conference. "We don't want to end up facing an alley or a side street or something."

"I know firsthand that Memphis is trying to call itself Music City and would like to see us move our companies out of Nashville," he said, "and I'm afraid if we don't start getting something done here, we're going to lose our industry."

The spokesman for MCA Decca, a pioneer company here, warned that "our company has lost some enthusiasm." And RCA vice president, Harry Jenkins, laid it on the line: "I know we are going to expand. I hope it's here." Spokesmen from several other companies were present at the conference, and the Nashville Musician's local, which has a membership of 1700, was represented by its president.

The group proposed that the Metro Government of Nashville pass a \$3 to \$4 million bond issue to get construction underway. Everyone, the Union president included, had something to say about taxes. Increasing revenue from the expanding industry, they said, would make the bond issue a sound measure.

No one missed this opportunity to bitch about taxes they were already paying for nothing. One landowner asserted that since Metro announced plans for the boulevard, taxes have gone up five times. Land speculation in the area has been fantastic.

One thing that scares the landowners as much as further delay is a compromise which would turn 16th and 17th Avenues into one-way streets. The Metro Government had counted on federal aid rather than local revenue to renovate the street. If it decides on building one-way streets, the state government will provide assistance. But the landowners warned that this solution would be unsatisfactory. Only the boulevard would provide necessary space for development by the music industry.

On the following day, Farris Deep, director of the Metro Planning Commission, replied to the criticism: "If you haven't got the money to do something, you just haven't got it."

Deep explained that he was sympathetic to the Music Row developers' troubles, but that really, there are only two alternatives for the Metro Government: federal funds or new local funding.

Originally, the boulevard was to be part of a University Center urban renewal plan. When federal funding was cut back, the Music Row plans were suddenly postponed as a "second phase" of the project. In the next few months, this second phase plan will be presented to the federal government once again, but one gets the impression the plan is in trouble on this level. Deep indicated that things don't look so bright on the local level either.

"I have reservations," he said, "about sinking \$5.5 million in one project when the total bond capacity for the city in the next six years is \$16 million, but this is something the community is going to have to face."



Keeping Up The Spirit While The Battle's On.

Everywhere one hears the sound of marching charging feet, boy. 'Cos summer's here and the time is right for letting the good humor of the Flying Burrito Bros. buoy you through all the current ugliness.



MULTIARTS FESTIVAL



'Who's in charge here?' That cliché of a line made everybody start laughing. 'I am,' said Captain Shazzam.

Swok, Slurp, Swok, Swok

BY PAT MacDONALD
BELLINGHAM, Wash.—Ken Kesey was pissing out behind Toad Hall and somebody called the cops.

By the time Officer W. Hackett arrived in his squad car with a dope-sniffing dog in the back seat, Kesey had rejoined the 50 or so people who were spread out on the grassy vacant lot next to Toad Hall, a restaurant and gathering place in the basement of an old bank building that at one time would have been called a coffee house, passing Red Mountain wine, dope and outrageous tales in the warm afternoon sun.

Officer Hackett, with an American flag patch on his sleeve and dark sunglasses, strode over to the group of people sitting around Kesey. In his two-tone blue uniform and cap he was one of those non-descript, earnest-looking cops, a case of perfect casting.

"Who's in charge here?" he said. That cliché of a line made everyone start laughing.

"I am," said Captain Shazzam, a grizzled artist, in his late fifties or so, who hangs around Bellingham bars and has been involved with the outrageous artists' group from Seattle, The Shazzam Society, since it started its spaced-out, cosmic trips a couple of years ago.

"So am I," somebody yelled.

"Me, too," said Kesey, by now standing next to the cop.

"Hey, everybody's in charge here, man," somebody said.

"I'll talk to this gentleman here," Officer Hackett said. "What's your name?"

"My name is Shazzam," he said, handing Officer Hackett a BankAmericard that, of course, did not say Shazzam on it, but "Captain Shazzam."

Officer Hackett took down the name on the BankAmericard. "And what's your name, loudmouth?" he said to a guy named Bill Small.

"Shazzam," he said, "Captain Shazzam."

"And your first name?"

Officer Hackett was beginning to mellow a little. He was beginning to see the absurdity of it all. A slight grin could be seen on his face. He took on a little color.

"Bill, Captain Bill Shazzam."

"I have a report from across the street

here," Officer Hackett said, with noticeable uneasiness, "from some of the people in the apartment building, that one of you was relieving himself out in the open."

By now Kesey was standing next to Officer Hackett giving the scene a harmonica accompaniment. It wasn't a song, it was more a series of gentle notes that played themselves out and then gave way to the next ones. Officer Hackett appeared not to notice.

"I'm just telling you not to do it anymore, OK? They sent me over here to chase you people away but you're not causing any trouble, so I won't. You can have your little be-in if you want."

The bow to what he thought was hip jargon embarrassed Officer Hackett a little. He grinned some more. He shook his head and pushed an empty wine bottle at his feet.

"You people are corrupt," he said. More laughter.

"You smoke and you drink. Don't you know you shouldn't put anything into your body that can harm you?"

"And please," he said as he began to leave, "please stop smoking that grass."

V-signs were exchanged all around, somebody yelled "You're all right," and Officer Hackett's white Chev went on to fight crime in Bellingham.

Somebody found some flutes, harmonicas, drums and bells and Kesey and friends began playing music first in the vacant lot, then down in Toad Hall where people were gathering for the daily free meal.

Kesey had come to Bellingham that morning with his friend Paul Sawyer and spent part of the morning on the Western Washington State College campus, the afternoon rambling through Bellingham's several hip bars and most of the rest of the day around Toad Hall talking with the people there, sometimes in groups, sometimes individually.

He talked about a visit to London to record a reading of some of his works for Zapple, the electronic and experimental music arm of Apple, and how much he liked the Beatles despite the fact that their organization was fucked.

He had recently been to Chicago, he said, for a press conference with Jean Genet and some Black Panthers, and he gave a long rap, which split and spun off in crazy directions like colored liquids in a light show, about some surrealistic basketball game that ended up with Kesey coming onto the court

with a parrot on his shoulder and the referee freaking out.

Among the food that people had brought were an orange and a peppermint stick, and as he talked Kesey fooled with them, finally drilling a hole into the orange and slipping the peppermint in and out. Swok, slurp, swok, swok.

All afternoon it was a very loose rap, rambling and disjointed, with everybody joining in.

Kesey's half-corona of curly blond hair, his Hollywood sunglasses with glass tinted yellow on the top and purple on the bottom, a yellow turtleneck and long, colored scarf under a gold-and-blue paisley shirt, and grey and black striped jeans made him stand out but he didn't dominate things.

At first there was the inevitable reverence for him but by the evening things had eased down to the point where Kesey was just another freak, digging Bellingham and the Multi-Arts Festival. After a day of getting loaded in various ways, he could be seen sprawled on the floor of somebody's panel truck by the time the sun went down. He was supposed to be at the Carver Gym on the WWSC campus that night for a poetry-prose-music event but he never showed. Nobody wanted to wake him.

Like most of the events during the week-long festival, the poetry reading at the gym that night was an open-ended event that had a minimum of planning. People just came together and worked things out themselves. It was beautiful, with students and band and visiting poets all joining in.

It was the kind of thing where one minute a guy was on stage reciting the "We Got Trouble" song from *The Music Man* (corny, but he was so stoned and digging it that everybody enjoyed it) and the next a soul band was pushing out James Brown numbers.

Gary Snyder, the ecologist-philosopher-poet-essayist read some of his poetry dealing with the natural beauty of the Pacific Northwest's fast-vanishing wilderness and his words hit WWSC students where they live. The campus is located near the top of a wooded hill. At the edge of campus, five minutes from where Snyder was speaking, are thick, wild woods, and unspoiled areas of Puget Sound are visible from the campus' dorm rooms. A lot of the students live in communes in the nearby farm areas. Although many of WWSC students are city people, the campus, like

this city, has a country feel to it and that's what makes Bellingham a particularly pleasant place to live.

Snyder is near-legendary in this part of the country. Into ecology in the early Fifties, before most people had ever heard the word, he used to tramp around campuses giving his poetry readings and including a rap about conservation. He is a Buddhist who has spent a lot of time in Japan and India and he recognized the relationship between psychedelics and some Eastern religions in the process of self-realization quite early on. He read his poetry with a steady rhythm that gave it a mystical quality.

But it took Country Joe McDonald to make the event a spiritual one. He sang and spoke the poetry of Robert Service from his *Ballads of a Red Cross Man*, about Service's experiences in World War I, and Country Joe made it an eloquent, moving anti-war statement, even more powerful in the shadow of events in Cambodia, Kent State and Jackson.

"When we, the Workers, all demand:

What are we fighting for . . .

Then, then we'll end that stupid crime,

that devil's madness—War."

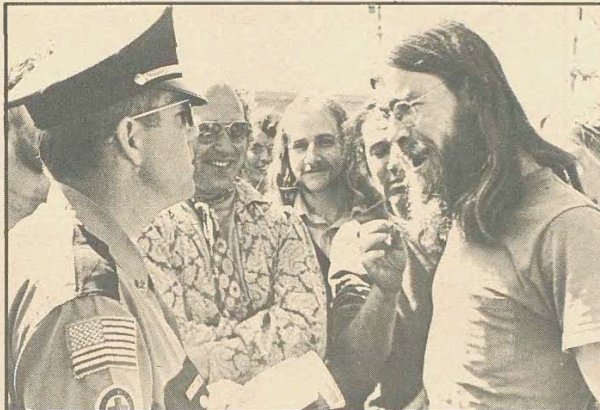
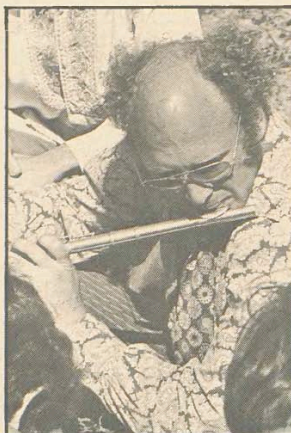
Afterwards, Country Joe mixed with the crowd and talked with people (Would there be an album of his Service songs, like the one he did of Woody Guthrie's? "Probably." Was his interest in Service a new one? "I've always dug his stuff, but it seems appropriate now."), digging the atmosphere of the Multi-Arts Festival as much as his audience.

The whole idea of the festival was that it be very loose, as informal as possible, and with as many varied events as possible. It began with WWSC's student body president last year, Al Doan, who wanted to put on a Chautauqua-type festival on campus during the city of Bellingham's incredibly hokey Blossom-time Festival.

He left before he could carry out the idea but it was picked up by student Leslie Wicklund, just returned from a year at Berkeley, and she and Paul Dorpat, Seattle filmmaker and publisher of the *Helix*, arranged the whole thing. If "arrange" is the word. There was really very little organization for the festival, just a series of events set up, and if people showed up, they happened.

"If we planned everything out," Leslie says, "if we planned a tight schedule, then we would be making the festival

PETER RICHES



Kesey on flute, harp & guitar. Cube sailing. The plastic tit. The cop & Capt. Shazzam & friends. A life-giver.

and not the people, right?"

The only cost to the people was a one dollar "Everything" ticket, but most didn't even bother to buy one.

"There was so much that was free and open," Leslie says, "that nobody really needed a ticket. I was at the door at the poetry reading and if people didn't have a ticket, I just let them in anyway. You shouldn't have to pay for things like that."

The WWSC student body "loaned" the Festival \$7000 ("Everybody knew we'd never be able to pay it back; nobody's uptight about it," says Leslie) and ticket sales returned \$300 to them.

The festival began on Sunday, May 17th, with a day of music at Larrabee State Park, with one of the bands being England's great folksinging group, Pentangle.

On Monday, some people in Bellingham found tags on their cars saying "CONGRATULATIONS! You and Your Auto Have Been Selected for Appearance in the Multi-Arts Festival Auto Show and Progressive Environment!!" (and/or) SCENIC TOUR" and quite a few people took part. There was also an all-day dance marathon on campus, films and an environment show. After dark the film *The Big Beat*, starring Fats Domino, was shown outside at the school's red-brick plaza, dubbed Red Square by the students.

Red Square was the center for the festival events and art sales, dances and other events took place there. There was a yoga class every morning and a movie every night. Art students tried to cover part of the square with a huge domed structure made out of inflated white plastic that looked like a giant albino tit. It was a good idea, but the wind eventually split it down the middle. The sound of the thing rending was heard all over campus and hundreds of people flowed inside it and let it collapse around them. It was a Fellini-like experience.

Wednesday was the poetry day and there was an arts sale and a lay-in on campus. Thursday was auction and trade day and also featured a massive frisbee tournament. Friday was street works day, with the streets on campus being closed to traffic and open to artists. Saturday there was the Blossomtime parade in downtown Bellingham and several hundred freaks, playing kazoos, flutes and harmonicas, joined in the marching. It was indeed a strange vision. Sunday

ended it up with a day of funky, down-home music featuring a fiddle contest and jug bands.

All week there was constant live music on campus (over 30 rock groups were there) and a great many events too numerous to list here.

The whole thing was a refreshing, life-giving experience. People shared food and dope and their talents and the feeling was San Francisco 1966. For a while Nixon's America was as remote as Siberia and things seemed good again. It was the best kind of trip you can have.

A Park Grows In Minneapolis

BY TONY GLOVER

MINNEAPOLIS—Dinkytown is thinking it over. They're deciding how much control a community can have over the attempts of exploitive businessmen to change it. Fortunately, they have a newborn people's park to meditate in.

Dinkytown is a small business area just off the University of Minnesota campus, not far from the Mississippi River. Dominated by drugstores, record shops, theaters and boutiques, Dinkytown used to be the only place in town where freaks could hang out. A few years back a Dinkytown coffee house called The Scholar showcased such locals as Bob Dylan, John Koerner, Dave Ray and myself.

But recently the small town feeling has been disrupted by expanding business interests. The Scholar was torn down to make way for a quickie hamburger chain. The next to go was McCosh's Bookstore, razed to accommodate an ice-cream parlor. McCosh himself was a local legend: He threw out customers who offended him aesthetically and once drove over a "crush-proof" cigarette pack and displayed the remains in his window. His ouster was bitterly protested by area residents and students, who not only picketed the ice cream shop but also started "sip-ins," during which demonstrators tied up all the seats at the ice cream emporium slowly sipping one cup of coffee.

So Dinkytown was understandably upset when Twin City Red Barn, Inc., yet another fast food concern, announced plans to demolish five funky old build-

ings to make room for its plastic hamburgers. Students, residents and community organizations set up rallies and demonstrations, many of them aimed at physically blocking the demolition teams from tearing down the buildings.

On April 1st, D-Day, there was an equipment operators' strike, so nothing happened. But a bunch of students and freaks decided to leave nothing to chance. They began an occupation of the vacated buildings. Robert G. Lafferty, vice president and general manager of the Red Barn chain, came by the liberated building to tell the occupiers that he thought they were criminals from 1984. A petition against the Red Barn garnered 22,000 signatures. Red Barn finally decided to get an eviction order, hoping to "avoid a police-protestor confrontation."

Meanwhile, the community was getting it together. The buildings became a giant crash pad and a free food outlet. There was a picnic every Sunday. Even the cops cooperated in a weird way. A local officer tiptoed in early in the occupation to announce: "The lookout out front to watch for the pigs has fallen asleep—just thought you'd like to know."

A little over a month later—on May 5th to be exact—it all came down. Scott Stack, an organizer for the occupying freaks, was there: "We got a tip about 1 AM that they were massing, so a lot of our people moved in around the buildings. When the raid finally came, we had about 400 people here. Around 3:30 AM this helicopter without lights started circling overhead. Then three police wagons and a police bus arrived. They had pepper foggers in the backs of vans, and armed cops with rifles and shotguns were on the roofs of buildings across the street. Hennepin County Sheriff's Deputies (in full riot gear) broke into the buildings—they went into the shoe repair first, dragging people out—most of them just went limp. There was this one big guy, huge cat—a cop to each arm and leg—they carried him out the door and the van, but there was this parking meter in the way. They bumped him into it about three times before they realized it wasn't going to move (everything else was moving for them) and they had to go around it. So they hauled everybody out of the building, 38 were arrested, and they were the lucky ones—about 30 got clubbed around a bit after they moved the

photographers out."

Robert McLane, chief deputy sheriff, interviewed a few hours later at the site said: "There are a few that refused to leave the buildings that are under court order to be evacuated. Those people we had to arrest. There was no violence. Everything was peaceful."

By 7:00 AM, when the area was just beginning to wake up, students on the way to the University of Minnesota were confronted with an occupied street, guarded by helmeted police with riot batons, circled by a helicopter, all watching the remaining demolition workers sweep up the last of the rubble. That was all that remained of the buildings. The wrecking job, one of the fastest in Minneapolis history, left a few neighbors disturbed, however—air conditioners on a cleaning establishment next door were smashed, and a few cracks appeared in walls. "They just drove right over everything," Stack said, pointing to a dilapidated phone booth.

The raiding forces pulled out of Dinkytown around 8:30 AM, leaving a vacant lot with only bits of rubble. The proprietor of a nearby dance school came over and planted some pussywillows. Somebody else brought some flowers. People started raking; others started taking up collections on the street. Stack said: "I was really getting tired, so I went to sleep. I live across the street; my window overlooks it and I woke up and looked out. The buildings were gone and it looked like somebody had knocked out someone else's front tooth and a big flower had grown out of it. Zap, there was a park . . . all these people standing around, and through them, you could see the green sod. Within twelve hours after the buildings were wrecked—a park! Sod, grass, about five trees, a birdbath, gravel paths, bricks, a slide, swings, benches, an outdoor grill—flowers—even 'Keep Off The Grass' signs. People were planting flowers and painting benches, and they moved some trash cans in and made people pick up the garbage. The community seems to really like the idea—everybody who's come here says it's really beautiful except for a couple of cops—and Lafferty. The cops didn't know just what to do—there were all these people here building and planting—it wasn't lawful, it wasn't illegal—it was just kind of beautiful—there wasn't anything they could do.

One Way to Wreck A Football Field

BY RORY O'CONNOR

GAINESVILLE, Fla.—To be honest, Florida has never had much luck with pop festivals. Beginning with the dreary and long-since-forgotten 1st International Miami Pop Festival in 1968, up to the recent Winters End disaster in Orlando, "the Sunshine State" has written a pop history of disorganization, political harassment, and contractual fuck-ups.

But on May 16th, something happened. A festival was held at the University of Florida at which cops stood on the stage and shot peace signs, none of the acts canceled out and which Governor Kirk completely ignored. And, the most amazing thing of all, it was well-organized.

It was no big thing, mind you. The show was scheduled from 4:00 PM to 10:00 PM. The acts numbered eight: Sly and the Family Stone, the Youngbloods, Grand Funk Railroad, the James Cotton Blues Band, Ten Wheel Drive, Crow, the Mecki Mark Men, and Ian and Sylvia with the Great Speckled Bird. In addition, a local band called Celebration played the opening set an hour before the show started.

An open-faced tent, housing two stages, was set up at Florida Field, the University stadium, on the east side of the playing field. The audience either sat on the field in front of the tent or in the western grandstands.

Half of the average 10,000 in attendance had never been to anything like it before. Central Florida rednecks, who had taken places halfway up in the grandstand, were laughing and dancing, waving their beer cans in delight.

It might be worth mentioning that beer people put up \$25,000 worth of the show's budget. The Falstaff Brewing Corporation guaranteed the salary of Sly.

The Falstaff Beer banner waved proudly in front of the stage, as various groups of kids climbed into the highest corners of the grandstand to smoke their dope. When it got dark, most of the stash came out of hiding.

But during the day, any smoking was done under top secrecy. The University of Florida had been closed down for one day the previous week, due to student strikes and the takeover of Walker Hall. With the Feds came the narcs. Every student in Gainesville, from high school to college, was uptight. Bust reports for two days ranged from a conservative 50 to a liberal 125. Everyone thought he was on the shitlist, and trusted nobody. Except friends.

Gainesville is affectively referred to by locals as "the armpit of Florida." The winters are freezing, possibly colder than any other place in the state, and the summers are boiling. On Saturday afternoon, the sun wreaked havoc on every living thing in Florida Field. Shirts came off and backs were burnt while the audience clapped and writhed to Celebration, the Mecki Mark Men, and Ten Wheel Drive.

With two stages on hand, there was no waiting between acts. Ten Wheel Drive started things, and before the audience could cool off, James Cotton bounced onstage and continued laying on the heat.

The audience really dug Cotton, but, as far as his music goes, for the wrong reasons. He opened with an uptempo blues, featuring his devastating harp work. Wonderful. After the song, he said "Yeah yeah yeah! Are you ready for me to lay down some blues?" Great. Funny, though, Cotton immediately whipped into "Knock On Wood" followed by "Shake." The audience went crazy. Eddie Floyd and Sam Cooke would have been embarrassed, but James Cotton?

His closing song was another uptempo, this time an instrumental. Cotton played his heart out, shaking his body and rising up on his toes to accent riffs. His band was tight and superb, with Cotton's harp leading the way through a volley of stops and starts, crescendos, and amazing solos.

He was called back for an encore. He should have ignored the call. A medley



James Cotton: Audience loved him, for all the wrong reasons

of "Lovelight" and "Please, Please, Please" sung through a poor sound system, complete with a James Brown walk-off, was less than aesthetically fully-packed.

Next came Ian and Sylvia with the Great Speckled Bird, followed by the Youngbloods. Both groups did great sets, especially the Youngbloods. But the audience didn't begin to catch on to the Youngbloods, until they did "Get Together." After that, the Youngbloods got the reaction they deserve, and in fact got more and more of it as their set progressed.

When the Youngbloods began their set, it had been drizzling off and on. By the time they finished, it was dark and pouring rain. A few people split for shelter, but most everyone stayed out to get wet, and they loved it. The stadium lights came on and a huge cheer went up.

Then the low point of the day came. There was a three hour delay while the backstage crew dried off the stage. Crow, due up next, left. Around midnight, two hours past the scheduled close of the show, Grand Funk Railroad came on.

By now, there were 15,000 people in Florida Field. After the rain quit, the gate security force had gone home, leaving the doors wide open for anyone, whether they paid the \$5.50 admission price or not.

So sometime after two in the morning and a typically outrageous set by Sly and his people, UF saw close to 15,000 wet, stoned, drunk, and happy students mill out of the football stadium, leaving the first festival that this state has ever seen that can truly be called "successful," as far as the general audience is concerned.

The UF student government lost \$20,000. And football coach Ray Graves is rubbing salt into the financial wound. He's charging them an extra \$5,000 for damages to his gridiron.

Alvin Lee solo during which his fingers moved so fast that they seemed at times to get tangled in the strings—had the crowd sleeping in the aisles.

At the End of the First Month

GRASS VALLEY, Calif.—The First International Grass Valley Months of Love Festival, which quickly became known as the Endless Festival, is now more than a month old and still going strong. Some 60,000 of rockdom's elite have attended so far, and the 20,000 more or less permanent residents of the festival grounds (a 3000 acre farm owned by a hip San Francisco lawyer) have seen just about everything.

The celebration was slated to begin May 1st, but Festival promoter Irving Goldberg of Legendary Ink, Limited, who previously produced an album of children's songs by the Ronettes, didn't get it together right away, so it was May 4th by the time the stage was all built and the sound system set up. Then, just as Joan Baez was about to open the show, a torrential downpour started.

"This isn't a bad sign; this is a good sign," Joanie told the audience. "Rain is beautiful. It's God's way of making the earth clean." Everybody cheered, and Joanie plunged into her first song, "Michael, Row the Boat Ashore." An hour and a half later, following her knock-out a cappella version of "Peggy Day," Joan surrendered the stage to a strangely familiar group called The Merseyside Three Plus One.

After an hour and a half of old-time rock and roll favorites, broken by a 20-minute Ringo drum solo in the middle of "Earth Angel," the almost-Beatles Beatles gave way to another British group, Ten Years After. The seven-hour set which followed—including a two-hour

The second day saw the Rolling Stones take center stage for the entire day ("If anybody gets knifed, we're going to leave the stage and not play anymore ever," Mick Jagger told the crowd. "We don't want any Altamonts."), whipping themselves and the crowd into greater and greater frenzies. The concluding song, "Gimmie Shelter" (which Jagger sang while balling a particularly anxious chick who had been screaming "fuck me" for an hour and a half before Jagger let her clamber onto the stage), left the crowd screaming for more.

It is impossible to do anything more than summarize the events of the following weeks. Gradually group identities broke down, and odd combinations of musicians from various bands appeared on stage to work out. All of May 12th, for instance, was given over to an incredible jam with personnel from Grand Funk Railroad, Canned Heat and Pacific Gas and Electric. May 15th saw the reformation of Buffalo Springfield for a soaring, lyric set which started at one in the morning and finished two hours after dawn. Midway through May 28th, Steve Winwood, there to perform with Traffic, and Ginger Baker, who brought his entire Air Force, announced that Blind Faith would reform as soon as bassist Ric Grech could be found and flown to California. After Grech got there, however, guitarist Eric Clapton, at the festival to perform with Delaney and Bonnie and Friends, backed out, claiming "Ginger just doesn't want to play the kind of music I like." Clapton later agreed to go on with Baker and bassist Jack Bruce, and for two hours Cream was reborn.

There were some disappointments, however. Both the Band and Janis Joplin, who had been promised by promoter Goldberg, failed to appear, but the crowd was assured that they had been rescheduled for some time in August.

The only real opposition to the Festival came from Bill Graham, who surveyed the scene from a rented helicopter and declared: "Those kids don't know anything. They're lying around in mud listening to a shitty sound system and eating day-old garbage and they think they're having a good time. They're just being had, mister, had."

The Endless Festival, which will end on Thanksgiving Day, still has some of its best moments ahead of it. Bob Dylan will appear with Johnny Cash and the Buck Owens Band in mid-July, while the Joe Cocker tribe will play for a solid week in early September. Planned extracurricular activities include a rock and roll, soft-ball tournament, weekly write-ins, the world's longest Frisbee game and, on Halloween night, the actual resurrection of Brian Jones.

Fancy Stepping at Carson-Newman

NASHVILLE, Tenn.—There has been great editorial head-shaking this month in Tennessee over the recent announcement at Carson-Newman College in Jefferson City that there is no longer a ban on dancing at the institution.

For 119 years, the Baptist Church-supported "liberal arts" college forbade dancing, which is repulsive to conservative members of the church. The ban has been in effect since the college was founded in 1851.

A recent poll, however, revealed that over 90% of the college's students approved of "social dancing." As it turned out, many of the students had been slipping off to neighboring Knoxville and Gatlinburg to dance. This had been going on for years.

"Without our approval," said the college president, Dr. John A. Fincher. The board of trustees finally made the daring move of lifting the century-old ban after the student poll was brought to its attention. Fincher said that while leaders of the church have complained, as yet, there has been no organized threat to fund-raising efforts for the college.

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'Hair' Is Making \$310,000 a Week

BY AL ARONOWITZ

NEW YORK—Oh happy day, when you could finally walk out of the cramped misery that this city gives you for a home and know that New York's long, cruel winter at last had come to an end. On the Central Park Drive at 72nd St. I could hear the cast of *Hair* singing "Aquarius," the chorale soaring over the blossoming magnolia trees and bouncing back at me off the towers of Central Park West. When was the last time our town had seen a day like this? Under the flowers of a dogwood tree, two young cops in the Sunday uniform of the Special Events Squad were looking at the girls and trying not to smile.

In New York, there's always a sense of foreboding, like a siren off in the distance. Here was the first day of sunshine without winter's claws in it and you could still see suspicion scarring the gladness around you. A kid with long dark hair wearing a knitted Mexican jacket walked by the long row of benches where the aging West Siders come to read their Daily Forwards. "God bless all my Jewish friends here," he cried out. "May the Jewish society live forever!" You could see the old, the feeble and the dying peering up through their cataract lenses, trying to see who this could be talking to them. They, too, could hear "Aquarius" rising in the distance, but it was too far for them to walk to the Mall.

Oh happy day. Only people could wear it out. On the Mall, the promoters of *Hair* were celebrating the show's second birthday with a free spectacle at the bandshell, and already the New York Provos were handing out leaflets branding *Hair* as a culture rip-off and inviting followers to the cast's own private party at the Four Seasons afterwards.

"With all the green power *Hair* promoters have taken in, has any of it come back to the people?" the leaflets asked. On the stage, Oliver got up and sang his hit, "Starshine," and then, with his lisp, thanked Jim Rado and Jerry Ragni for writing this song that had been the key to his success.

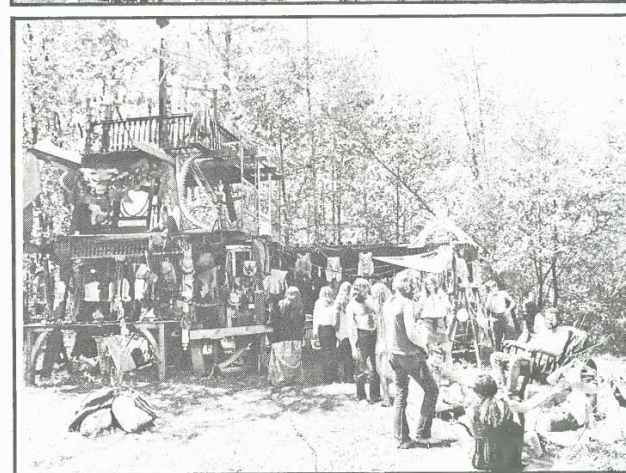
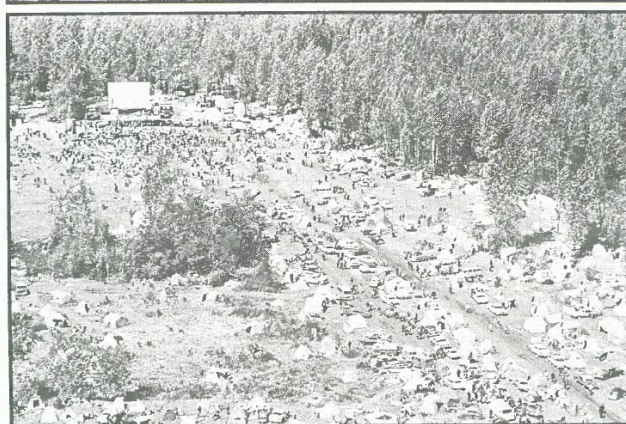
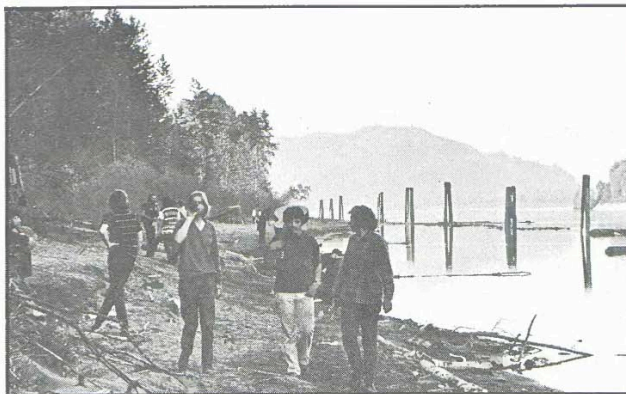
There were young couples pushing strollers and fathers carrying children on their shoulders and queers with jackets draped across their backs. There were Puerto Rican rhythm bands grouped on rocky crags and kids playing leapfrog on the terrace near the pond and ice cream vendors surrounded by mobs with quarters in outstretched hands. On the grassy knolls, you could see people lying on blankets or else they just spread out the Sunday papers and lay down on them, the sheets blowing away one by one in the breeze.

At the Mall itself, there were perhaps 15,000 watching the show or what they could see of it. Maybe they would have been in the park anyway. Why did *Hair* get a day like this when the best St. Patrick's could do on Easter Sunday was a couple of hundred tons of snow? It was costing promoters \$8,000 to put on this birthday party, but then *Hair* was earning its backers \$310,000 a week.

"The point is we who created and live a free life-style are the ones who become the victims of American oppression," the Provo leaflet said. On the fringe of the crowd, you could see a black cop with a two-way radio hanging from his waist singing along while Bert Sommer was on the stage: "... We're all playing in the same band..." Meanwhile, the two-way radio was broadcasting an alarm about a lost child.

By calling itself an American Tribal Love-Rock Musical, *Hair* started off as one of the original hippie hypes, capitalizing on the season of the flower children and on the cheap thrill that a theater club audience would get watching them take their clothes off. But *Hair*'s music has now transcended all that, growing as if from seeds through layers of commercial filth heaped on it.

The songs from *Hair* are being sung all over the world. More than 600 recordings have been made from the score, and half the songs its cast sings have become recorded hits. There are now 20 road companies of *Hair* playing the show in different cities of the world and more than 3,400,000 people have bought tickets to see it. At the bandshell, Allan Nicholls, who now plays the Broadway lead, was telling the audience to pick up its litter in the name of ecology.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC HAYES

STRAWBERRY MOUNTAIN, B.C. — "Mass masochistic madness" was what the underground press called it, but the 25,000 people from all over the Pacific Northwest who attended the Strawberry Mountain Fair in the woods of British Columbia didn't seem either hurt or mad—until the fair was over. Nature provided a sandy beach, a river bank, cottonwoods; the promoters provided music ranging from Country Joe to Fourth Way, and the people, natch, provided the vibes, not to mention the dope. But it was border officials at Sumas, Washington, who provided the hassles. Americans at the fair had been warned to return "clean." Still, some 150 got busted, longhairs were stripped naked for searches, and alarmed officials, promised investigations and new laws to stop such nasties.

"Pick up a paper cup, a cigarette butt or a roach," he said. "Heh, heh, heh. Deposit the litter in the litter baskets and deposit the roaches near the stage."

The party lasted more than two hours. There was only one cloud over the sun all afternoon. There were solo numbers and choral numbers and songs by a long list of alumni and alumna from the cast, including Shelley Plimpton, who is now making movies but who returned to sing "George Mills," which was her song when the show first opened. There was also Emeretta Marks, who used to sing with the Blues Project and who keeps mistaking me for Fred Weintraub.

"Hello, Fred," she said, and she turned

to a friend: "He used to be my boss when I was working as a waitress down at the Bitter End. Are you still at the Bitter End?" she asked me.

"No," I said.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"I'm vice president of Warner Brothers Pictures," I said.

"Are you still a dirty old man?" she asked.

"Yes," I said.

The show ended with Jim Rado and Jerry Ragni coming up to the microphones, Jim in a tie-dye shirt and Jerry with his medusa hairdo, his denim shirt covered with patches and with an Indian feather trailing from a braided string to

a belt loop. They began singing a new song and were soon joined by the entire cast for five other numbers from *Hair*, including the finale, "Let the Sun Shine In." Before it was over, most of the audience was on its feet, singing along while Jerry threw flowers out to the crowd from the vases that ringed the stage. When he had finished throwing the flowers he picked up the vases and threw the water, drenching the honored guests in the press area. It was a great show.

What happened afterwards, I can't exactly tell you. Like the Provos, I wasn't invited to the Four Seasons. According to police reports, about 50 of the Provos showed up at the party and demanded \$100,000 from the Four Seasons, a percentage of *Hair*'s weekly gross and dinner, all in the name of hippie culture. By the time it was over a dozen Provos were piled into a paddy wagon with Jim Rado volunteering to go with them. The police accommodated him. When the paddy wagon arrived at the E. 51st St. Precinct, everybody piled out happy. The cops sniffed the interior of the paddy wagon and found a couple of packets of skag, a few bags of pot and a chunk or two of hash. As for me, I walked home slowly through the park, watching whole families pick the daffodils from the carefully nurtured flower beds. It was a beautiful day.

Beware of Taos, N.M.

TAOS, N.M. — If you are going to Taos this summer, you will probably pass a lot of freaks on their way out. The reason is simple: the Mexican people there have declared open war on longhairs.

Many freaks have resorted to carrying a gun with them everywhere they go and have a loaded shotgun or 22-caliber rifle close to their bed at night.

As in any war, there are casualties. One longhair had his leg partially blown off when he was shot by a chicano at the Ponce de Leon Hot Springs, south of Taos. Another freak was shot, but not seriously injured. The springs, where many summer visitors crashed, are now closed down.

In Penasco, where the Hog Farm is, two cars were demolished by a dynamite blast. A bridge was burned down in Pilar, south of Taos, closing the only road to the home of several freaks. Windows have repeatedly been broken at the General Store and the Taos Community Information Center, which are both run by non-Mexican longhairs. The General Store is one of the only places in northern New Mexico a freak can shop without being hassled. Safeway is the place to get hassled.

The all-chicano police force isn't much help. Besides being understaffed, most of their time is spent at the 5 J's Cafe hustling waitresses.

However, the politically controlled force, which recently acquired a brand new jail and courthouse, did manage to arrest four chicanos for the beating of a longhair at Arroyo Seco, near the Taos Ski Valley. After court, sometimes held in the barber shop, the men received small fines. The judge, sometimes a barber, tried to withhold the names of the arrested from the Associated Press.

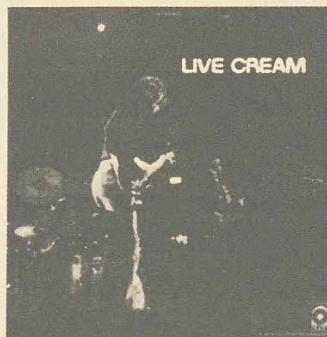
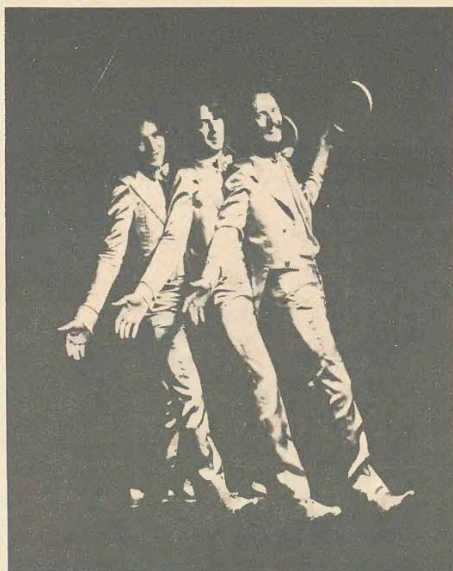
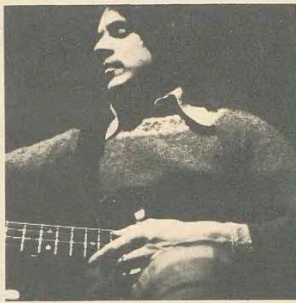
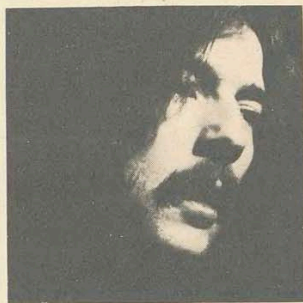
But after a personal visit by an AP reporter, the judge disclosed that one of the arrested owned a clothing store in Taos.

Crooked politics and flying bullets won't be your only problem living in the Sangre de Cristo ("blood of Christ") Mountains. The population is quickly outgrowing the land space available. Unpolluted water is hard to find. What land is left is sometimes expensive. The growing season is short. Most people rely on food stamps for food.

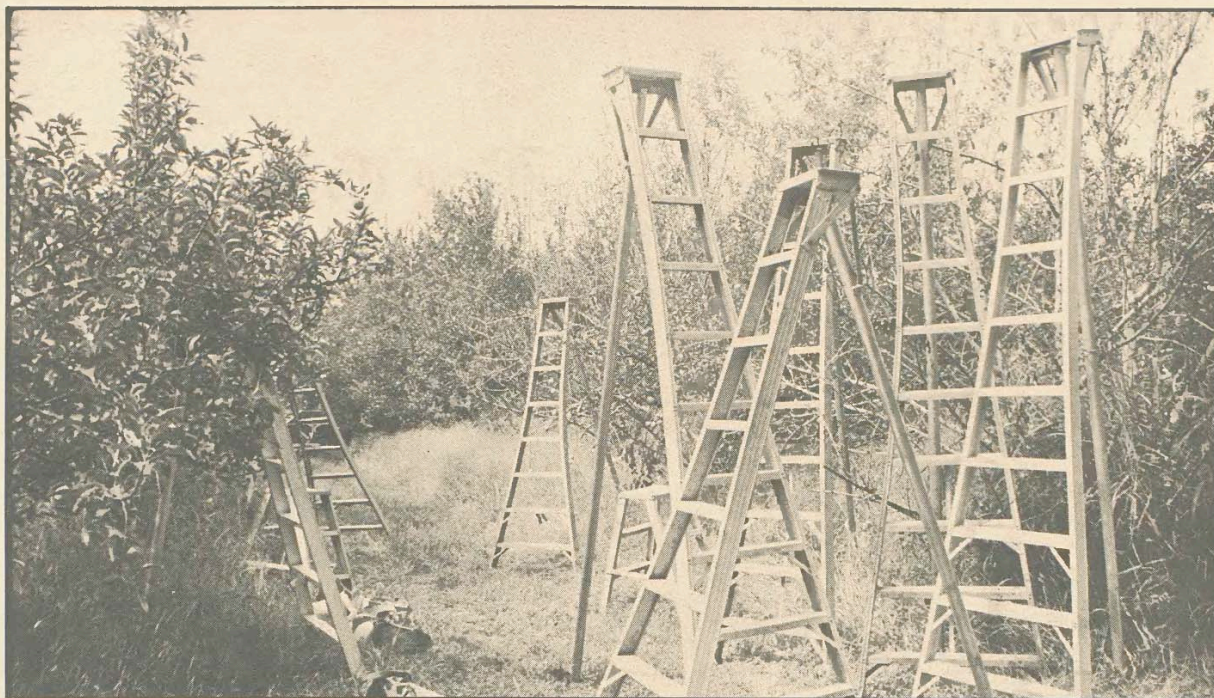
Many look for Earth People's Park to bring some relief, but plans for buying the huge area of land needed to house the expected influx the Park would bring have dwindled. Many contend there is not enough land in northern New Mexico to build the Park on.

It may be the time of year that makes the chicanos uptight. Last year at this time there were people being shot and hassled. Maybe things will change, and Taos will be a good place to see this summer. Maybe even a good place to live.

That is if the tourists who invade Taos every summer don't run you over.



ON RECORDS & TAPES



Ladders in an orchard in a kibbutz in Israel: "Do you know who that was?" he asked, swallowing a smile.

ANNE LEBONITZ

Marty Balin Bites The Bullet

BLOOMINGTON, Minn. — Marty Balin of Jefferson Airplane got busted here last weekend for being in a motel room where dope was found. It's that same old song . . .

The bust took place around 5:30 AM Saturday morning (May 16th) at the Thunderbird Motel here, after neighboring motel residents reportedly complained about noise from a party going on in one room.

Armed with a warrant in Balin's name, cops raided the room and busted the 28-year-old singer, along with sound man Gray O'Dell, 26, and another friend, Terry Cost, 20. Cops also found several young girls—ages between 12 and 17—in the room, so it was a double bust: dope and contributing to the delinquency of minors.

The three men were arraigned Monday morning and released on \$5,000 bail each. They then rejoined the Airplane for concerts in Indiana and Wisconsin.

The Airplane were at the Thunderbird following a Friday night concert nearby. The bust is the third involving an Airplane member and dope. Balin was preceded by Paul Kantner, busted in Hawaii late last year, and by Jack Casady and manager Bill Thompson, now cleared of charges after a raid on a motel room in New Orleans early last year.

Recent Events In Jerusalem

BY REV. MICHAEL G. APOSTROPHE

JERUSALEM — Jamal called me in the morning: "Can you come now?" came the deep, thick voice from his peterlorre punim.

"Not now."

"If you come one minute after 4:30 it is too late, my brother."

I pulled up my minibus across the street from the Dung Gate, about 150 meters down from the cafe, and joined him. It was 4 o'clock.

"When?" "Soon." "What is it?" "The best kif. Made only for Kings and Queens. A Sheikh cannot find it!"

At 4:15 a blue truck stopped in front of the cafe; a voice called out from within it, and Jamal ran to the truck smiling and joking with the driver.

In a few moments he returned to the table.

"Do you know who that was?" he asked, swallowing a smile.

I didn't.

"That was the Chief of Secret Police for the Old City. He is my friend!"

I raised my eyebrows and turkish cafe in salute.

At precisely 4:30 (and I watched him tick it off) he said, "We go now." We walked to my bus. I got in and reached over and unlocked his door. Jamal opened the door and started to sit down . . . at that moment a trachoma-eyed beggar, his robe in tatters, who had been staggering his way toward us, hand extended for alms, reached the door of the car . . . AT THAT MOMENT! freeze-frame, then very slow motion, say 400 frames per second, frame-by-frame: *The Beggar*, in a flash-movement, thrusts out his chest causing the front of his robe, that had been tucked up under his belt, to snap out from the belt and . . . ! an Eagle-stamped oblong, seven ounce sack-a-kiff ssSLid into Jamal's waiting palm. Jamal handed the beggar half a lira, closed the door, and we scooted off behind an English tour bus.

I dropped Jamal off on the other side of Mount Zion near Jaffa Gate, where he promptly disappeared into the Suq.

It had cost me the equivalent of 20 dollars.

Really, it's not a bad price for Jerusalem.

Sharon Tate Had One Question

BY BOB GREENFIELD

LONDON — "Yes," Alex Saunders says, "I felt you coming on to the street . . . you were walking down the other side, weren't you?"

Sitting quietly in his basement flat in the Notting Hill section of London, Alex Saunders, his wife Maxine in the chair next to him, blonde hair pulled severely back; his daughter Maia, making chiddy noises on the floor. Beneath his left thumb, a small mark that resembles a tattoo given him by Aleister Crowley on his tenth birthday.

Alex Saunders is a witch, the high priest Verbius. Known as "King of the Witches," he has been the subject of two books and several documentary films, one of which is currently running in a dirty movie house in Soho because it contains full frontal nudity. He is a regular guest on TV interview shows. Photographers from a Sunday supplement are coming this afternoon to shoot Alex and Maxine as they shop, looking identically like just regular people.

Now 43 years old ("I'll be 44 on June 6th . . . the six of six"), he is a hereditary witch. Along with Maxine, he has initiated and trained the people who in turn have collected others to make up some two hundred covens all over the British Isles.

"Have a look at some of these pictures," he says, bringing over a sheaf. "They've been done for other stories . . . and the like." As you skim through them, the pictures slide into one another, the eight by tens become frames of a spinning reeling movie, Maxine naked, her blonde hair streaming out, leading people running naked in the fields, leaping over cauldrons, sitting inside a magic circle . . . a . . . wait, who is this girl, familiar looking.

"Ah . . . yes," Alex says, "Sharon Tate. It was about four years ago, I think . . . for a movie called *The Eye of the Devil*. It was released in the States under the name *Thirteen*, I think."

Alex served as technical advisor on the film, which also featured David Niven, Donald Pleasance, and David Hemmings. "The first time we met Sharon . . . she came walking through all the grips and cameras, makeup men, quite the grand dame you know, but scared to death, like a little girl. She came up to me and the first thing she said was, 'Do you fuck?'"

"I understood immediately . . . she thought we were celibate, some kind of divine murderers . . . Well I told her, yes we do . . ."

"I've never told that story before actually . . . The film itself was quite a flop."

Before the filming ended, however, Saunders did initiate Sharon Tate into witchcraft. The ceremony is more of a starting point than anything else since it is only after initiation that the teaching begins.

"She was a young girl then," he says "Innocent . . . with quite a future ahead of her. But not as a sex symbol. That was something they were making her into . . ."

Saunders has recently completed an album. Done in only one take, 50 consecutive minutes, it is an actual initiation ceremony as performed by Alex and Maxine and five others. There is spoken narrative to describe the physical trappings and occurrences.

"I feel myself that I am destined to be in California," Saunders says. "Because it's all starting there, isn't it? I keep getting letters from there."

"There's a spiritual awakening going on all over the world," Maxine says.

"Yes . . . you know though that there are places that are powerful. In ancient times one had to pass from place to place in order to become a witch, the ceremony was the act of walking itself. But then they built cities . . . London is near the power, so is Paris. New York is just outside it, so it disturbs some but . . ."

"There are power places in California . . . I was shocked to hear of her death . . . To say it very spiritually, Sharon was overcome by the bad forces of the power of the place she lived in."

Johnston Was Talking Low

NASHVILLE—Not sixteen bars away from our orgasm, the player's prick went quiet in the record's round, dead rut. Out the window, a man was lighting a cigarette.

"*Dr. Pepper's Band*," sighed the lady underneath. "What a weird name for an album." No one corrected her. I rolled over. I braced myself against the whole length of her body as I turned the record. I set the turntable on automatic and slipped down her throat.

I can't say that I really like "Within You, Without You." Most critics, I realize, will not agree, but I think this album proves a good case for the firing of George Harrison.

President Johnston was on the TV talking too low to be heard, and no one had the strength to get up and turn it off. "When I'm 64," indeed: no one here will see Buddy Holly again.

Angeline, Rocky's partner, was flaming a spoon. Rocky was bored. At last he said that the Beatles sounded like a bunch of faggots; that all Englishmen have been brought up to play like faggots; and that the Beach Boys were part of an international homosexual conspiracy. "Fellow travelers, to be fair—but at the very least," he said.

"This is my forecast," he continued. "The Rolling Stones will attempt a *Smiley Smile*, with lyrics inspired by Dylan. Of course, Jagger won't want to write about that New York City (mostly imaginary anyway) 'American West' and hoboes and trains and such shit. It's just a matter of making up a new past, to build a little movie set in the middle of town with all the props that strike the fancy. Maybe he will build a rocketship in the middle of a medieval barnyard. No running water or engines, of course; just a few chairs and instruments and 32-track Ampex to record reactions to the folks looking in the window."

Angeline was squeezing and holding her breath.

"They've all run down the rabbit hole," he said.

Her nipples were twice the size of the blacks of her eyes which were each as big as a cave.

The last long chord broke at last, and the needle lifted away. Angeline untied, and turned her eyes to me. There was something sinister in it.

"And Dylan?"

"He'll get a haircut."

Some other side slapped on. I slipped out, and we all settled back to talk.

"Far out," said my lady. "Can you imagine those guys ever wearing wigs? Or trusses?"

Out the window, the man reloaded his camera, adjusted his pants and walked on down the road. PATRICK NORTH

SD 33-327
STEREO

Bee Gees

Cucumber Castle



On Atco Records & Tapes

BY DAVID FELTON

LOS ANGELES, Calif.—Little Richard proved himself the true musician when he appeared here at the Olympic Auditorium. He went down with his piano.

Also the stage, his band, 50 kids and the future of Bill Graham in Southern California.

The concert, probably the last to be held at the Olympic for some time to come, was a complete bummer in the classic Los Angeles tradition. Before it was over, 57 persons were arrested on minor charges of dope possession or resisting arrest, six were hospitalized—one with a broken back—Little Richard was bedridden with a sore wrist, and tons of amps, instruments, pianos and sections of stage were smashed beyond repair.

Country Joe and the Fish, the evening's fourth and final act, never got to play at all.

Most of the destruction occurred during Little Richard's last number when—stripped to the waist and astride a baby grand piano—he invited the audience on stage to dance. The stage, a temporary affair erected by Bill Graham's Shady Management Inc., simply could not take the added weight. It collapsed in the center, with surrounding amps and speakers falling forward on top of the musicians and 50 spectators.

All who witnessed the disaster agreed on at least one point: It was miraculous no one was killed.

Those most seriously hurt included Eddie Fletcher, Richard's bass player, whose back was broken; Howard Powell, Richard's lead guitarist, who suffered multiple fractures along one side and arm; and Gary Jackson, equipment manager for the Fish, who broke several ribs.

Scores more suffered minor injuries but apparently left the scene before being treated.

Of course, the evening's bad performance cannot be blamed entirely on Little Richard. Credit should be shared with the Los Angeles Police Department and the atmosphere of the Olympic itself.

Located amid blocks of mortuaries and parking lots on the edge of the city's industrial area, the auditorium is still used mainly for boxing and wrestling events. Its interior is dark and stuffy and the dressing rooms reek of urine and wrestlers' sweat.

Since Graham started promoting rock concerts there two months ago, attendance has dropped rapidly. Only 6,000 had attended the weekend before, and only 2,500 arrived to hear Little Richard—billed with the Fish, John Hammond and Albert King.

But even before Hammond could open the show, more than 100 of the L.A.P.D.'s antidrug-crazed finest decided to give an unannounced performance. Under the command of Central Division Capt. Robert K. Sillings, they arrived with squad cars and paddy wagons well before showtime and set up a temporary booking table in the parking lot. One fifth of the officers were plainclothesmen from the Narcotics Division.

Sillings had made local headlines only months before when he was suspended for 15 days and transferred from the racially troubled Venice Division after failing to report the police beating of a black prisoner. The prisoner, arrested on traffic warrants, lost his left eye in the jailhouse beating.

Earlier, the Community Relations Conference of Southern California had accused Sillings' men of using narcotics arrests "as a pretext for . . . terrorization and intimidation of the black residents of Venice." According to many witnesses, this appeared to be the same tactic used at the concert.

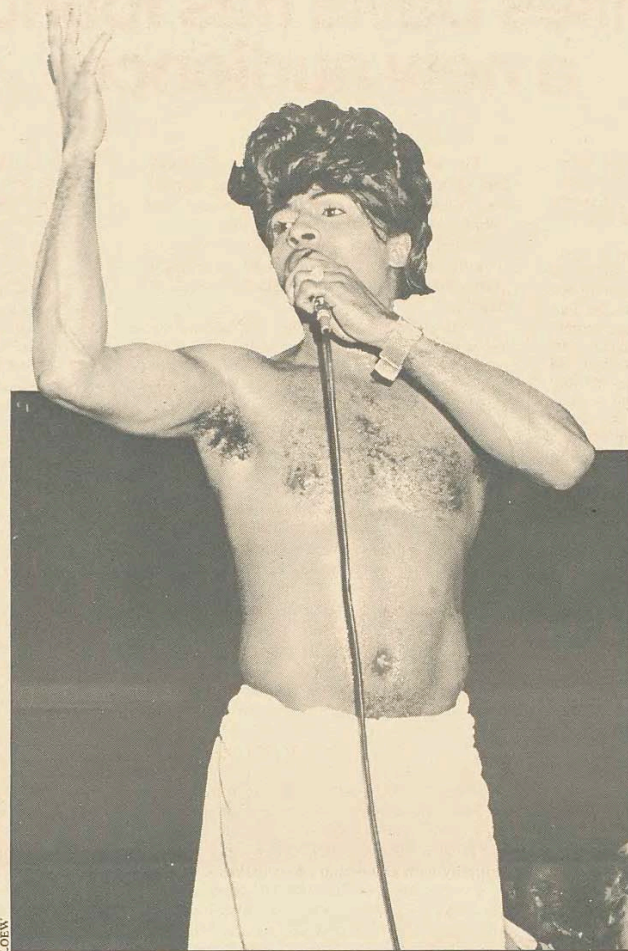
"They came out swinging, literally," complained Paul Baratta, Shady vice-president in Los Angeles. "They made 17 arrests in the first five minutes after they went to work. A lot of what I saw reminded me of the stormtroopers of Nazi Germany."

"Kids who were doing nothing more than turning on were pushed face down in the street and handcuffed, their hands behind their back."

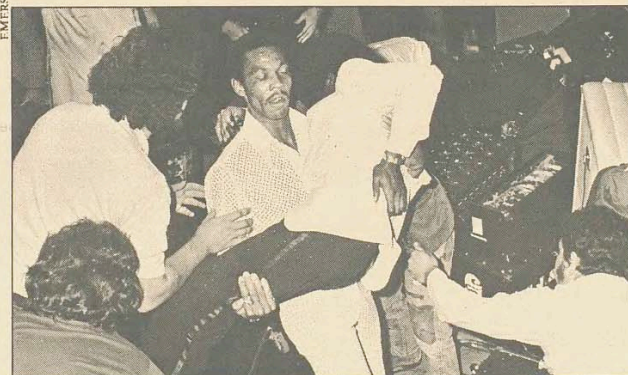
Baratta said he was most disturbed by the provocative nature of the arrests. He said the cops violated a previous agreement to stay outside the building and then interrupted John Hammond three times to wade into the audience and make their busts.

"They saw fit in a week of national turmoil to enter the densely packed area in front of the stage and make arrests,"

LITTLE RICHARD Rips it Up



The people seemed to just slip up like they were greased or something.



More & more & more: All of a sudden the stage looked like an anthill.

charged Baratta. "The confrontations were really getting very violent. The kids were hissing and booing and stomping. Meantime the cops were filing kids past me who were bleeding!"

Al Parachini, a publicist for Mercury Records, was standing near a hot dog stand at one side of the auditorium when the police busted one young man. "He was just waiting to buy a hot dog," said Parachini. "He had his money out and everything. He looked a little unsteady; he was in no shape to resist, that's for sure."

"The cops just came and dragged him off. They didn't tell him why he was arrested or anything."

When contacted later, Capt. Sillings defended the actions of his men, called them "gentlemen" and said they had no choice but to defend the narcotics laws.

"It boiled down to the fact that there was a lot of pot there," he said. "The Olympic is a small place, that smoke is overpowering. Our narcotics experts told me you could cut it with an axe."

Sillings admitted that busting in front of the stage might have been a bad tactic. In fact he did, at Baratta's request, pull his men back after John Hammond's set.

"What I had in mind was a low key effort. I wanted the kids arrested, but not in crowds. What I tried to do was strike some kind of balance, but it's pretty hard to control every officer."

He denied the police are against those who attend rock concerts. "I'm not mad at anybody; my own kid might have been one of them. I get a kick out of 'em. I like to watch 'em. I think they should dance and jive and yell and holler all they want."

Baratta, however, claimed the police were obviously trying to stop rock concerts in the city. He said Police Chief Edward Davis had called them "dope festivals" and "pot festivals" and had charged Shady, under a new rock festival ordinance, a minimum of \$3,500 per concert for police protection.

"Imagine them charging us that for their brutality!" Baratta said. "With the climate the way it is today and with the attitude of the police, it would be foolish on our part to continue our missionary work here."

If Little Richard has indeed ushered Bill Graham from Southern California, he could hardly have done it with more flair. Those 2,500 who saw the collapse of the Olympic stage witnessed a memorable night in the history of rock and roll.

Most observers agree that the audience, which had been uptight all evening from the arrests, suddenly exploded when the Bronze Liberator appeared. And Little Richard responded in kind.

He sang several numbers; then, as his band paraded through the audience, he leaped onto the piano and started ripping off his clothes.

"I've never seen him go that wild before," said Baron Robbins, a photographer on stage at the time. "I've never seen a crowd so freaked. They were really ready for him."

No one seems to remember what Little Richard was singing when he suddenly made the decision to invite everyone onstage. One person thought it was "Rip It Up," but most simply can't recall—the same way no one could remember during what part of the play Lincoln was assassinated.

Richard had invited two people on stage to dance, and then, according to most witnesses, motioned with his arm for the rest of the audience to follow. Some said he actually shouted "Come on! Come on!"

"All of a sudden the stage looked like an anthill," recalled Norma Whittaker, a publicist for the Fish, who was standing at the rear of the auditorium.

"The people seemed to just slip up, like they were greased or something, more and more and more and more."

Said Al Parachini, "Little Richard leaned out and waved the people up. He definitely encouraged them to come up. There's no question about that."

"In my opinion," said Baratta, "it was a lack of discretion by Little Richard. There was no stopping the kids. They had been repressed all evening. It was as if they'd been standing in burning lava all night and suddenly they were offered a way out."

A Shady security guard on stage sensed what was happening and started yelling, "If you people don't get off the stage, the motherfucker's going down!" But his words were drowned out by a tremendous, sharp snap that echoed through the auditorium and the sound of falling bodies and equipment.

"It sounded like one big piece of wood breaking. Everything let go at once," said Parachini. "Little Richard sort of fell into the piano. It looked like he was in shock. His expression was one of blind terror. He was dazed. He was horrified—like people who watched the Kennedy assassination."

Another photographer, Sam Emerson, said the stage just collapsed in the center, "like the middle of a cake. It was really quite funny, until I realized how scary it was."

Many in the audience applauded, apparently thinking Little Richard had simply added another bit of madness to his act.

Little Richard himself was not immediately available for comment. Nor was he available a week later. His brother, Johnnie Penniman, answered the phone at his Beverly Hilton suite and said he was still bedridden.

"He's in very severe pain," said Penniman. "He can't move his right arm and his neck is huge. He can't eat. He can't swallow right. We're giving him juices. The doctors want him to stay in bed."

Penniman denied his brother was responsible for the disaster, and charged instead that the stage was weak. "Richard has people dance on stage in every act. Bill Graham knew that. He did it in Madison Square Garden. The stage should have been stronger."

Penniman said Richard's Panamanian warm-up act, the Crooners, complained that the stage was shaking during their dance numbers.

"Now everyone wants to sue Little Richard," he said. "That's like suing the man who came to dinner. Richard doesn't want to sue anyone. Richard's thing is to just let all the kids have a good time—regardless of race, creed or color."

Rock critics agree Miles Davis has found a new audience

"Miles Davis paced the stage of Fillmore West like a black panther. He was wearing a skintight, purple knitted long-sleeve shirt, a red scarf, suede bell bottom gaucho pants, boots and a belt that sparkled with intricate decorations.

"The Fillmore audience gazed at him in fascination. Dave Holland, the British bassist, stood silently, his long-blond hair caught behind his head in a knot, his bass in his hands. Jac DeJonette sat at the drums, his black face serene and smiling alternately. Airto, the Brazilian percussionist, crouched on the floor, his bearded face and curly hair bobbing over the gourds and rattles and hand drums. Chick Corea, thin, almost emaciated hair frizzled in long ringlets, sat at the electric piano, his glasses slipping down his long nose as he played. Stephen Grossman weaved as he played soprano saxophone.

"Miles stalked across to the microphone and began to blow a series of long, slow, breathy single notes into the room.

"A thin girl alongside me writhed in ecstasy. A black youth with a pocket kaleidoscope did an intricate dance on the side stage. A scrawny youth, blond hair hanging down in curls, gazed over the amplifiers he was leaning on watching Miles move.

"It was sorcery and it worked.

"To an audience that has been drilled and educated to listen only to vocals, Miles sang of beauty and the blues, of space flights and moon shots and funky living and dreams. He sang with his trumpet which was the difference, and behind him the other men made sounds that Mississippi river boats never heard and which would have stopped the jitterbugs in the Savoy Ballroom.

"Arf! arf! the hand drums of Airto barked. Miles lifted the trumpet to the sky, straight up, and shook it. Jack DeJohnette smiled knowingly and ran his sticks from left to right across his cymbals, nodding his head to another rhythm tied to his bass drum. Chick Corea sat impassively at the piano, making quick, bird-like movements with his hands. David Holland looked at Jack and smiled.

"I thought, what the hell is he playing? I never heard anything like this. The tension increased almost geometrically, relaxed, and I heard the piano and bass figure from 'In A Silent Way.' Miles strode to the side of the stage with great long steps. Shook the trumpet, smiled and snapped his head. The girl next to me had her eyes closed now, swaying with the beat. Allen Ginsberg groaned.

"It went on, the tensions rising and falling, until Miles stepped to the microphone and snapped out a few bars of the theme and then floated off stage.

"In the dressing room I asked 'You gonna play another set?' He looked at me. 'After THAT?' he said. Bill Graham said, 'That one set was better than all four at the Fillmore East.' Miles smiled. 'I know it,' he said.

"The Prince of Darkness had taken the Fillmore in his silent way on his own trip to his own special land. It was a remarkable achievement and it was remarkable music. 'Columbia should have taped it,' Miles said. 'I taped it,' Bill Graham said. 'I tape everything.' So maybe it won't be lost."

—RALPH J. GLEASON, SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

"The Miles Davis sextet created a symphonic tone poem in contemporary sounds last night for sixty-five continuous minutes of music at their debut in the Fillmore West auditorium.

"Neither the place nor the audience will ever be quite the same again. A couple of thousand young 'rock' fans grew up musically in those 65 minutes.

"When Miles finished his magnificent performance and the cheers had subsided half the crowd got up and left even though I'm sure many had come to hear the 'headline,' the Grateful Dead.

"But a body can't handle the Dead for dessert after consuming the entree Miles dished up. It was a rich, remarkably seasoned and balanced concoction, and fully satisfying.

"The non-stop performance wasn't without change of mood, or meter, or attitude. Quite the opposite—no artist in the jazz tradition has better mastered shadings and dynamics and timbre than Miles.

"The remarkable thing in how he transmits those feelings to his colleagues, and how the whole group transfuses its music right into the bloodstream of the listener.

"There were fragments of some of Davis' recent recorded material in the marvelous montage last night but one doesn't say 'what's the name of that tune?' when listening to Miles... there is too much to hear as it is.

"There were soaring, free, open-horn solos by Miles and tender, somber (sometimes growling) muted trumpet sounds.

"Electric pianist Chick Corea has a musical empathy with Davis that often makes it difficult to separate the two instruments' tones. Bassist Dave Holland, alternating electric and acoustic instruments, is also part of the remarkable single-mindedness that distinguishes the Davis-Corea playing.

"On drums is the fabulous Jack DeJohnette, never better and often unbelievable in his ability to maintain counter-rhythms within the context of the sextet's basic beat. And next to DeJohnette is Airto Moreira, playing a battery of Brazilian percussion.

"The complement also includes soprano saxophonist Steve Grossman, whose solos were bright as assertive and perfectly structured for the various moods which Miles has established prior to the sax solos.

"I have never before heard Miles carry so much of the load nor more clearly demonstrate the importance of his role as a guide for the rhythm.

"With Moreira's tropical sounds often providing a surprising backdrop and the surging, steady flow of the whole group's breathtaking urgency, solo and duet expressions seemed to just fly up into prominence, hang there for a while and then return to the busy main-current of the work.

"The idea of Miles Davis at the Fillmore hadn't seemed entirely right to me prior to last night and I was hardly alone in that sentiment. But Miles proved us all wrong. That's the way we really wanted it to turn out, anyway. The gig goes through Sunday night."

—PHILIP ELWOOD

"Miles' music continues to grow in its beauty, subtlety and sheer magnificence. 'Bitches' Brew' is a further extension of the basic idea he investigated in his two previous albums, 'Filles De Kilimanjaro' and 'In A Silent Way.' In a larger sense, however, the record is yet another step in the unceasing process of evolution Miles has undergone since the Forties. The man never stops to rest on his accomplishments. Driven forward by a creative *elan* unequalled in the history of American music, he incorporates each successive triumph into the next leap forward.

"The wonderful thing about Miles' progress is that he encourages others to grow with him. Within the context of his sound there is more than enough for both his musicians and his listeners to pursue their own special visions. Looking back on the history of Miles' ensemble, we find the like of John Coltrane, Cannonball Adderley, Bill Evans, Tony Williams, Ron Carter, and Wayne Shorter. He also seems to select the best young jazzmen in the country and then gives them the freedom to develop their own unique modes of playing. Miles is known to be a stern disciplinarian, but never a tyrant. When a man has performed with the group long enough to gain a firm footing, he leaves as a recognized giant on his instrument.

"The present Miles Davis organization is certainly no exception to this tradition. There is more pure talent here than in any group of any kind currently performing. Chuck Corea's piano is so full of technical and conceptual innovations that one is caught between a feeling of wonderment and the gnawing question, 'I wonder how he does all those things?' It was about a year ago that a Downbeat reviewer went totally ga-ga trying to understand Chick's playing (he gave it 'no stars' and complained about how far out it was), so rather than risk the record reviewer's funny farm I'll just ask you to listen to it.

"The freedom which Miles makes available to his musicians is also there for the listener. If you haven't discovered it yet, all I can say is that 'Bitches' Brew' is a marvelous place to start. This music is so rich in its form and substance that it permits and even encourages soaring flights of imagination by anyone who listens. If you want, you can experience it directly as a vast tapestry of sounds which envelope your whole being. You'll discover why fully one third of the audience at Miles' recent Fillmore West appearances left the hall in stunned silence, too deeply moved to want to stay for the other groups on the bill. As a personal matter, I also enjoy Miles' music as a soft background context for when I want to read or think deeply. In its current form, Miles' music bubbles and boils like some gigantic cauldron. As the musical ideas rise to the surface, the listener also finds his thoughts rising from the depths with a new clarity and precision. Miles is an invaluable companion for those long journeys you take into your imagination.

"But don't let my cerebral bent influence your listening. Whatever your temperament, 'Bitches' Brew' will reward in direct proportion to the depth of your own involvement."

—LANGDON WINNER, ROLLING STONE
MAY 28, 1970



Or is it
that Rock has
just found Miles Davis?
On Columbia Records and Tapes

BOOK ONE

YEAR of the FORK,
NIGHT of the HUNTER

by David Felton and David Dalton

*But the decadence of history is looking for a pawn
To a nightmare of knowledge he opens up the gate
A blinding revelation is served upon his plate
That beneath the greatest love is a hurricane of hate.*
—"Crucifixion" by Phil Ochs.

Three young girls dance down the hallway of the Superior Court Building in Los Angeles, holding hands and singing one of Charlie's songs. They might be on their way to a birthday party in their short, crisp cotton dresses, but, actually they are attending a preliminary hearing to a murder trial.

A middle-aged lady in Bel Air wants to "mother" Charlie, and two little girls send a letter to him in jail.

"At first we thought you were guilty. But then we read in the papers about these kids who were stabbed to death in the same way as the Sharon Tate murders. We knew you hadn't done it because you were in jail at the time. We knew you hadn't done it anyway when we saw your face in the newspaper. . . ."

Charlie gets letters from little girls every day. They come from New Hampshire, Minnesota, Los Angeles. A convicted bank robber who met Charlie in jail writes "The Gospel According to Pawnee Fred, the Thief on the Other Cross," in which he asks:

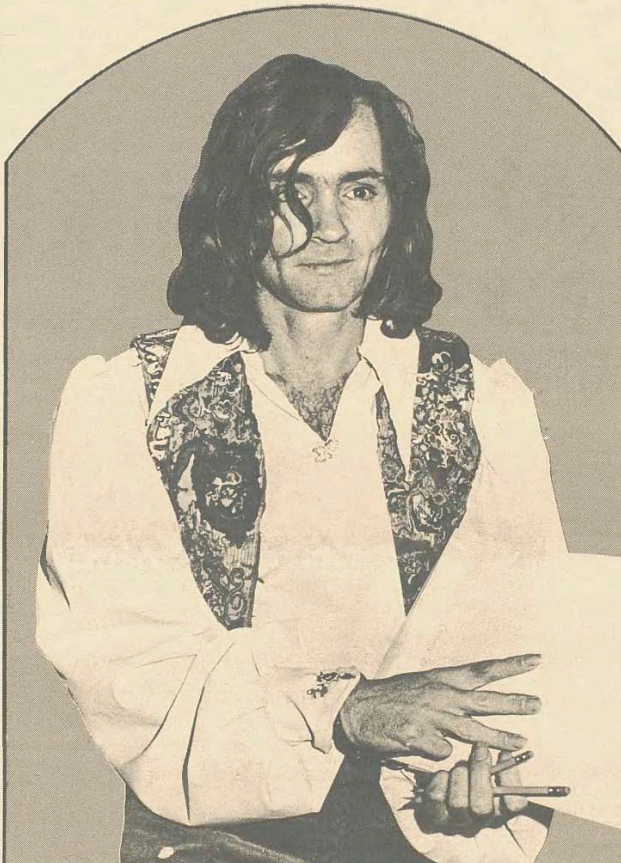
"Is Manson Son of Man?"

Thirty miles northwest of the courthouse, seven miles due north of Leonard Nimoy's Pet Pad in Chatsworth (Supplies—Fish—Domestics—Exotics), a circle of rustic women at the Spahn Movie Ranch weave their own hair into an elaborate rainbow vest for Charlie.

Most of them are early members of Charlie's three-year-old family. There's Lynne Fromme—they call her Squeaky—Sandra Good, Gypsy, Brenda, Sue, Cappy, Jeany.

"We've been working on this vest for two years," says Sandra, "adding things, sewing on patches. It's for Charlie to wear in court." And Squeaky adds, "Wouldn't it be beautiful to have a photograph of Charlie wearing it? And all of us standing around close to him, hugging him like we used to?"

Wouldn't it be beautiful to have the others standing around too, the rest of the family, the others imprisoned? Tex Watson and Patti Krenwinkel and Linda Kasabian and, oh yeah, the snitch, Sadie Glutz. Her real name is Susan Atkins, but the family calls her Sadie Glutz because that's what Charlie named her.



Meanwhile Charlie sits blissfully in his cell at the Los Angeles County Jail, composing songs, converting fellow inmates to his gospel of love and Christian submission, and occasionally entertaining a disturbing thought: Why haven't they gotten in touch? A simple phone call would do it. Surely they've received the telegrams, the letters. Surely they realize that he knows, he understands their glorious revelation; that he understands the whole fucking double album.

*Everywhere there's lots of piggies
Living piggy lives
You can see them out for dinner
With their piggy wives
Clutching forks and knives to eat
their bacon.*

Ten blocks from the new County Jail stands the old County Hall of Justice, a grotesque, brown brick fortress that for decades has guarded the Los Angeles Civic Center from aesthetic inroads. The entire sixth floor belongs to the District Attorney and his staff, a member of which, now alone on his lunch hour, unlocks a file cabinet and withdraws several neatly bound, family-type photo albums. Slowly he turns each page, studies each snapshot, each personality:

• Sharon Tate, considered one of Hollywood's prettier, more popular promising young stars, wife of genius film sorcerer Roman Polanski. After her biggest film, *Valley of the Dolls*, she re-

turned to private life to enjoy her first pregnancy. The photographs show her in her eighth month.

• Jay Sebring, the handsome young hair stylist who revolutionized the fashion industry by introducing hair styling to men, convincing them—despite early masculine scoffs—there was something better looking than a shave even if you had to pay ten times the price. He once was Miss Tate's fiancé.

• Wojciech Frykowski, Polanski's boyhood pal who came to Hollywood with hopes of directing films himself. His luck at this was dismal, and even Polanski later admitted he had little talent. Instead, he began directing home movies inside his head, investing heavily in many forms of exotic dope.

• Abigail Folger, heiress to the Folger's Coffee millions, an attractive Radcliffe girl considered by neighbors to be the most charming of the Polanskis' house guests. She met Frykowski in New York and became his lover.

• Steven Parent, an 18-year-old from Los Angeles suburb of El Monte, a friend of Polanski's caretaker, unknown to the others, a nobody like the rest of us. Had fortune been on his side, he would have so remained.

• Leno La Bianca, owner of a grocery store chain, and his wife, Rosemary, an ordinary couple of the upper middle class, fond of such quiet pleasures as boating, water skiing and watching late night television in their pajamas. They knew nothing of Sharon Tate and her

friends, living miles away in different neighborhoods and different worlds.

• Gary Hinman, music teacher, bagpipe player, and onetime friend of Charlie Manson's. He once, in fact, gave the Manson family his Toyota, although the circumstances surrounding that gift have since come into question.

The snapshots are homey little numbers, color polaroids taken by staff photographers from the County Coroner's office and the Los Angeles Police Department. They show all the wounds, the nakedness, the blood. Sometimes the exposure is a little off, but the relevant details are there—shots of the rooms, the bullet holes, the blood on the furniture and floors, the bizarre blood writing on the walls, words like RISE and HELTER SKELTER and PIGGIES.

And shots of the weapons found at the scene—ropes, pillowcases, forks and knives.

After replacing the albums, the D.A. investigator continues eating his lunch and now starts perusing an official looking 34-page document. It is an interview with Miss Mary Brunner, a former member of Manson's family, by detectives last December.

Q. Mary, did you never see Charlie Manson or Bruce Davis hit Gary Hinman?

A. No.

Q. Do you know how he got the slash on the side of his face that severed his ear?

A. He got it from one of those two, he had to.

Q. Now, after everybody left on Sunday night, did anybody ever go back to the house?

A. Yes.

Q. Who?

A. Bobby.

Q. Was anybody with Bobby?

A. Not that I know of. He told me about it and he talked like he was alone.

Q. What did Bobby tell you he went back to the house for?

A. He tried to erase that paw print on the wall.

Q. And how many days later did he go back to the house?

A. Two or three days after Sunday, Tuesday or Wednesday.

Q. All right. Did he describe to you what the house looked like or smelled like or anything like that?

A. He told me it smelled terrible. He could hear the maggots.

Q. Hear the maggots? What?

A. In Gary, eating Gary.

Q. Is there anything else you would like to add about this that we haven't covered?

MICHAEL HARRING/LA HERALD-EXAMINER

A. There isn't anything else to it. Los Angeles is the third largest city in America, according to population, but easily the largest according to raw real estate. It is bounded by the Pacific Ocean to the south and southwest, by Ventura County to the west, by the San Gabriel Mountains and fire-prone Angeles National Forest to the north and by scores of cruddy, smoggy little towns and cities to the east.

Its shape resembles some discarded prehistoric prototype for a central nervous system, the brain including the entire San Fernando Valley, the San Gabriel foothills, West Los Angeles, Venice, portions of the Santa Monica Mountains, Hollywood, Hollywood Hills and Highland Park—actually hundreds and hundreds of square miles—with a weird, narrow spinal chord extending from the Civic Center, through the country's largest black ghetto, to San Pedro Harbor 25 miles away.

Charles Manson knew his city well. Like many Los Angeles residents he learned to drive long distances regularly without giving a second thought. During his two years as a free man in Southern California he frequently "made the rounds," visiting friends, keeping business appointments, preaching to small groups, giving and taking material possessions.

For some reason, perhaps for no reason, many of the spots where he stopped or stayed are located on the extreme periphery of the brain of Los Angeles. Which at least makes it an easy, scenic drive—Sunday afternoon with the wife and kids. Who knows? Ten years from now these spots may be official points of interest, stations of the cross as it were. Save these handy directions for your personal map to the homes of the stars.

Starting at the Spahn Movie Ranch in the extreme northwestern corner of Los Angeles—drive two miles east on Santa Susana Pass Road to Topanga Canyon itself.

It was here that Manson and his family first lived after arriving from the Haight-Ashbury in late 1967, and it was here that Manson first met Gary Hinman. Hinman's house is a little further down the road, almost where Topanga Canyon meets the beach at Pacific Coast Highway.

You can't see into the house now, of course, because the cops boarded it up last July after they found Hinman's body perforated with stab wounds. They say he was tortured for 48 hours. On a nearby wall they found the words POLITICAL PIGGIES and a neat little cat's paw print in blood. Bobby Beausoleil, an electric guitarist and member of Manson's family, has already been sentenced to death, and Manson and Susan Atkins are awaiting trial in the matter.

After driving on to Pacific Coast Highway, take a left, and after two miles, take another left. Now you're on Sunset Boulevard, winding through wealthy Pacific Palisades where, for a short time in early 1968, the Manson family lived with Beach Boy Dennis Wilson. Wilson doesn't live there anymore, however; he moved shortly after Manson allegedly threatened him with a bullet.

Keep driving east on Sunset for another eight or ten miles past Brentwood Heights, past Mandeville Canyon, over the San Diego Freeway, past UCLA and Bel Air and Beverly Glen. And when you reach the center of Beverly Hills, turn left on Canon and head north into Benedict Canyon.

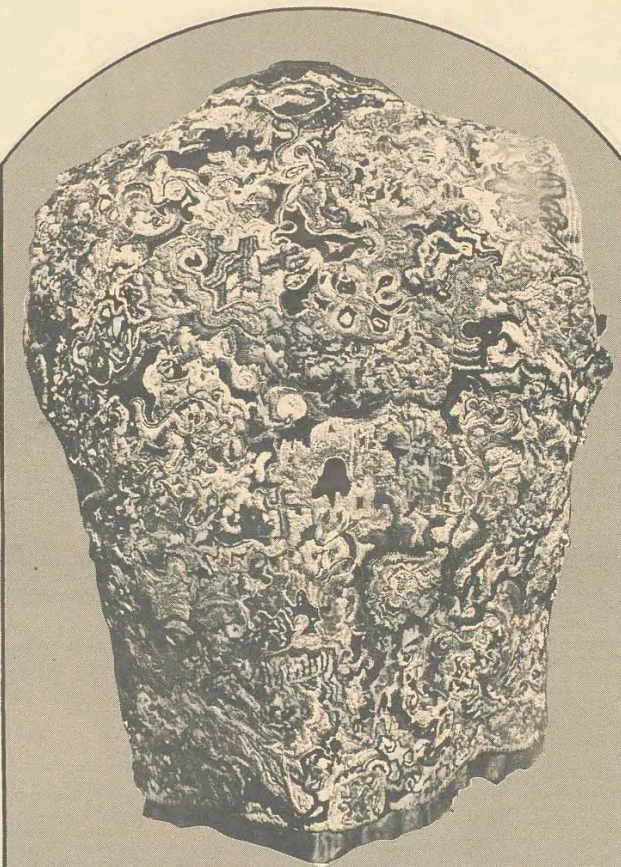
Now here you may need a more detailed map because the streets get pretty tricky with all the turns and dead ends. But up in Benedict Canyon there's this little dirt road, Cielo Drive, which dead ends at the old, rambling, hillside house where producer Terry Melcher, Doris Day's son, used to live. Manson paid several business calls on him there, but the business was never completed before Melcher moved out early last summer.

Neighbors hardly had had a chance to meet the new residents when, on the bright Saturday morning of last August 9th, Mrs. Winifred Chapman, a maid, ran screaming from the house, across the huge grounds and parking lot, through the iron gate and down the road:

"There's bodies and blood all over the place!"

Not a bad description. Police found Steven Parent just inside the gate, shot five times in his white Rambler, the wheels of the car already turned toward the road in a mad attempt to escape. Wojciech Frykowski's body lay in front of the house, shot and stabbed and stab-

They've been working on Charlie's vest for two years, adding things. It's for him to wear in court. They would really dig a photograph of the whole Family—with Charlie in the middle, wearing the vest—together again, just like the old days, hugging close together.



bed again and again. Twenty yards down the rolling lawn, underneath a fir tree, they found Abigail Folger dead and curled up in a bloody nightgown.

Inside the house Jay Sebring and Sharon Tate lay stabbed to death near the living room couch, connected by a single nylon cord wrapped around their necks and thrown over a rafter. Sebring was also shot and his head covered with a pillowcase. On the front door police found the word PIG written in blood with a towel.

If the gate's locked, you won't be able to see the house because it's set back some from the road. But anyway, that's where it is.

Now make a U and head back down to Sunset. Continue east for another 10 miles, along the famous and more and more plastic Sunset Strip, past the tall, swanky office building monuments to Hollywood flackery, past the decaying radio empires of the Forties, clear to Western Avenue, where you take a left.

A mile north, Western turns right and becomes Los Feliz Boulevard, cutting east through the wealthy, residential Los Feliz District that skirts the foothills of Griffith Park. After about three miles, just before Los Feliz crosses the Golden State Freeway, drive into the winding, hillside streets to your right, where you'll find Waverly Drive.

In August, 1968, Manson and his family started visiting Harold True, a UCLA student who lived with some other guys on Waverly. They were all good friends,

and the family just liked to go up there and hang around and smoke dope and sing and shoot the shit. True later moved to Van Nuys, where he presently lives with Phil Kaufman, a former member of the family who produced Manson's record.

True's neighbors, incidentally, were Leno and Rosemary La Bianca who, a year later on the morning of August 10th, were found stabbed—or rather carved—to death inside their home. The words DEATH TO PIGS, HELTER SKELTER and RISE were written, again in blood, on the kitchen walls. And someone had etched WAR on Leno La Bianca's stomach with a fork.

Anyway, those are just some of the spots Manson liked to visit on his frequent tours of the big city. Cut back to Los Feliz, head north on the Golden State Freeway for 18 miles, cut west across the north end of the Valley on Devonshire Street—another 10 miles—turn right on Topanga Canyon Boulevard, and you're practically back at the Spahn ranch.

The whole round trip is eighty miles or so. That may seem like a big distance, but actually, the roads are good and it shouldn't take longer than two or three hours, especially if you take it on a Sunday afternoon or, say, late at night.

Perhaps no two recent events have so revealed the cut-rate value of public morality and private life as the killing of Sharon Tate and the arrest of Charles

Manson. Many were quick to criticize The Los Angeles Times for publishing bright and early one Sunday morning the grisly (and since recanted) confession of Susan Atkins. Any doubts about Manson's power to cloud men's minds were buried that morning between Dick Tracy and one of the world's great real estate sections. Sexie Sadie laid it down for all to see.

Critics accused the Times of paying a healthy sum to promoter Larry Schiller, who had obtained the confession from Miss Atkins' attorneys in return for a cut of the profits. The Times responded publicly with silence, privately with a denial. No money was paid, said the editors. Schiller had sold the story to various European Sunday editions, they said, and an eight-hour time difference allowed the Times to pick it up from one of their European correspondents. In other words, "If we hadn't run it here, some other paper would have." (Some paper, in fact many other papers, did run it, of course, with the excuse the Times had done it first.)

The Times response sounded like a hype from the start. For one thing their Sunday edition is put to bed, not a mere eight hours before Sunday morning, but late Friday night so their vast, hair-curling, beer-bellied Supermarket weekend readership can get its comics and classified ads a day early. Also, why was Schiller himself seen hanging around the Times Offices as the edition rolled off the presses?

ROLLING STONE has since learned that the Times explanation was at least partly correct. No money was paid, that's true, or at least not much. Because, dig, the Times people didn't buy the confession, they wrote it. Word for word. Not only the confession but the book that followed, *The Killing of Sharon Tate*, with "eight pages of photographs," published by New American Library, a Times-Mirror subsidiary.

In the volume, Schiller gratefully acknowledges "the invaluable aid of two journalists who worked with the author in preparing this book and the original interviews with Susan Atkins."

Those two journalists, it turns out, were Jerry Cohen and Dial Torgerson, both veteran members of the Times rewrite crew. Torgerson wrote the first chapter to the book, and Cohen, an old friend of Schiller's, wrote the confession and the rest of the book. Both subsequently have reported much of the news related to the case, and Cohen has been assigned to cover Charlie's trial.

According to a freelance Life contributor in the area and since confirmed by several Times staffers, Miss Atkins' attorneys gave Schiller tapes of her confession on the condition that he sell the story to foreign papers only and split the money. But Schiller is a promoter, not a writer, and he needed someone to put the thing together fast. His first stop was The Los Angeles Times where he found Cohen to be a friend indeed.

After conferences with Cohen and various Times editors, it was decided Cohen and Torgerson would write a story and a book, both under Schiller's name. In return, New American would have exclusive rights to the book and the Times would publish the confession simultaneously with the foreign press.

All this was to be top secret, of course. But Schiller got careless. Not only did he awkwardly appear in the Times city room to see his freshly printed byline, he invited people like our Life correspondent over to his house the week before while Cohen was in the next room hacking away.

What possible justification could the Times editors have had in running the confessions? Where were their heads? Can an individual's right to a fair trial, free of damaging pretrial publicity, be so relative? Can it be compromised so easily by the fictitious right of the public to be entertained?

The Times would argue that Susan Atkins' testimony to the County Grand Jury, later made public, had essentially the same impact as her confession. If so, why did the Times print both? Besides, there surely are many readers who trust in the Times who rightfully suspect the Grand Jury, realizing it consists mainly of retired old men and white, upper-middle-class housewives hand-picked by the District Attorney.

If Miss Atkins' confession does not constitute damaging pretrial publicity, what does? What does the phrase mean?

Clearly Charles Manson already stands as the villain of our time, the symbol of

—Continued on Next Page

BOOK ONE

—Continued from Preceding Page

animalism and evil. Lee Harvey Oswald? Sirhan Sirhan? Adolph Eichman? Misguided souls, sure, but as far as we know they never took LSD or fucked more than one woman at a time.

Manson is already so hated by the public that all attempts so far to exploit his reputation have failed miserably. Of the 2,000 albums of his music that were pressed, less than 300 have sold.

A skin flick based weakly on popular assumptions about Manson and his family, *Love in the Commune*, closed after two days in San Francisco, only mustered two old men on a Saturday night in Los Angeles. Normally, one wouldn't expect skin flick buffs to be that discriminating, although certainly the few scenes in the film of a Manson-type balling a headless chicken probably had little mass prurient appeal.

Even Cohen and Torgerson's book is reportedly in financial trouble, although profits to the Times-Mirror Syndicate from sales to other American papers have already been counted.

Are there 12 people in the country, let alone Los Angeles, who can honestly say they have no opinions about Charles Manson? Mention of his name in polite conversation provokes, not words or heated argument, but noises, guttural sound effects, gasps, shrieks, violent physical gestures of repulsion. He is more than a villain, he is a leper.

Shortly after Manson's arrest, the musicians' local in Los Angeles wrote the Times and said flatly that he had checked his union's records and that Manson definitely was not a musician. So there'd be no confusion, he added that most musicians were good clean fellows who believe in hard work and the American way of life.

But all this is really beside the point. Even if the Times could somehow prove that its confession did Manson absolutely no harm, what right did they have to take the risk? The moral decision must be made before, not after, the fact if a man's right to an impartial trial is to be taken seriously.

On the other hand, the most blatant—if less damaging—assault on the concept of pretrial impartiality comes not from the Establishment or the Far Right, but the Far Left, the Weathermen faction of the SDS.

According to an item from the Liberation News Service, the Weathermen have made Manson a revolutionary hero on the assumption that he is guilty. Praising him for having offered some "rich honky pigs," they offer us a prize example of bumper sticker mentality:

"MANSON POWER — THE YEAR OF THE FORK!"

The underground press in general has assumed kind of a paranoid-schizo attitude toward Manson, undoubtedly hypersensitive to the relentless gloating of the cops who, after a five-year search, finally found a longhaired devil you could love to hate.

Starting in mid-January, the Los Angeles Free Press banner headlined Manson stories for three weeks in a row: "MANSON CAN GO FREE!" "M.D. ON MANSON'S SEX LIFE!" "MANSON INTERVIEW! EXCLUSIVE! EXCLUSIVE!"

The interview, by the way, ran for two more weeks, consisted mainly of attorney/author Michael Hannon talking to himself. Later, the Free Press began a weekly column by Manson written from jail.

About the same time, a rival underground paper, Tuesday's Child, ran Manson's picture across the entire front page with the headline "MAN OF THE YEAR: CHARLES MANSON." In case you missed the point, in their next issue they covered the front page with a cartoon of Manson on the cross. The plaque nailed above his head read simply "HIPPIE."

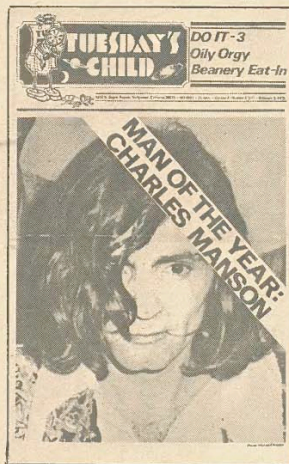
When the Manson record was released, both papers ran to run free ads for it, but the chain of Free Press bookstores, owned by Free Press publisher Art Kunkin, refused to sell it, arguing it was an attempt to make profit of tragedy.

Of course, not all the stories in the Free Press and Tuesday's Child were pro-Manson. Some were very lukewarm, others were simply anti-cop. The question that seemed to split underground editorial minds more than any other was simply: Is Manson a hippie or isn't he?

For a time in 1968
the family lived with Beach Boy
Dennis Wilson: He moved from Pacific Palisades
after Charlie Manson allegedly threatened
him with a bullet



UPI



It's hard to imagine a better setting for Manson's vision of the Apocalypse, his black revolution, than Los Angeles, a city so large and cumbersome it defies the common senses, defies the absurd. For thousands of amateur prophets it provides a virtual Easter egg hunt of spooky truths.

Its climate and latitude are identical to Jerusalem. It easily leads the country in our race toward ecological doom. It has no sense of the past; the San Andreas Fault separates it from the rest of the continent by a million years.

If Manson's racial views seem incredibly naive, which they are (after preaching against the Black Panthers for two years, he recently asked who Huey Newton was), they are similar to views held by hundreds of thousands of others in that city and that city's Mayor. Citizens there last year returned to office Mayor Sam Yorty whose administration was riddled with conflicts of interest and brib-



ery convictions, rather than elect a thoughtful, soft-spoken, middle-of-the-road ex-cop who happened to be black. Full-page newspaper ads, sponsored by a police organization, pictured the man as a wild African savage and asked voters, "Will Your Home be Safe with Bradley as Mayor?"

The question to ask, therefore, maybe not now but five or ten years from now, is this: Who would the voters prefer, Bradley or Manson? Would Your Home be Safe with Manson as Mayor?

"I am just a mirror," Manson says over and over. "Anything you see in me is you." He says it so often it becomes an evasive action. I'm rubber and you're glue. But there's a truth there nonetheless.

The society may be disgusted and horrified by Charles Manson, but it is the society's perverted system of penal "rehabilitation," its lusts for vengeance and cruelty, that created him.

The Spahn Movie Ranch may seem a miserable place for kids to live, with its filthy, broken-down shacks and stagnant streams filled daily with shoveled horse shit. Life there may seem degenerate, a dozen or more people eating garbage, sleeping, balling and raising babies in a 20-foot trailer.

But for more than two years most of those kids have preferred that way of life—life with Charlie—than living in the homes of their parents.

The press likes to put the Manson family in quotation marks — "family." But it's a real family, with real feelings of devotion, loyalty and disappointment. For Manson and all the others it's the only family they've ever had.

One is tempted to say that Manson spent 22 of his 35 years in prison, that he is more a product of the penal system than the Haight-Ashbury.

But it cannot be dismissed that easily. Charles Manson raises some very serious questions about our culture, whether he is entirely part of it or not.

For actually we are not yet a culture at all, but a sort of pre-culture, a gathering of disenchanting seekers, an ovum unfertilized. There is no new morality, as Time and Life would have us believe, but a growing awareness that the old morality has not been practiced for some time.

The right to smoke dope, to pursue different goals, to be free of social and economic oppression, the right to live in peace and equity with our brothers—this is Founding Fathers stuff.

In the meantime we must suffer the void, waiting for the subversives in power to die, waiting for the old, dead, amoral culture to be buried. For many, particularly the younger among us, the wait, the weight, is extremely frustrating, even unbearable. Life becomes absurd beyond enjoyment. Real doubts grow daily whether any of the tools we have to change power work anymore. There are no answers and the questions lose their flavor.

Into this void, this seemingly endless river of shit, on top of it, if you will, rode Charlie Manson in the fall of 1967, full of charm and truth and gentle goodness, like Robert Mitchum's psychopathic preacher in *Night of the Hunter* with LOVE and HATE inscribed on opposing hands. (A friend of Manson's said recently, "You almost could see the devil and angel in him fighting it out, and I guess the devil finally won.")

This smiling, dancing music man offered a refreshing short cut, a genuine and revolutionary new morality that redefines or rather eliminates the historic boundaries between life and death.

Behind Manson's attitude toward death is the ancient mystical belief that we are all part of one body—an integral tenet of Hinduism, Buddhism and Christianity as expressed by St. Paul in 1 Corinthians: "For as the body is one and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body; so also is Christ."

But Manson adds a new twist; he wants us to take the idea literally, temporarily. He believes that he—and all human beings—are God and the Devil at the same time, that all human beings are part of each other, that human life has no individual value. If you kill a human being, you're just killing part of yourself; it has no meaning. "Death is psychosomatic," says Manson.

Thus the foundation of all historic moral concepts is neatly discarded. Manson's is a morality of amorality. "If God is One, what is bad?" he asks. Manson represents a frightening new phenomenon, the acid-ripped street fighter, erasing the barrier between the two outlaw cultures—the head and the hood—described by Tom Wolfe in *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*.

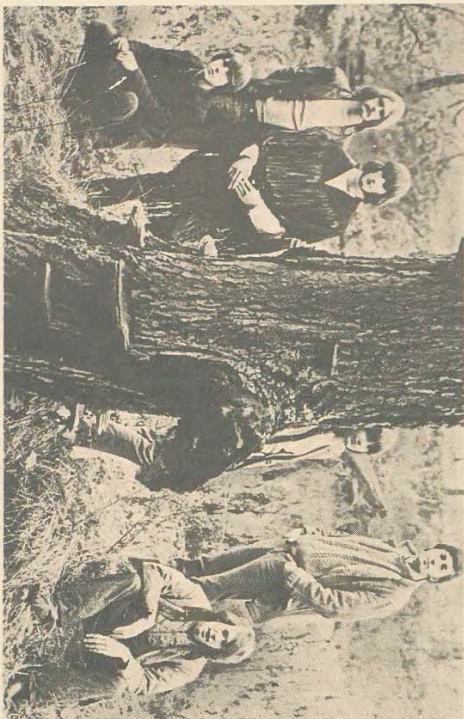
"The Angels were too freaking real. Outlaws? They were outlaws by choice, from the word go, all the way out in Edge City. Further! The hip world, the vast majority of acid heads, were still playing the eternal charade of the middle class intellectuals—Behold my wings! Freedom! Flight!—but you don't actually expect me to jump off that cliff, do you?"

Perhaps it was inevitable for someone like Manson to come along who would jump off that cliff; that a number of lost children seem willing to believe him is indeed a disturbing sign of the times.

"Little children," wrote St. John in a prophetic letter, "it is the last time: and as ye have heard that antichrists shall come, even now are there many antichrists; whereby we know it is the last time."



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BOOK TWO

PORFIRY'S COMPLAINT



A dummy of Gary Hinman, with slashes indicating where he got it. He played several instruments. He was quite good.

Jack Webb couldn't have cast him better. Trim, dark-haired, maybe in his early forties, he looks not like a cop but a no-nonsense college dean. California suntanned, New York tough talker. Movements precise and full of energy. Nothing is wasted: zero defects, zero limp wrists. Neatness counts. Blue Sears shirt rolled to the elbows, he carefully clears his desk for lunch, consisting today of one dietetic Sunkist grapefruit placed properly atop its brown paper bag.

Suddenly his thick fingers plunge into the fruit as if it were an orange, ripping off the skin and exposing the virgin sections to the heavy, worldly air of the Los Angeles County Hall of Justice. As he talks, he devours the sections one by one, biting them in two like mice, the juice dripping from his mouth, down his fingers, onto the paper bag.

He is, in fact, a prosecutor. That is to say, he works in the District Attorney's office, investigates crimes, prepares cases and occasionally appears in court. For our purposes, he probably knows as much about Charles Manson's past three years as any member of the Establishment after the facts after the fact. He agreed to speak only if his name would not be revealed. So we give him another name, a prosecutor from another time, Porfiry.

The case against Manson, told in Porfiry's own words with grapefruit and with relish:

Now in order to fully understand the thing and give an accurate picture to your readers, you have to start with Gary Hinman. Now Gary Hinman's murder took place around July 25th. Gary Hinman was a musician, as you know. He played several instruments. He was quite good, I understand, and worked quite a bit. He had these two automobiles. A Toyota and another car.

Anyway, Bobby Beausoleil is charged with his murder. He's already had a trial in Santa Monica and that trial ended in a hung jury.* During that trial Danny DeCarlo testified, and Danny DeCarlo testified for us at the Grand Jury hearing.

Now, Danny DeCarlo is a member of a motorcycle gang, Straight Satans. He used to live out at the ranch 'cause he used to get free pussy. Broke up with his wife. They used to take care of his baby.

*Since Porfiry's interview, Beausoleil has been retried in Los Angeles, found guilty and sentenced to death. Manson now faces more first degree murder charges in the slaying of Hinman.

He used to admit it. He'd say, this is the greatest thing next to mother's milk. They'd bring you food, make love to you any time you could. It's very interesting, though, he didn't believe this philosophy about the end of the world coming up.

Manson, you see, had this crazy philosophy that the world was coming to an end, or at least there would be a revolution, and he wanted a place in the desert, which he'd already picked out.

Manson used to keep DeCarlo around because DeCarlo was the leader of his gang, and in case Manson ever needed any physical protection, there weren't enough men around there to give him protection. He had all these guns up there at the Spahn Ranch, a machine gun and a lot of other guns, but he needed someone like DeCarlo who knew something about guns to keep them in good condition and supply the manpower. So he let DeCarlo stay around there.

DeCarlo testified at the first Hinman trial that it was Manson who sent Beausoleil out to Hinman's house with these two girls, Mary Brunner and Susan Atkins. They got out there, they asked him for his money. He said, "I don't have any money. The only thing I have

are these two cars." And he signed over the cars.

See, this was another thing Manson used to use. If you ever talk to Dennis Wilson, he'll tell you that. What's yours is mine. You take my pen, I'll take your pen. You take my guitar, I'll take your guitar. Because material things don't mean anything. He took a lot of things on the pretext: "What does it mean? It doesn't mean anything."

So Hinman says he doesn't have the money. So then they had one of the girls hold a gun on Hinman while Beausoleil was looking for the money. Somehow or other Hinman was able to get up. The girls didn't shoot him. Beausoleil comes back and starts pistol whipping Hinman with the gun. During the pistol whipping, the gun goes off. The bullet was recovered.

Now, at the first trial we didn't have that gun. Since the first trial, we have found the gun. That gun has been traced to Manson. They know who he purchased it from, so it has been traced.

Now, a fingerprint of Beausoleil was found in Hinman's residence. August 6th, Beausoleil was arrested driving Hinman's Toyota up in San Jose.

When he's arrested, he gives a real cock and bull story about Black Pan-

thers killing Hinman, and that he got there when Hinman was dying, and he asked him to take his car and gave him the car keys, signed over the keys. The knife that was used to kill Hinman was found in the back seat of the Toyota that he was driving.

Now, knives are not like guns. All you can say is that a knife similar to the one used was found. With a gun, you can say, ballistically speaking, this gun fired this bullet.

With a knife [Here Porfiry takes a small paring knife from his desk, stabs a piece of grapefruit rind several times and examines the wounds] you can only say that it was three centimeters long, it's got a sharp edge and a dull edge, and so forth.

Anyway, and the timing here is very significant, August 6th he's arrested in San Luis Obispo. August 7th Beausoleil is returned to L.A. County, and he puts a phone call in at the ranch telling them that he was arrested there and telling them he hasn't said anything.

Now—this is only a supposition on my part, I don't have any proof to support it—I suppose he, meaning Manson, said to himself, "How am I going to help my friend Beausoleil out? By showing that the actual murderer of Hinman is still at large. So I know that Melcher used to live in this house on Cielo Drive.

"Go out there, Watson, with these girls and commit robbery and kill anyone that you see there.

"Don't forget to leave—" and this is very important because in the Hinman case they wrote POLITICAL PIGGIES in blood. He said—"Don't forget to leave a sign."

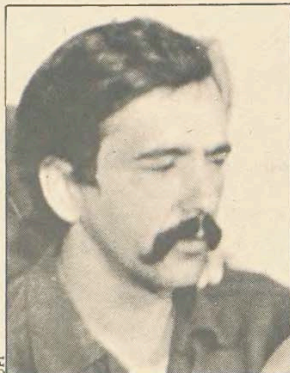
So after the killings were all over, Susan Atkins goes back and writes the word FIG on the door. This is the same door where Watson's fingerprint was found. And on the back door is where Krenwinkel's fingerprint was found. And that also has the blood of Abigail Folger.

Oh, I was telling you about Linda Kasabian. She is a true flower child. She came out here from New Hampshire to meet her husband, Bob Kasabian, July 1st, 1969, and when she and he had a falling out, she ended up at the ranch.

When she saw the way Manson had beaten these girls, she wanted out. We have witnesses' statements of where he was beating these girls up, and unfortunately she didn't get out in time. She was in on the Tate charge.

As a result of her not going in the house, we don't have her fingerprints like we do with Krenwinkel and Wat-

L.A. TIMES



Danny DeCarlo



Robert Beausoleil

son. She didn't kill anybody. She threw away the three sets of clothes not her own.

Channel 7 found the three sets of clothes which have been traced to the three sets of clothes that Gypsy bought. They have blood on the clothes that fit the victims. The police didn't find the clothes, so you can't say it was manufactured.

Channel 7, in going over Susan Atkins' story in the Times, said to themselves, "Jesus, if I had committed this murder, I'd want to pull off the first wide space in the road and throw these bloody clothes away."

And that's exactly what they did. About two miles up Benedict Canyon they found the clothes on the side of a hill.

The night the killing occurred, they stopped and washed their hands off with a hose at a man's house on Portola Drive. This man should have reported to the police the next day when he heard about the killings, which were just a mile from him, but he says to his wife, "They didn't steal anything from me, they're just a bunch of hippies. Okay, so they lied; they said they were walking past, instead they were driving past," and he took the license number of the car.

He talked to his neighbors about it. So he just didn't make it up out of thin air after he heard Susan Atkins. And Susan Atkins testified to that to the Grand Jury about stopping off some place, and sure enough the witness appears.

He took the license number down which belonged to the car they were using. There were only two cars at the ranch that were operable. There was a bakery truck, Danny DeCarlo's bakery truck, that Manson drove.

You see, Manson has an alibi right up until August 7th, 'cause he met this girl, Mary Brunner, and drove with her from Big Sur all the way down to Oceanside. And they made gas purchases on these stolen credit cards all the way down the line.

And lo and behold, August 7th he's given a traffic citation in Oceanside, driving this bakery truck. But Mary got arrested in San Fernando on August 8th, and when she got arrested forging these credit cards, she was driving this bakery truck. If the bakery truck came back, we can therefore assume Manson came back.

Mary, by the way, is a college graduate, a librarian, Manson's first patsy, so to speak. He met her up in Haight-

Ashbury, turned her into nothing but a thief. She wasn't a thief before. She used to get money from her parents, things like that, but he turned her into a thief.

She used to go out with these phony credit cards, which they stole, and sign other peoples' names and get things. So it's not true they only went behind Safeway markets and other markets and got stuff they were throwing out. They did do that. In fact, they once did that with a Rolls Royce, I understand.

Now Sandra Good was along when Mary was arrested. She wasn't charged because she didn't actually sign any of the credit cards, so she was let go after a few days. So we know Sandra Good wasn't along on the Sharon Tate deal, and we know Mary wasn't along because they were in custody all this time.

Anyway, Watson and the others get back to the ranch, and they hear about it on TV and radio the next day. And the same night Manson goes out, and he wants to shock the world even more.

They were supposed to make two killings on the night of La Bianca; not two people, but two separate incidents. They only killed the La Biancas. And on La Bianca's stomach someone wrote the word WAR with either a knife or a fork.

Why did they pick out La Bianca? There's a fella by the name of Harold True, and this fits in with your LSD acid bit. In August, '68, Harold lived next door to La Bianca. They had gone over there and had pot parties and LSD parties.

Harold True was supposed to go into the Peace Corps, a college boy at UCLA and so on. He moved out at the end of the year, and his two friends kept on living there. The Manson family kept coming there all the time, but finally everyone moved out of there, and the

we believe Linda? If she were going to lie, she'd say that Manson killed him. She'd say that Steve Grogan, that's Clem Tufts, actually killed the people, that they went inside.

But she says no, there were seven in this car. The three that went in were Krenwinkel, Watson, and Van Houfen. The next day Krenwinkel came back and told Susan Atkins what went on inside, and only someone who had been to that house could have said what happened.

It was never published in the papers that they left the fork sticking in the fella's stomach. It was never published that they left the knife sticking in his neck. It was never published that pillowcases were put over their heads. It was never published in the paper what they wrote on the wall.

They wrote the words RISE and HELTER SKELTER. They wrote

The reason they thought the car was stolen—the truth was it wasn't stolen, it belonged to one of the ranch hands—but it had a license plate on it from a later model car. I think it was a '59 Ford they used; well, it had a license plate from a '63 car, and this fella said instead of trying to get new plates, he used to just switch his plates back and forth. Whichever car was in operable condition, he'd put the plates on, but he owned both cars.

He himself was arrested, this fella, and when they cleared up that that car wasn't stolen, they released him, but he never had enough money to go down to the impound garage and get the car out. They never knew that it was the car that was used. They had cleaned up the car quite well, and there is only one light trace of blood in the front section of the car; and it's so slight they can't tell whether it's human blood or



Linda Kasabian

DEATH TO THE PIGS. Patricia Krenwinkel just went crazy writing all these things. According to her statement to Susan, she wrote all these things.

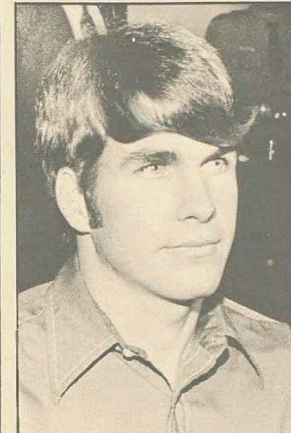
Manson's a very funny fellow. He lets these three people off, and then he lets them get back to the ranch by themselves. We're trying to find the person who picked them up. There was one car who picked up these three hitchhikers, and it seems to me he should remember it because they were dressed in this black clothing and it was late at night.

So somebody picked up these two girls and Charles Watson in the vicinity of Griffith Park and drove them all the way out to the vicinity of Spahn's ranch. They didn't want to tell him where they lived. But he was someone who lived in that vicinity, maybe Simi Valley or Santa Susana Pass, because he said to them, "Are you going to the Spahn ranch?" and they said no. Like a girl who didn't want her parents to see who she was going out with, they asked to be let off about a quarter of a mile from the ranch and they walked the rest of the way. And this guy has never come forward in spite of the fact that the story had been somewhat written up in the newspapers.

They got back to the ranch, they talk among themselves, not to these other girls or fellas. DeCarlo hears it because he's living there at the ranch.

August 15th, DeCarlo's men come up to the ranch to bring him back to them. They think he's been kidnapped and held there against his will, and they were going to bust the place up that night. They didn't give a shit about these girls; they wanted Danny back. And he talked them out of it. He says, "No, I'll leave tomorrow."

August 16th, the sheriffs arrested everybody at the ranch on charges of grand theft of automobiles, because there were about six stolen cars out there including this Ford automobile, the one they used for Tate and La Bianca. But because this man never reported the license number, nobody knew it.



Charles Watson

not, and naturally they can't tell the type.

In the meantime Linda Kasabian borrows another ranch hand's car and drives down to New Mexico, leaving her child Tanya there. Also, Watson was not there on August 16 when the raid occurred. He had gone up to Death Valley in the meantime.

The police can only hold you for 48 hours and charges have to be filed or the case dismissed. Seeing as they couldn't connect any of the defendants with any of the stolen cars, and they couldn't connect any of the defendants with the submachine gun, everybody was released.

After they were released they all went up to Inyo County. And now it comes up to where we started to get some breaks. They had checked out every darn theory under the sun, and they just didn't come up with anything.

They get up to Inyo County, and they're living up there. Here's the first reports by the sheriff's office up there.

By the way, under our rules of discovery, the defendants get to see all of these police reports. We can't hide anything from them. They can make independent tests of the fingerprints if they want to, they can make independent tests of the blood. They don't have to take our word for it.

Porfiry opens a brown manila folder, holds it like a hymnal and starts to read.

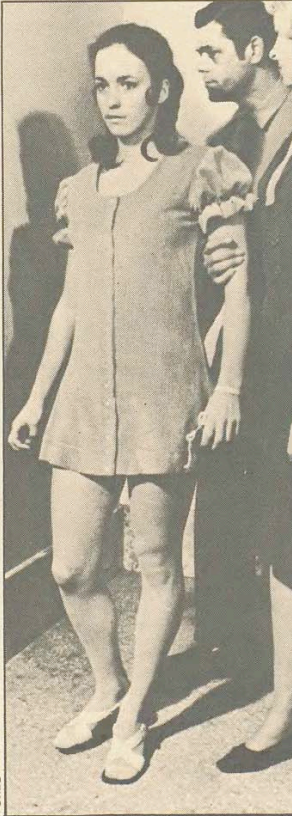
"The start of the incident of Death Valley occurred on September 19th, 1969, when the National Park Rangers of the Death Valley Monument became aware that persons unknown had set fire to a Michigan Loader." This is a great big tractor. "Tire tracks from this area were of the type used on a Toyota four-wheel drive. Near the cabin they found a '69 Ford automobile, license plate SDZ976."

Porfiry explains: This had been rented from Hertz by one of the girls who is loose now, Nancy Pittman, and she did it on a stolen credit card, a Mobile Oil credit card that had been taken in a burglary on September 7th. On September 7th Nancy Pittman was here in Los Angeles, and we also know that on that date Leslie Van Houghton bought a knife with the same stolen credit card. This evidence has not come out but the defense knows all about it.

Porfiry reads: "On September 22nd, Park Ranger Richard Powell entered the Hall Canyon area while investigating the arson case and made contact with a red Toyota four-wheel drive and four

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WORLD WIDE PHOTOS



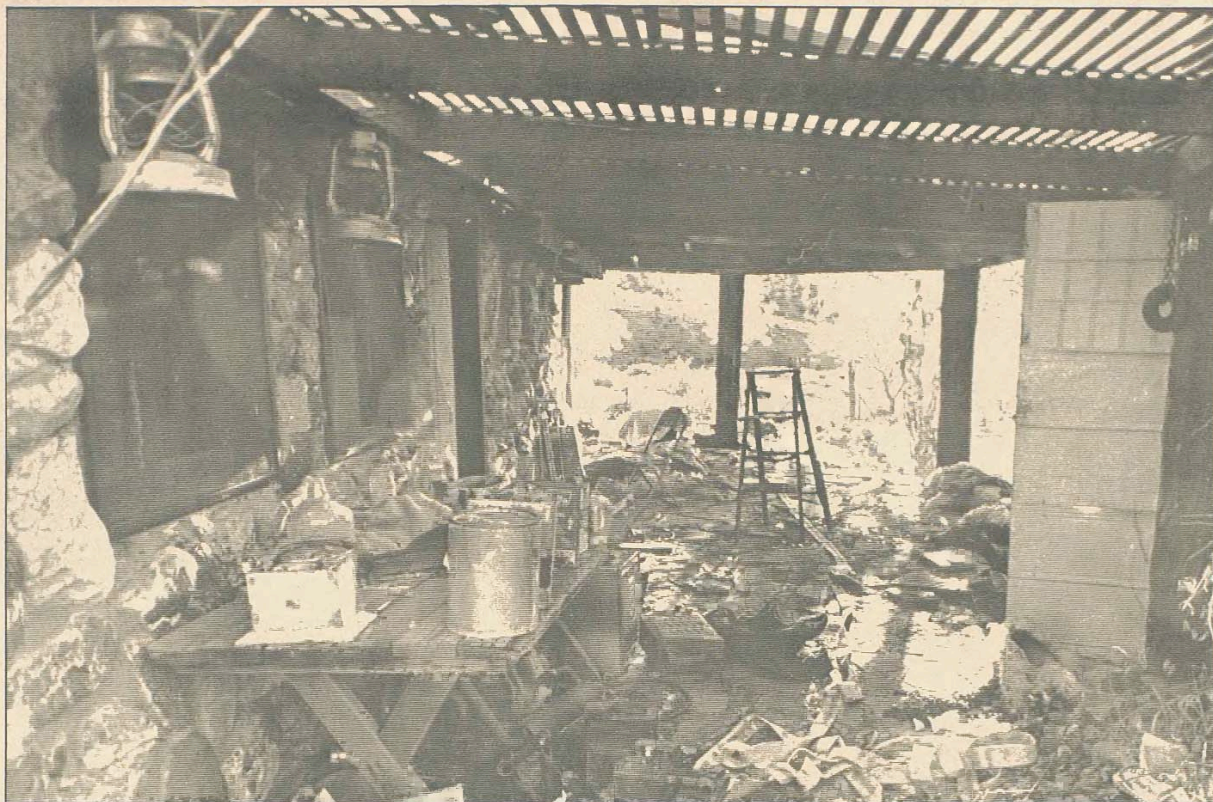
Susan Atkins

house was vacant at the time the La Biancas were killed.

So after circling the city for a while, they go into the True residence. No one is home, so they go next door. Manson goes in himself, according to Susan Atkins' testimony.

On La Bianca, I'll rap with you on the level, our case is not that strong. There are no fingerprints, no one saw them. All we're depending on is the testimony of Susan Atkins, up till now. If she doesn't testify, which she says now she isn't going to, then Linda Kasabian corroborates that.

Now, why do we believe her? Why do



The breezeway at the Baker Ranch: "They were," read Porfry, "afraid for their lives if they failed to cooperate with this hippie group"

BOOK TWO

—Continued from Preceding Page
female and one male subjects. The conversation of these subjects disclosed very little. The Toyota was using California commercial license plates so and so, registered to Gail Beausoleil, wife of Robert Beausoleil, who's presently held on a charge of murder in Los Angeles County. This is going back to September 19th, September 22nd."

Porfry explains: This was Hinman's Toyota, and they found it up there.

Porfry reads: "On September 24th the officers returned to Hall Canyon. The vehicles and the subjects were gone. The miners in the area stated that the subjects pulled out about four hours after Ranger Powell left. On September 29th C.H.P. Officer James Purcell accompanied Ranger Powell to check out two dwellings. At one location, Barker Ranch, they discovered two females about 19 years of age. They were uncommunicative, but did state that the person who lived there had gone to town and would be back later.

"Purcell and Powell contacted two men driving a truck loaded with automotive supplies. They advised the officers that members of a hippie-type group owned the supplies they were transporting, and that they were afraid for their lives if they failed to cooperate with this hippie group. They related to the officers that they used drugs, had sex orgies and attempted to recreate the days of Rommel and the desert corps by driving across the country night and day in numerous dune buggies. The leader of the cult, who called himself Jesus Christ, was attempting to set up a large group of hippies in the area.

"After leaving the Barker ranch the officers located a group of seven females, between the ages of 18 and 20, all nude or partially so, hiding in the brush in one of the small draws off the main road to the rear of the ranch. Going further up the same draw, they encountered one male individual and saw a second run from the area. In this camp was a red Toyota with a certain license number. The license plate noted earlier was no longer on this vehicle. With the Toyota was a dune buggy with a certain number. Ten to 29 checks disclosed that the Toyota was a Los Angeles Police Department stolen.

"On approximately September 29th officers contacted the Sergeant of the

Lone Pine Regiment Post and advised him of the circumstances. They found a lot of stolen cars up there. The officers converged on the Barker ranch, arrested five female subjects, located and arrested five female subjects on the dug-out. All prisoners were escorted to the ranch and transported to Independence. A .22-caliber pistol was found in the camp.

"Prior to the officers entering this area it was established that this same group was arrested in Chatsworth by Los Angeles Sheriff's Dept. on August 16th 1969, and had been armed with submachine guns. In an earlier conversation with the miners in the area it was disclosed that these people had talked of having machine guns.

"Armed with this knowledge, officers requested permission to carry high-powered rifles. No shots were fired. All but two or three of the female suspects were armed with belt type knives. No attempt was made on their part to use these weapons. Total arrests: 10 females, three males."

Porfry shuts the folder: And then they also arrested Charlie Manson up there hiding in a little kitchen cabinet.

The 17-year-old females stepped from the brush and surrendered to the officers. These two girls said that they were in fear of their lives and trying to escape from the hippie group. Both stated that Charles Manson, who was not in custody as of that time, would kill or seriously injure them if he caught them trying to leave. These two girls—Katie Luke Singer and Jardin—supplied the link to the sheriff's that Sadie Glutz—Susan Atkins—was involved in the Hinman murder. They recovered the cars, contacted the parents of subject Luke Singer. He was advised that the Los Angeles County Sheriff's office was seeking this subject as a material witness to the murder that occurred earlier this year in the Topanga Canyon area. Contact was made with homicide detective Gunther Whitely, who left Los Angeles same morning on route to Independence for questioning. Interrogation of the subject Luke Singer by the Los Angeles Sheriff's office disclosed that three of the female prisoners held at the Inyo County Jail were involved in Los Angeles Sheriff's office Topanga Canyon murder. All three were returned to the Los Angeles County jail by Los Angeles Sheriff's office. One of these girls, by the way, was Patricia Krenwinkel, but she was the wrong girl, see, she used the name Mary Smith or Mary Reeves and Luke



Patricia Krenwinkel

Singer talked with Mary, but it was this Mary Brunner.

On October 9, 1969, Officer Purcell and National Park service ranger re-entered Death Valley, made contact with additional witnesses, who advised them that a rental truck loaded with supplies had become stuck and abandoned on the road to Barker ranch. Officer Purcell made contact with Sgt. Haley at Lone Pine and attempted to locate and arrest the ring leader Charles Manson, who was still at large. Additional male suspects were there also. Successful contact was made at the ranch, and the following were taken into custody: Charles Manson, Kenneth Brown, David Hammock, Lawrence Bailey, Bruce Davis. Now Bruce Davis is still involved as a material witness in the Hinman murder; he could clear the whole damn thing up if he wanted to talk to us, but he doesn't want to talk to us. Also arrested in the area was Beth Tracey, well there's no Beth Tracey, she was

using a girl's credit card that was stolen in a burglary. Diane Bluestein, Sherry Andrews, Patty Sue Jardin, Sue Martel, all these girls were up there. This was October 12th. On October 13th investigating officers received word from Los Angeles Sheriff's office that Kathleen Luke Singer, earlier arrested as a runaway, returned to Los Angeles as a material to a murder, had additional information regarding stolen vehicles and related crimes that she would be willing to discuss with the investigating officer. Then they found additional stolen vehicles that were hidden up there in like cave areas.

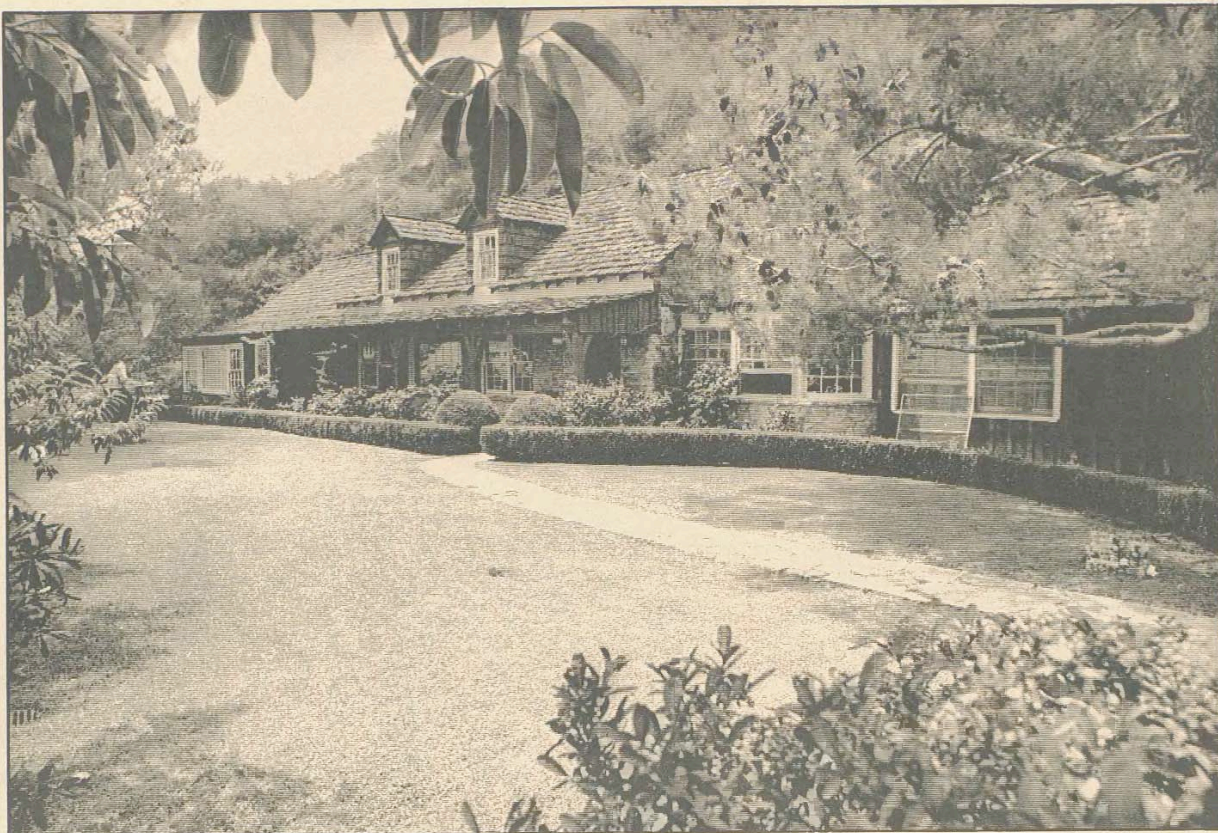
There's an interesting sidelight to this investigation in Inyo County. The C.H.P. recovered in Death Valley a vehicle traced to a Philip Tenerelli. This guy had been listed as a missing person by the Culver City Police Dept. Bishop Police Department had reported a suicide October 2nd, 1969. The first thing they know is the guy's name is John Doe. Bishop is right up by Death Valley.

When they found Tenerelli's car down this cliff, they went back and rechecked the identity of the fingerprints, and they found the suicide of October 2nd was this fella Tenerelli that was listed missing in Culver City. Inyo County is not so sure that the suicide was not a murder.

Because we have a case here in Venice of a guy who calls himself Christopher Jesus or Zero. He's one of the people arrested with Manson in Death Valley. He's one of the people that Manson confided in.

One day his girlfriend, Linda Baldwin, who's also the girlfriend of every other guy in the group, reports to the Venice Police Dept. that Christopher Zero killed himself, that he was playing Russian Roulette right in front of her eyes, and the gun went off and killed him. It's very difficult to disprove this, but we're not so sure this wasn't a murder to keep him quiet.

But in this trial, we're not going to introduce any evidence about Tenerelli or Christopher Zero or the missing body of Shorty Shay, a ranch hand who used to be a stunt man in Hollywood. He was trying to get old man Spahn to order these people off the ranch. After the August 16th raid, when they got out of jail, they came back to Spahn Ranch. And Shorty Shay has never been seen again since that time. Several of the girls say he was cut up in eight or nine pieces and buried on the ranch someplace, but they don't know how it happened.



And they learn things from the girls, things that have never been told to anyone before, like the fact that the knife was left at the Tate residence (above)

As a result of this arrest up there, and as a result of this one girl, Luke Singer, talking, they arrest Susan Atkins and put her in the county jail here. Once in the county jail, Susan gets up a relationship with this girl, call her Ronnie Howard. She used the name Nadell, but she was booked under Ronnie Howard. And Susan Atkins, to use the vernacular, cops out to Ronnie Howard on how Sharon Tate was killed. Then Susan tells it to another girl, Virginia Graham.

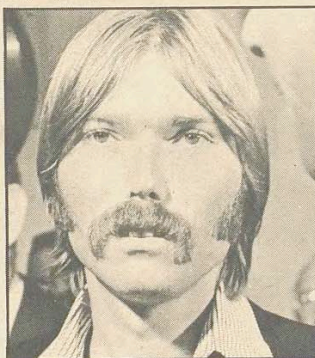
The two girls get together and tell the police about it, and the police come out and interview the two girls separately. And they learn from the girls things that have never been told to anybody before, like the fact that a knife was left at the Tate residence.

She said in her statement to one of the girls, "God damn, I think I even left my knife in there. If the police ever trace that knife to me, I'll be dead."

The next thing that happens is the newspapers, which have been following the case as close as could be, see a great deal of activity occurring. They find out a police officer went to Barker ranch, and they find out another officer went to Inyo County, and they find out that police officers went out to Spahn's ranch to take pictures. We don't have everybody in custody, because after Patricia Krenwinkel was questioned by the sheriff's office in October, she was released and sent back to Alabama. During the arrest of all these people, Watson gets away. I'm talking about the arrest at Barker ranch. We didn't even know anything about Linda Kasabian, her name was never mentioned prior to Susan Atkins.

To bring it to a conclusion, the press are going to release the story. The police ask them to hold off for a certain amount of time while they try to get the suspects into custody. When they come over to us, they didn't even have a good fingerprint on Krenwinkel. They had a fingerprint on Watson. They didn't have the gun at that time.

Now we've got the gun that killed Steve Parent and shot Frykowski and Sebring. This gun was identified not only by the bullet, the gun was used to beat Frykowski on the head. The butt had been broken and the handle was in three pieces. We recovered those three pieces, and they fit perfectly on the gun. This gun has been traced to one that Manson bought, and it's a unique-type gun. It's a long barrel, .22 caliber, Wyatt Earp-type gun. Several witnesses said this was Manson's private gun.



Terry Melcher

Now, he didn't kill anybody at Tate's, but when you have a conspiracy to commit a crime, and any of the members of the conspiracy do anything else, everyone is responsible for all of the actions of the other. This is the principle we're using against Manson, that he ordered these people killed. Whether he ordered one or five doesn't matter. The fact that they killed five was all within the contemplation of conspiracy.

At first we were thinking of the theory that he had revenge against Terry Melcher, because Melcher put him down. He had Melcher out to the Spahn ranch a couple of times to see if Melcher could sell his music and Melcher thought it was nothing. So he resented that. He came to see Melcher at the house several times, and he learned the layout of the house.

But then evidence developed that he knew that Melcher moved out during the summer and he was trying to find where Melcher lived. He asked Dennis Wilson several times. I don't think Wilson told him. But I don't think on the night of the killings he thought Melcher still lived there. He just thought that rich people lived there, part of the Establishment, and he had this plan of setting in progress this revolution — blacks against whites.

And he left the sign PIG on the door. Also he had in mind covering up for Beausoleil, who was in custody now. They wanted to commit a murder similar to the Hinman murder to throw the police off the track of Beausoleil as the killer of Hinman.

But unfortunately, although Malibu is not that far from Benedict Canyon, one

is in the county sheriff's territory and one is in the city police territory and they didn't associate the two, even though POLITICAL PIGGIES was written at Hinman's and there were vicious stab wounds and pistol whipping on Hinman.

The Tate killings seemed so senseless, because even though money was taken from one of the victims, money was not taken from all the victims. The house wasn't ransacked. Not that they had valuable belongings there, but they could have taken fur coats and things. On Hinman they took his two cars. The motives appeared different, so they assumed it was different people who committed it, and they didn't connect the word PIG with POLITICAL PIGGIES as being the same group.

The reports that we have from the witnesses show that there were other people that knew about these killings, but they just kept quiet. I don't know why other than the fact that they thought "Oh hell, there are friends of mine involved—and I don't want to say anything."

This Manson, I'm not going to say that he's got hypnotic powers, but he's got some kind of a strength because he's able to get this girl from Alabama to come out here, and she could have stayed in Alabama another six months, just like Watson did in Texas.

These people believe their leader can do no wrong because he just preached love, and the beatings that were inflicted on those girls, why, that's nothing. That was just another form of life, that's all.

From what we have seen, they were not on LSD at the time of the killings. You just have to say to yourself they were indoctrinated with this kind of thinking.

There was another kid from Texas living at the ranch at the same time, and one day after he'd been there about a month, Manson said to him, "That Melcher, he thinks he's pretty hot shit, but he isn't worth a damn. I can kill him just like that. In fact, it would be better if you did it. I'll give you \$5,000 and a three wheel motorcycle and you leave the ranch right after you do it. Will you do it?" And the kid says, "Let me think about it."

A couple of days later he says "Have you thought about it?" The kid says, "Are you serious?" He says, "Yes, I'm serious." The kid says, "All right, I'll do it." Manson says, "Fine, meet me at such and such a time."

Well, this kid, his mind wasn't blown

or anything, he had used LSD and marijuana. But he immediately called his mother. He says, "Mom, wire me money, I'm coming home." He knew that he was up to his ears in something he just couldn't get out of.

Manson always had a funny way of testing people. These girls went along with him on the murders because he said, "If you really love me, you'll do it. If you really love me, if you love yourself, you'll do these things." And then he could have a hold on them. Because all of these creepy crawlies and burglaries they committed, and we have proof because we have the credit cards they stole and used, were also a buildup for him to get them in his grasp.

Manson in court today put on an act that you would not believe. Threw the Constitution in the trash can. Said to the judge, "I was going to throw it at you, but I didn't want to hit you and I was afraid I'd miss and hit you by accident. But you don't know what the Constitution is. I wish I could throw it at you like you've been throwing things at me."

All he was asking for was a simple answer to whether or not he would agree to the substitution of attorneys for Susan Atkins.

The other day he just played a crazy part. Today he played an angry part. A couple of weeks ago he played a docile part. He's a real good con man, and he was able to get these people to believe in this goddamn philosophy of his. If he really wanted to go ahead and prove his philosophy, he would say, "Judge, this is what I did." But he's smart enough to keep his mouth shut.

Anyone who tries to interview him, he gives them double talk. I talked to Steve Grogan. He could have been indicted. I said, "If Susan wanted to lie, she could have said you went into that house. But she didn't lie. She said you stayed in the car with her. Don't you believe Susan was telling the truth then?"

And he said to me double talk, "It's your truth, not my truth." I said, "Tell me what did happen," and he said, "I don't know." I said, "Weren't you there?" He said, "I don't know."

Porfiry contemptuously reads a newspaper headline: "Manson and Judge Trade Courtroom Pleadings." That's the kind of con man he is. The only time I talked to him was when I was showing him some exhibits in the case. He's not stupid, he doesn't have a good formal education, but he's not stupid.



After four and a half years touring forty-nine states, eleven countries, six hundred and eighty performances to over three million people, recording a gang of albums and singles, we figured we had enough rehearsing to tape a live concert. It was cut on April 3. You can hear it anytime.

...on Warner Bros. where the Association belong.

BOOK THREE

The MOST DANGEROUS MAN in the WORLD

Paranoia is just a kind of awareness, and awareness is just a form of love



Paranoia is the other side of love. Once you give in to paranoia, it ceases to exist.

An Audience with Charles Manson AKA Jesus Christ

Moving slowly across the municipal geometry of civic buildings and police officers a man came towards us looking directly into the sun, his arms stretched out in supplication like the Sierra Indian. From a hundred feet away his eyes are flashing, all two-dimensional boundaries gone. A strange place to be tripping, outside the new, all concrete, Los Angeles County Jail.

"You're from ROLLING STONE," he says.

"How did you know?"

No answer. He leads us to the steps of the jail's main entrance, pivots and again locks his gaze into the sun.

"Spirals," he whispers. "Spirals coming away . . . circles curling out of the sun." His fingers weave patterns in the air. A little sun dance.

"A hole in the fourth dimension," we suggest.

His easy reply: "A hole in all dimensions."

This is Clem, an early member of the family called Manson. Inside is another, Squeaky, a friendly girl with short red hair and freckles. Her eyes, too, are luminous, not tripping, but permanently innocent. Children from the Village of the Damned.

We went to the attorney room window to fill out forms. Two guards watched from a glass booth above. A surprise; we were not searched. "Step inside the gate," says a disembodied voice. "Keep clear of the gate."

In a minute the gate slides back, and an attorney shows us to a little glass cubicle with a table and three folding chairs. It's done in glossy gray institutional paint, shimmering under banks of fluorescent light.

While we were waiting an attorney who had assisted Manson in preparing his self-defense talked about conditions in the jail.

"Charlie has been deprived of most of his Constitutional rights."

"After he gave an interview to a San Francisco radio station, they took away his phone privileges. Now he can make three calls a day, but sometimes he has to wait maybe an hour and a half before he can get to a phone. There are four phones for over a hundred *pro pers*.

(A *pro per* is an inmate who has

been allowed to defend himself, a right first granted, but by this time denied Manson. The phrase is a Latin legal term.)

"Then when he does get to the phone, if he gets a wrong number, that counts as one call. They even search him after he finishes his calls. It's unbelievable."

"Then they put him in solitary because he didn't want to go to breakfast. He is allowed to use the law library—it's totally inadequate, of course—but only for an hour at a time, and then they make up some excuse to disturb him."

"The Susan Atkins confession is a perfect example. Here you have the D.A. actively involved in releasing what amounts to the prosecution's whole case to a writer who then syndicates the story internationally. It is really incredible, when you think about it. If this is going to be a fair trial, why are they cooperating with the press to try him in a newspaper? Is it because they really are not sure of their case? I've never heard of this kind of public relations in a murder trial."

"I could go on and on. Messages between Charlie and Susan Atkins are mysteriously lost. Privileges are mysteriously withheld, and then the orders for them turn out to have been mislaid. It's this kind of manipulation that makes you wonder what is going on here."

"When they booked him in Inyo County, they had him booked as 'Charles Manson AKA Jesus Christ,' and the county sheriffs were running around asking, 'Where's Jesus Christ? We want to crucify him.'"

After nearly an hour, he comes in. The guards greet him, casual, friendly.

"Hi Charlie, how are you today?"

"Hi, man, I'm doin' fine," he says, smiling.

[He's wearing prison clothes, blue denim jacket and pants. His hair is very long and bushy, he pushes it out of his face nervously. He looks different, older and stranger than the press photos. His beard has been shaved off recently, and it is growing back black and stubbly.]

[He has a long face with a stubborn jaw, wizened and weathered like the crazy country faces you see in old TVA photographs. A cajun Christ. Little John the Conqueror. He moves springing, light as a coyote.]

"Can't shake hands," he explains, jumping back. "Against the rules."

[He unfolds casually in the chair. He is mercurial. He strokes his chin, like a wizard trapped under a stone for a thousand years. The Elf King. We ask him about his album. Was he really happy with it?]

All the good music was stolen. What's there is a couple of years old. I've written hundreds of songs since then. I've been writing a lot while I was in jail.

I never really dug recording, you know, all those things pointing at you. Greg would say. "Come down to the studio, and we'll tape some things," so I went. You get into the studio, you know, and it's hard to sing into microphones. *[He clutches his pencil rigidly, like a mike.]* Giant phallic symbols pointing at you. All my latent tendencies . . . *[He starts laughing and making sucking sounds. He is actually blowing the pencil!]* My relationship to music is com-

pletely subliminal, it just flows through me.

"Ego Is A Too Much Thing," is a strange track. What do you mean by ego?

Ego is the man, the male image.

[His face tense, his eyes dart and threaten. He clenches his fist, bangs it on the table. He gets completely behind it, acting it out, the veins standing out on his neck, showing what a strain it is to be evil.]

Ego is the phallic symbol, the helmet, the gun. The man behind the gun, the mind behind the man behind the gun. My philosophy is that ego is the thinking mind. The mind you scheme with, make war with. They shoved all the love in the back, hid it away. Ego is like, "I'm going to war with my ego stick."

[He waves an imaginary rifle around, then sticks it in his crotch. An M-16 prick.]

In "Ego" there's this line: "Your heart is a pumpin' your paranoid's a-jumpin'."

Yeah, well, paranoia is just a kind of awareness, and awareness is just a form of love. Paranoia is the other side of love. Once you give in to paranoia, it ceases to exist. That's why I say submission is a gift, just give in to it, don't resist. It's like saying, "Tie me on the cross!" *[He says this calmly, angelically dropping back in his chair.]* Here, want me to hold the nail? Everything is beautiful if you want to experience it totally.

How does paranoia become awareness?

It's paranoia . . . and it's paranoia . . . and it's paranoia . . . UHN! *[He mimics terror, total paranoia, scrunching up his body into a ball of vibrating fear that suddenly snaps and slumps back in ecstasy.]*

It's like when I went into the courtroom. Everybody in the court room wanted to kill me. I saw the hatred in their eyes, and I knew they wanted to kill me, and I asked the sheriffs, "Is somebody going to shoot me?" That's why I feel like I'm already dead. I know it's coming. It's the cops who put that feeling into their heads. They don't come in with that.

They whisper, so I can hear it, "Sharon Tate's father is in court." And then they go over and shake him down to see if

he has a gun, and they're just putting that idea into his head. He has a nice face. I saw him the first day in court. He doesn't want to kill me. They're putting that into his head. You know, they say things like, "We wouldn't want you to shoot the defendant." And every day I see him in court, his face gets a little harder, and one day he's gonna do it.

And they put the whole thing in his head, feeding him all those negative vibrations. And if you keep doing that it's got to happen. I know it's coming. They all got their things pointed at me, and they want to use them badly. But actually they can't use them, and that's what makes them so mad. They can't make love with them, they're all suffering from sex paranoia.

They've been following me for three years, trying to find something, and wherever I go there's like thirty women. And that really makes them mad. They can't understand what all these women are doing with one guy.

They're looking for something dirty in everything, and if you're looking for something, you'll find it. You have to put up some kind of face for them and that's the only face they understand.

The answer is to accept the cross. I've accepted it. I can go up on the cross in my imagination. Oh, ooooooh, aaaa! [*The orgasmic crucifixion! He gives me a long sigh of relief.*]

[*Charlie's rap is super acid rap—symbols, parables, gestures, nothing literal, everything enigmatic, resting nowhere, stopping briefly to overturn an idea, stand it on its head, and then exploit the paradox.*]

Have you ever seen the coyote in the desert? [*His head prowls back and forth.*] Watching, tuned in, completely aware. Christ on the cross, the coyote in the desert—it's the same thing, man. The coyote is beautiful. He moves through the desert delicately, aware of everything, looking around. He hears every sound, smells every smell, sees everything that moves. He's always in a state of total paranoia, and total paranoia is total awareness.

You can learn from the coyote just like you can learn from a child. A baby is born into the world in a state of fear. Total paranoia and awareness. He sees the world with eyes not used yet. As he grows up, his parents lay all this stuff on him. They tell him, when they should be letting him tell them. Let the children lead you.

The death trip is something they pick up from their parents, mama and papa. They don't have to die. You can live forever. It's all been put in your head.

They program him by withholding love. They make him into a mechanical toy. [*He sings from his album, jerking his arms like a spastic Tin Man.*]

I am a mechanical-boy.

I am my mother's toy.

Children function on a purely spontaneous level. Their parents make them rigid. You're born with natural instincts and the first thing they want to do is lay all their thoughts on you. By the time you're nine or ten, you're exactly what they want. A free soul trapped in a cage, taught to die.

Everything happened perfectly for me in my life. I picked the right mother, and my father, I picked him too. He was a gas, he cut out early in the game. He didn't want me to get hung up. [*Charlie laughs privately at his private joke.*]

Kids respond to music. They can hear it, they're not so conditioned they can't feel it. Music seldom gets to grownups. It gets through to the young mind that's still open. When your mind is closed, it's closed to God. I look at the world as God's imagination. You are as much Him as you are willing to give up, become part of His body, become one.

The beautiful thing is that it's all there, everything's there in your mind. This kid one time kept asking me to teach him how to play the guitar. I can't teach anything. If you believe you can do it, you can.

I once asked a friend, "Teach me what snow is." He said, "Well, snow is like water, it's cold and . . ." He spent months trying to teach me what snow was and finally he took some frosting out of the icebox. That was the closest he could come. You can't communicate with words. Only with actions.

That's what Jesus Christ taught us. Words kill. They've filled every living thing with death. His disciples betrayed Him by writing it down. Once it was

written, it was as dead as a tombstone. They didn't live His teachings, they wrote them down. They killed Him with every word in the New Testament. Every word is another nail in the cross, another betrayal disguised as love. Every word is soaked with His blood. He said, "Go, do thou likewise." He didn't say write it down.

The whole fucking system is built on those words, the church, the government, war, the whole death trip. The original sin was to write it down.

Here's one fact that's a fact you can't hide: ten thousand people got up on that cross, that Roman cross, to tear the Establishment down from the inside! The preacher hides the ten thousand, crying holy, holy, talking about one man, putting up crosses everywhere. It's all hidden under that cross. War, death, all hidden under that lie. Actually, there's no such thing as suffering. That's just another piece of propaganda the church puts out to make you believe the lie.

Can you tell us what you mean by submission? If we are all one, how can you justify being a leader?

There is only One. I'm the One. Me is first. I don't care about you. I'm not thinking about what other people think, I just do what my soul tells me.

People said I was a leader. Here's the kind of leader I was. I made sure the toilets were clean. I made sure the animals were fed. Any sores on the horses? I'd heal them. Anything need fixing? I'd fix it. I was always the one to do everything nobody else wanted to do. Cats need feeding? I'd feed them. When it was cold, I was always the last one to get a blanket.

Pretty soon I'd be sitting on the porch, and I'd think, "I'll go and do this or that." And one of the girls would say, "No, let me." You've got to give up, lie down and die for other people, then they'll do anything for you. When you are willing to become a servant for other people, they want to make you a master.

In the end, the girls would be just dying to do something for me. I'd ask one of them to make a shirt for me and she'd be just thrilled because she could do something for me. They'll work 24 hours a day if you give them something to do.

I can get along with girls, they give up easier. I can make love to them. Man has this ego thing [*Charlie stiffens up*] holding on to his prick. I can't make love to that. Girls break down easier. Their defenses come down easier. When you get beyond the ego thing, all you're left with is you; you make love with yourself.

With a girl, you can make love with her until she's exhausted. You can make love with her until she gives up her mind, then you can make love with love.

[*Charlie starts to run his hands up and down his body, caressing himself like a stripper, his fingers tingling like a faith healer in a trance. They dance all over his body.*]

You climax with every move you make, you climax with every step you take. The breath of love you breathe is all you need to believe.

[*Charlie pulls a thousand postures from the air. He squirms, stiffens, anguishes with ecstasy.*]

Ooooooh, Aaaaaaaah, uhhhh! Your beard, it feels sooooo good, mmmmmmm! [*His fingers, with half-inch-long nails, fondle his own face, his stubby chin, impersonating the hands of an unseen lover, making love with himself.*] Your beard feels sooooo good, mmmmmmm, yes it does. It all comes from the father into the woman.

[*Suddenly he assumes his teaching position.*]

See, it's because I am a bastard that I can accept the truth. Hell, I am my father! The Father . . . The Son . . . [*He withdraws in mock terror from some imaginary host of accusers, pushing them away, pushing the thought away with extended hands.*] No, no, NO . . . it's not me . . . you've got it all wrong. I'm not—you couldn't think that! I don't know what you're talking about. Listen, I'll get a job. [*He continues fighting his phantom, Jacob wrestling with his angel, then giggles.*]

See, the cop-out is Christianity. If you believe in Christianity, you don't have to believe in Christ. Get a job and you won't have to think about it all.

The whole thing is set up to get you involved in their game. For instance, I can tell you something about yourself. You don't need those glasses. You're wearing them because you were told you

needed them. Your mother told you. Children's eyes, you know, fluctuate between the ages of 12 and 16. So they start saying you need glasses, and pretty soon, after you've been wearing them for a while, you do need them. It's just another gimmick to make money. It's like when someone is dying, they call the doctor in. What do you need a doctor to die for?

George, you know George Spahn? He's not blind. He just talked himself into it. He'd be sitting in front of the television, and his wife would come in and say, "George, you're sitting awfully close to that set. Are you sure your eyes are O.K.?" And he's just got to thinking in the back of his mind: "If I were blind, I wouldn't have to get up and go to work every day. I could just sit in my big armchair and let people take care of me." So finally his eyes started to get dimmer, and dimmer, and he finally went blind. But it was his soul who blinded him.

Being in jail protected me in a way from society. I was inside, so I couldn't take part, play the games that society expects you to play. I've been in jail 22 years, the most I was out was maybe six months. I just wasn't contaminated, I kept my innocence.

I got so I actually loved solitary. That was supposed to be punishment. I loved it. There is nothing to do in prison anyway, so all they can get you to do is "Get up! Sit down!" So solitary was great. I began to hear music inside my head. I had concerts inside my cell. When the time came for my release, I didn't want to go. Yeah, man, solitary was beautiful.

What did you mean when you once said God and Satan are the same person?

If God is One, what is bad? Satan is just God's imagination. Everything I've done for these nineteen hundred and seventy years is now in the open. I went into the desert to confess to God about the crime, I, you, Man has committed for 2,000 years. And that is why I'm here. As a witness.

I have been avoiding the cross for nineteen hundred and seventy years. Nineteen hundred and seventy nails in the cross. I was meant to go up on the cross willingly.

All the wars, all the deaths, all the hunger of these nineteen hundred and seventy years of blasphemy against Jesus Christ, all the shame and guilt, all the torture, they can't hide it any longer. And unless you are willing to die for your love, you cannot love. Jesus Christ died for your sins and for my sins, and for nineteen hundred and seventy years I have been denying Him.

The white man must pay for the deaths of all the Indians that were slaughtered in greed, and now it is time for him to die for them.

Hope? You expect hope? [*Charlie puts his hands together in prayer.*] Ah, yes, there should be a little hope left, yes? [*He spits scornfully.*] There's no hope! You make your own world. Hope is the last thing you hang onto. Everyone expects to be saved, saved from their guilt. But they're not going to be saved. I am not going to take responsibility for society.

So I'm here for stolen dune buggies. If it hadn't been that, it would have been something else. They were out to get me, and it was only a matter of time before they found something to pin on me. And they did. First they make the picture and then they fill it in. They create things so they can hide their own guilt.

I can only tell you the truth. All my life I've been locked up because nobody wanted me. Jail is where they put people they don't want. They've got nowhere else to go, but no one else wanted them so they got buried alive. They don't want to be there, but everything has to be on its shelf. Everybody's got to be somewhere, and somewhere is where people who are nowhere go.

Do you think you are being persecuted as an individual?

I don't think about myself as an individual. I just think about my love. Every day I love my world a little more. Love makes you stronger. They can't take that away. If a man has given up everything, what can they take away?

Those Christian robes that the judge wears are stained with the blood of millions and millions of lives. Christians have defiled the cross. They wore it into battle. They took Christ into war with them and defiled His image. You know, the cells in this jail are filled with blacks, chicanos, people like me. People

who never had anything.

Did you have a bike when you were a kid? I never did. I never had anything. That's what the system is, it's self-recurring. It just goes in circles and circles. Take away the criminal and what have you got? This society needs criminals, they need someone to blame everything on.

What do you feel about Judge Keene taking away your pro per privilege?

The judge is just the flip side of the preacher. He took away my pro per privilege because they don't want me to speak. They want to shut me up—because they know if I get up on the stand, I am going to blow the whole thing wide open. They don't want to hear it. That's why they assigned me this attorney, Holloloper.

He came to see me [*Charlie mimics a fussy little man shuffling papers*], sat down and started fiddling with these papers in his brief case. See, he wouldn't look me in the eye. They sent me this guy who looks like a mouse. He was hiding behind his briefcase and his important papers.

He was saying, "Well, Mr. Manson, in your case, etc., etc." And I said to him, "All right, but can you look me in the eye?" He couldn't look me in the eye.

How can a mouse represent a lion? A man, if he's a man, can only speak for himself. I said to Judge Keene, "Do I speak for you?"

Between you and me, if that judge asks for my life, I'm going to give it to him right there in the courtroom. But first of all he is going to have to deal with my music, the music in my fingers and my body. [*Charlie demonstrates. His nails tap out an incredible riff on the table, the chair, the glass of the booth, like the scurrying footsteps of some strung-out rodent.*]

He is going to have to deal with that power. I'm probably one of the most dangerous men in the world if I want to be. But I never wanted to be anything but me. If the judge says death, I am dead. I've always been dead. Death is life.

Anything you see in me is in you. If you want to see a vicious killer, that's who you'll see, do you understand that? If you see me as your brother, that's what I'll be. It all depends on how much love you have. I am you, and when you can admit that, you will be free. I am just a mirror.

Did you see what they did to that guy in the Chicago Seven trial? Hoffman saw in those guys what he wanted to see. That's why he found them guilty. The white man is fading, everybody knows that. The black man will take over, they can't stop it. And they won't be able to stop me either unless they gag me.

Why do you think black people will gain power?

They were the first people to have power. The Pharaohs were black. The Egyptians took one man and raised him up above the rest. They put him on the throne and they fed all these lines of energy into him. [*He folds his arms across his chest like Tutankamen, holding his pencil between two fingers like Pharaoh's rod.*]

That means power. This represents the penis, the power. They built the pyramids with this energy. They were all one in him. All that concentration created a tremendous force. Love built the pyramids. Focusing all that love on one man was like focusing it on themselves.

Masons have that power. It's a secret that's been handed down since the Pharaohs. The secret wisdom. Jesus knew the symbols. The preacher and the judge got ahold of the symbols and they kept them to themselves.

Judge Keene uses all those symbols. He'll make a sign like "cut him off." Or like when I get up to speak, he'll make a signal to one of the marshals, and all of a sudden a whole bunch of people will be let in the court and there will be all this confusion so they can't hear what I'm saying. They use all these Masonic signs to hold power over other people.

So I started using the symbols. Every time I go into court, or have my picture taken, I use another Masonic sign. Like the three fingers, two fingers outstretched. When the judge sees it, it really freaks him out because he can't say anything. When I see them making these signs in court I flash them back at them.

They know the symbols of power but they can't understand it. Power without

—Continued on Next Page

BOOK THREE

—Continued from Preceding Page
love is aggression. There has been no true love since the Pharaohs. Except for J.C. He knew what love meant.

Tempt me not. Do you remember the story about Jesus on the hill? You know, the devil takes Him to the edge of this cliff [Charlie leans over the table as if perched precariously on the edge of the void], and he says to Him, "If you're God, prove it by jumping off the edge." And Jesus says, "There ain't nothing to prove, man." When you doubt, your mind is in two parts. It's divided against itself. See, Christ is saying, "Past get behind me." The devil is in the past. The devil is the past. What He is saying is "Don't think." He who thinks is lost, because if you have to think about something, you doubt it, you're lost already.

My philosophy is: Don't think. I don't believe in the mind that you think with and scheme with. I don't believe in words.

If you don't believe in words, why do you use so many of them?

Words are symbols. All I'm doing is jumbling the symbols in your brain. Everything is symbolic. Symbols are just connections in your brain. Even your body is a symbol.

What makes you such a hot lover? You spend 20 years in jail playing with yourself, a woman becomes almost an unbelievable thing to you. It's like a man in the desert, he's been in the desert for 20 years, and then he comes across a glass of water. How would you treat that glass of water? It would be pretty precious to you, wouldn't it?

How can you love and threaten someone at the same time?

Who did I threaten?

You sent Dennis Wilson a bullet.

I had a pocket full of bullets, so I gave him one.

Then it wasn't given as a threat? That's his paranoia. His paranoia created the idea that it was a threat. If you gave me a bullet, I'd wear it around my neck to let them see your love for me. The only thing I'd want to do to Dennis is make love to him.

You know, I used to say to him, "Look at this flower, Dennis. Don't you think it's beautiful?" And he would say, "Look, man, I got to go." He was always going somewhere to take care of some big deal. What it amounted to is that he couldn't accept my love. I love him as much as I love myself. I refuse nothing and I ask nothing. It all flows through me.

Can you explain the meaning of Revelations, Chapter 9?

What do you think it means? It's the battle of Armageddon. It's the end of the world. It was the Beatles' "Revolution 9" that turned me on to it. It predicts the overthrow of the Establishment. The pit will be opened, and that's when it will all come down. A third of all mankind will die. The only people who escape will be those who have the seal of God on their foreheads. You know that part, "They will seek death but they will not find it."

How do you know that these things are coming about?

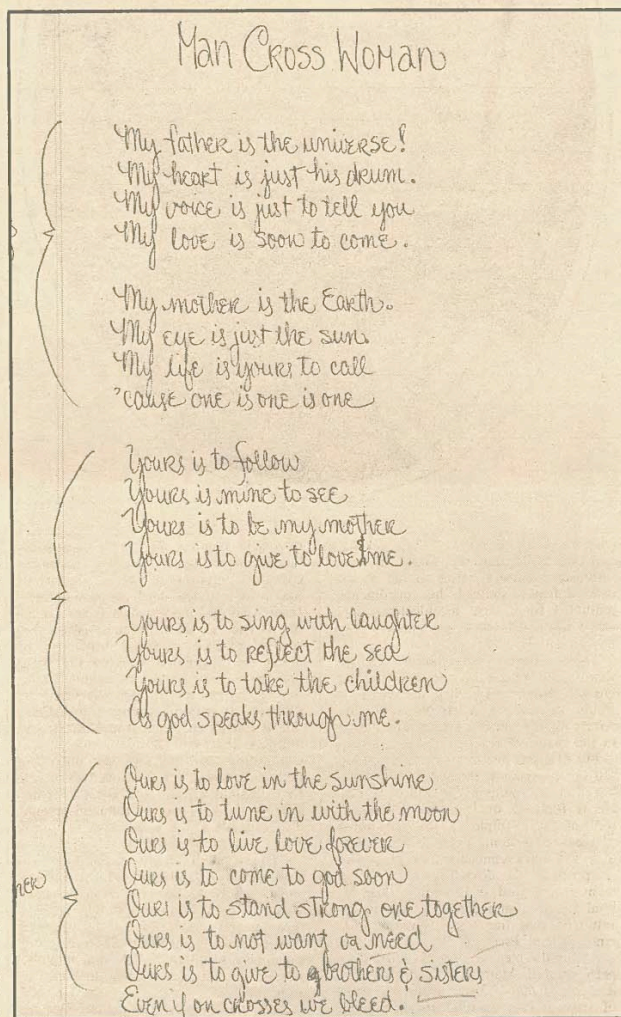
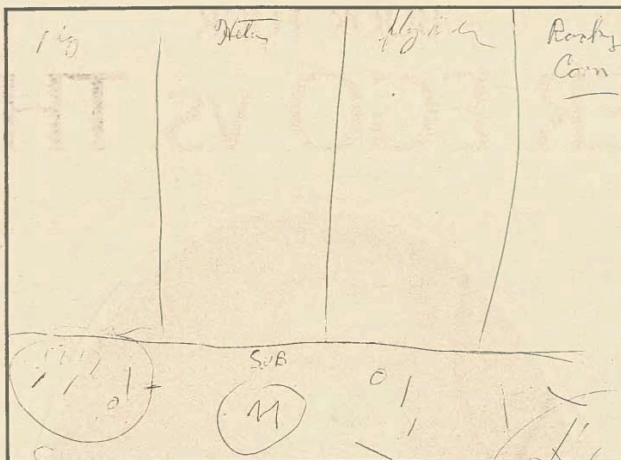
I'm just telling you what my awareness sees. I look into the future like an Indian on a trail. I know what my senses tell me. I can just see it coming, and when it comes I will just say, "Hi there!" [He says it like a used-car salesman greeting the Apocalypse from a TV screen in some empty room.]

Why do you think that this revolution predicted in "Revolution 9" will be violent? Why will it be racial?

Have you heard of the Muslims? Have you heard of the Black Panthers? Englishmen, do you remember cutting off the heads of praying Muslims with the cross sewn onto your battledress? Can you imagine it?

Well, imagination is the same as memory. You and all Western Man killed and mutilated them and now they are reincarnated and they are going to repay you. The soul in the white man is lying down. They were praying, kneeling in the temple. They did not want war. And the white man came in the name of Christ and killed them all.

Can you explain the prophecies you found in the Beatles' double album? [Charlie starts drawing some lines on the back of a sheet of white paper, three vertical lines and one horizontal line.



By Charlie Manson's own hand

In the bottom area he writes the word SUB.

OK. Give me the names of four songs on the album.

[We choose "Piggies," "Helter Skelter," "Blackbird," and he adds "Rocky Raccoon." Charlie writes down the titles at the top of each vertical section. Under "Helter Skelter" he draws a zigzag line, under "Blackbird" two strokes, somehow indicating bird sounds. Very strange.]

This bottom part is the subconscious. At the end of each song there is a little tag piece on it, a couple of notes. Or like in "Piggies" there's "oink, oink, oink." Just these couple of sounds. And all these sounds are repeated in "Revolution 9." Like in "Revolution 9," all these pieces are fitted together and they predict the violent overthrow of the white man. Like you'll hear "oink, oink," and then right after that, machine gun fire. [He sprays the room with imaginary slugs.] AK-AK-AK-AK-AK-AK!

Do you really think the Beatles intended to mean that?

I think it's a subconscious thing. I don't know whether they did or not. But it's there. It's an association in the subconscious. This music is bringing on the revolution, the unorganized overthrow of the Establishment. The Beatles know in the sense that the subconscious knows.

What does "Rocky Raccoon" mean, then?

Coon. You know that's a word they use for black people. You know the line, "Gideon checked out and he left it no doubt/to help with good Rocky's revival." Rocky's revival—re-vival. It means coming back to life. The black man is going to come back into power again. "Gideon checks out" means that it's all written out there in the New Testament, in the Book of Revelations.

The Bible also teaches submission. Women were put here to serve men, but only because they are ten times more

receptive, more perceptive, than men. The servant is always wiser than the master.

"You know 'Cease to Exist.' I wrote that for the Beach Boys. They were fighting among themselves, so I wrote that song to bring them together. 'Submission is a gift, give it to your brother.' Dennis has true soul, but his brothers couldn't accept it. He would go over to Brian's house and put his arms around his brothers, and they would say, 'Gee, Dennis, cut it out!' You know, they could not accept it.

Why do you think Susan Atkins gave that confession?

Susan is a very aware girl. I think her soul did it. I think her soul worked on her to the point that she did it. Personally I think she did it to put me in the position I'm in so that people could see where I'm at.

But do you know who is going to be sacrificed? It's her. She is going to change her testimony. She's going to say that she was there, but that I didn't know anything about it. Even if she wasn't there, she is going to say it.

Do you think she was?

No, I don't think she was even there. But she is going to condemn herself out of guilt for what she's done. What she doesn't realize is she couldn't hurt me anyway.

What would you like to do if you are ever released?

If I had a desire, it would be to be free from desire. I would go out into the desert. The desert is magic. I love the desert, it is my home. Nobody ever wanted me and nobody wants the desert. The stone that the builders rejected, do you remember that story?

I'll live in the desert, like a coyote. I know where every waterhole is, and every berry and fruit that's edible. They will come after me in the desert and they will die. The desert is God's kingdom.

Once I was walking in the desert and I had a revelation. I'd walked about 45 miles, and that is a lot of miles to walk in the desert. The sun was beating down on me and I was afraid, because I wasn't willing to accept death. My tongue swoll up and I would hardly breathe.

[He begins to speak in a gagging fashion, as if he has a huge rock in his mouth. He crashes to the table, his left hand under his head and his right arm stretched out along the table's edge. His face turns rubbery with delirium.]

I collapsed in the sand. [Charlie rages like a prospector in a sand storm.] Oh God! I'm going to die! I'm going to die right here! [He cries out in a pitiful voice, Peter sinking into the sea.]

I looked at the ground and I saw this rock out of the corner of my eye. And I remember thinking in this insane way as I looked at it, "Well, this is as good a place as any to die."

And then I started to laugh. I began laughing like an insane man, I was so happy. And when I had snapped to, I realized what I was doing. I'd let go. I wasn't hanging on. I was free from the spell, as free as that stone.

I just got up as if a giant hand had helped me. I got up with ease and I walked another 10 miles and I was out. It's easy.

Do you think you will ever get out of jail?

I don't care. I'm as at home here as anywhere. Anywhere is anywhere you want it to be. It's all the same to me. I'm not afraid of death, so what can they do to me? I don't care what they do. The only thing I care about is my love.

Death is psychosomatic. The gas chamber? [Charlie laughs.] My God, are you kidding? It's all verses, all climaxes, all music. Death is permanent solitary confinement and there is nothing I would like more than that.

A bell rings. A deputy comes over to tell us the time is up. The jail is closing for the night. Charlie gives us a song he'd composed in jail, "Man Cross Woman," written neatly on lined yellow paper ripped from a legal tablet.

Charlie just stands at the entrance to the attorney room, smiling. Outside, in the distance, Clem and Squeaky wave and smile back ecstatically at their captured kind, their fingers pressed against the glass. The deputies watch Charlie, puzzled, as he flops his head from one side to the other like a clown. They cannot see Clem and Squeaky behind them, imitating his every movement, communicating in a silent animal language.

BOOK FOUR

SUPER EGO vs. THE ID



William Blackstone

The forthcoming trial will be the most radical courtroom drama west of Chicago. The prosecution and the defense are in two separate worlds. The megalthic courtroom procedure will grind on and on, and Manson will go on talking about the end of the world. It is unlikely that anyone will ever know what happened on the nights of August 8 and August 9, let alone know in what dimension it took place.

Manson's objection to the trial is that it is arbitrary in selecting him as a scapegoat, and irrelevant in that it does not attempt to deal in the absolute terms that he has set up.

What he is asking for is patently impossible, and therefore denied the validity of the court. But Manson is not the only person to have called the judicial system into question on grounds that it does not function in the absolute. In fact, Manson's claim that a court that does not operate on cosmic law has been argued since law was first codified, and it is actually on this point that it is most vulnerable. The law does not pretend to dispense divine law; it claims to operate on a limited, finite system of values, but once you accept the premise, you are obligated to accept a fiction, in terms of justice.

The fiction is in the assigning of guilt to one party, even the isolation of one crime, within a society that perpetuates itself through both mental and physical violence.

Justice can be done only if the jury could consist of everybody in society so the court can expose all the connections between all events simultaneously. Since this is a physical impossibility except through electronic media, the court must proceed as if events took place isolated from the society in which they took place, and once that fiction has been established, it is easy to find villains in individuals.

By accepting this without question, our legal system is guilty of just what Manson claims: It is a form of theater in which real victims are found for sacrifice. And if we have allowed our legal system to become theater, we are already in the area of magic.

"Modern legalistic rationalism," as Norman O. Brown pointed out in *Love's Body*, "does not get away from magic: on the contrary it makes all the magical effects so permanent and so pervasive that we do not notice them at all." We are under a spell; the courts, the government have mesmerized us with documents, facts, fetishes to keep our minds off what is really happening.

The reason the present judicial system is so vulnerable to being manipulated by freaks like Manson and political radicals is its narrow definition of human activity, the establishing of a single, separate crime in time with a single, obvious motive. Not only is the court incapable of "recreating" what "really happened" and therefore of assigning blame, it is incapable of saying what crime is except within a self-serving moral context.

The irony is that as long as the courts persist in dealing with crime as a simple matter, there will be crime. The judicial system actually perpetuates crime because it is incapable of dealing with psychological reality or the true climate of the society.

Charles Hollopeter, who had successfully defended a sex criminal virtually convicted by the press in what was considered an impossible case, was Charles Manson's first court-appointed lawyer.

Manson recalls that he saw him "briefly," and that Hollopeter, who could not take seriously Manson's desire to act as his own defense, shuffled his documents, mumbled some legal technicalities, and asked the court for a psychiatric examination of his client.

Manson could never accept an insanity plea because he does not consider himself insane. Legally, however, it would have been a simple way out. After all, his alleged crimes are hardly in the realm of sanity.

But Manson insists on defending himself on the grounds that he is quite sane, but that it is the court which is not. He is fond of quoting the Chicago 7 trial as an example of the corruption of the legal system, and it is very effective. Manson's condemnation of justice as practiced is obviously accurate in many ways, and it is simply this, his total rejection of the society and its institutions that has won over the L.A. Underground Press.

As for the plea of insanity that Hollopeter entered, Manson quickly dismissed it as an obvious fallacy. From his point of view, it is a compliment to be considered insane by an Establishment whose self-serving definition of justice is just sordid theater.

And the point is valid. A "mental incompetent" is legally absolved from guilt, but if the argument is carried to its conclusion, there are extenuating circumstances behind every crime.

If you follow the thread far enough it extends everywhere. When Karl Marx said, "We are all members of one body," he meant it to be understood psychologically as well as politically. The whole society is a body and specific illnesses are merely symptoms which relate to the whole.

If ever psycho-analysis is admitted to the court, not as hired testimony for the prosecution or the defense, but, to examine the court itself as a client, its conclusions are likely to undermine our accepted, and therefore complacent, concept of justice.

Freud sees the collision between psychoanalysis and our penal institutions: "It is not psychology that deserves to be laughed at, but the procedure

of judicial inquiry." Reik, in a moment of apocalyptic optimism, declares that "The enormous importance attached by criminal justice to the deed as such derives from a cultural phase which is approaching its end." A social order based on the reality principle, a social order which draws the distinction between the wish and the deed, between the criminal and the righteous, is still the kingdom of darkness. It is only as long as a distinction is made between real and imaginary murders that real murders are worth committing: as long as the universal guilt is denied, there is a need to resort to individual crime, as a form of confession, and as a request for punishment. The strength of sin is the law." (*Love's Body*, Norman O. Brown)

"The strength of sin is the law" — Corinthians XV:56. Just as the Courts cannot afford to take the First Amendment to the Constitution seriously, they have never pretended to incorporate Christ's amendment to the Seventh Commandment (adultery): "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her."

Like the Pharisees, in the account of the woman taken in adultery, the court, because it cannot incorporate Christ's teaching, is "convicted by its own conscience." The law, assuming that divine justice will take care of itself, does not concern itself, then, with questions of good and evil. Perhaps its wisdom in restricting its jurisdiction comes from the suspicion that those large cosmic questions are never answered except to the satisfaction of personal prejudice.

In Anthony Burgess' classic novel of mindless violence, *A Clockwork Orange*, his brutish protagonist, Alex, says as much as perhaps can ever be said on the subject: "But, brothers, this biting of their toe-nails over what is the cause of badness is what turns me into a laughing malchick. They don't go into what is the cause of goodness, so why of the other shop. If lewdies are good that's because they like it, and I wouldn't ever interfere with their pleasures, and so of the other shop. And I was patronizing the other shop. More, badness is of the self, the one, the you or me in our oddy knockies, and that self is made by old

Bog or God is his great pride and radosity. But the not-self cannot have the bad, meaning they of the government and the judges and the schools cannot allow the self. And is not our modern history, my brothers, the story of brave malenky selves fighting these big machines? I am serious with you, brothers, over this. But what I do I do because I like to do."

Ironically, after all the judgments have been passed on Manson, the worst the court can do is to send him back to where he is most at home: prison.

Charles has spent 22 of his 35 years in prison, and it neither taught him that crime does not pay, nor convinced him of the righteousness of the society that condemned him. All he learned about was the circular, vengeful logic of crime and punishment: Society locks up criminals, because criminals make us lock up ourselves behind our steel frame doors.

Charlie actually looked upon his time in prison as a good thing. He developed a self-taught form of solipsism which let him see the years of captivity as a form of ascetic meditation. Prison was to him an austere form of monastic life and his cell was a Platonic cave where he could project the entire universe. When he finally got out he discovered the world was equally illusory on both sides of the wall, and the grandest illusion was the very concept of inside and outside.

Charlie had come to his own realization that, to the mystic, putting someone in prison as a form of punishment was an incredible irony. It had actually preserved him from the corruption of the world. It's the world that's actually the prison! On the outside, those who thought they were free were actually imprisoned in their games. When he was released, it was like being born at the age of 32. According to Gypsy, one of the more dominant members of the Family:

"When he got out, he was brand new. He was like a three-year-old. He was like three years old, he's been on earth three years. You can't lie to him, because he believes all. He looks at it, he doesn't disbelieve it, and he doesn't believe it. He just looks at it . . . He doesn't have all the times mommy said, 'Take your thumb out of your mouth,' in his head. He didn't pay any attention to those things because he wasn't personally involved with them."

His paradoxical brain allowed him to turn everything on its head. Even physical punishment could be interpreted as its opposite by taking Christ's words literally:

"If someone beats you with a whip, and you love the whip, then what's he doing? Making a fool of himself. [laughs] Old J.C. said, 'Turn the other cheek.' It's a simple thing, man. [laughs] It's heaven right here, Jack, right here."

"Is that what you did in prison, make it a beautiful place?"

"It always was."

"How did you pass your time away?"

"Time away? Yeah, I guess it was away, far away."

(from Gary Stromberg's tape of Manson)

And it was in prison, at Terminal Island, that this strange tale had begun, three years ago, when his friend, Phil Kaufman, who was serving time for smuggling dope, turned him on to the "music scene, dope, and the 'hippie thing' in the world outside."

BOOK FIVE THE BOOK of MANSON

There was this guy playing guitar in the ward one day at Terminal Island. And it was Charlie, singing his ass off

According to Phil Kaufman

Although Phil Kaufman lived with Charles Manson and his followers for only two months in the Spring of 1968, evidence indicates he maintained a steady, businesslike relationship with them in the years that followed. Certainly Kaufman was one of the main advocates of Manson's music and, in fact, claimed to have "discovered" Manson and his talent while imprisoned on drug charges* at Terminal Island Federal Correctional Institute in San Pedro, Calif. It was Kaufman who, after being snubbed by all major recording firms in Hollywood, formed his own company and produced Manson's first album, *LIE*. Kaufman hoped the record would spread Manson's message to the world. But it turned out to be a financial disaster, a kind of poetic justice to those who felt Kaufman was exploiting the Tate-La Bianca murders.

Little is known of Kaufman himself other than he dabbled in various Hollywood enterprises. He once managed the Flying Burrito Brothers and did some Los Angeles road work for the Stones during their 1969 tour of the United States. He founded Joint Ventures, Inc., a non-profit USO-type operation that booked rock acts into various state prisons.

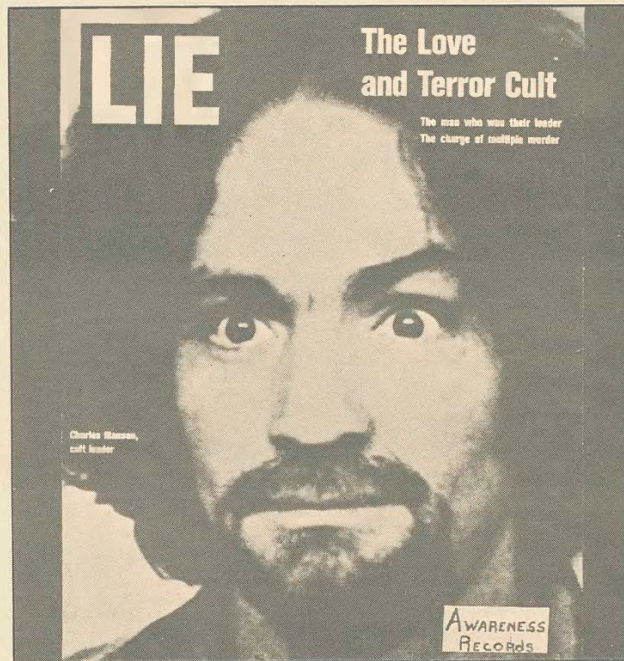
His account which follows was taken from tapes probably recorded in the early Seventies, before or about the time of Manson's first trial. Kaufman then was living in North Hollywood in an old, rambling shack set back from the road and surrounded by a padlocked wire fence and giant dogs. Maps of the time indicate the house, which occasionally served as an underground railway stop for members of Manson's family visiting the city, was located five miles directly north of Sharon Tate's Benedict Canyon home.

* * *

There was this guy playing guitar in the yard one day at Terminal Island Jail. And it was Charlie, singing his ass off. He had an old guitar with all kinds of writing on it, all kinds of songs. And the guards kept taking it away from him, saying, "If you play it in this place at this time, you are violating this rule." They had these rules so you'd continually know that you were captive.

He had done seven and a half years on a ten-year sentence for a \$15 postal check, and when he got out I sent him to these people—Gary Stromberg—to re-

*At that time in America, the private possession of certain drugs such as opiates, amphetamines, barbiturates and psychedelics, even marijuana, was considered harmful to society and was forbidden by strict felony decrees.



He's gone through thousands of dollars and things. He never keeps anything. But he expects you to do the same.

SADIE GLUTZ IS A SNITCH

cord him.

And they did record him. He went in and did three hours of tapes, and they wanted him to do some more but he just split one day. He and the girls. He had a big black bus at the time and they traveled a lot. This was in 1967.

He showed up a year later in another studio, but after he recorded, he split again and never signed anything. We tried to sell Charlie's music a long time ago but we never could get him to sit down and do it. Now, at least, we got him sitting down.

I got out of jail in March, 1968, and joined Charlie a couple of weeks later in Topanga. By that time he had gone to San Francisco and was back.

The family was pretty much the same as now except none of the same guys were there. The original girl was Mary, then Lynne. There was Patty Krenwinkel. Sandy came right after I did in '68. Sandy came with a friend of Charlie's and never went back. The friend went back alone.

There were about 12 girls. Every time Charlie saw a girl he liked, he'd tell

someone, "Get that girl." And when they brought her back, Charlie would take her out in the woods and talk to her for an hour or two. And she would never leave.

During that time, Charlie and the family mastered the art of hanging out. They did chores like collecting day-old bread from the garbage, but that was it.

One day they were at Ralph's doing the garbage thing, and the heat was there with the lights on, you know. And the heat said to them, "What you doing there?" And they answered, "We're getting dinner." And the heat said, "Whadya mean you're getting dinner?" And they answered, "This is where we shop, man."

This is the truth. The food that America throws away, they lived on. You can buy day-old bread, but you can't buy bread that's another day old. That includes cookies, chocolate cakes, doughnuts, whatever you have. They have to throw it away.

So the girls went to the garbage dump and took some old vegetables and took all this stuff home and cleaned it and

ate it. And they've lived on the garbage dumps of America, the food that America's thrown away, for years. And they're still doing it.

But much of the days of Topanga were spent hanging out. You'd spend a lot of days in a bathtub on the front lawn, just sitting there with two naked girls, with the sun beating on you, and you'd get up and turn the bathtub around, follow the sun and smoke some grass. And that was the whole fucking thing.

After awhile Charlie became too overbearing for me. You could do whatever you liked, but Charlie would do what was right. Neither of us wanted to give in. For one thing, Charlie just didn't dig outsiders. Not at all. A friend of mine came by one day and Charlie just picked up all the girls and prepared to leave. I asked him what he was doing and he gave me some snappy dialogue, so I said fuck you, I'll see you.

Now when it came time for me to split, Charlie turned to me and said, "All right, take whatever you want." And he wasn't kidding. I could have taken the bus, the motorcycle, 11 girls. That was his philosophy. The more you give, the more you get.

He's gone through thousands of dollars in cars and things and he never keeps anything. Never keeps anything. But he expects you to do the same. Charlie would go up to someone's house and knock on the door and say, "Can I have your car?" Most people are hostile at first, but he talks to them and gets them together.

Somebody gave him a brand new Mustang two years ago, and there was this woman up in Malibu who at one time was quite affluent. She had stables and a big place to run her horses. But she was unhappy because she could no longer afford these things and was going to lose them. So Charlie gave her the new car, and all the girls went up there and in one week shoveled all the horse shit, all 300 stalls worth. And they got money and paid her, they gave her bread.

Once we were going out to Venice to get a motorcycle a guy was going to give us, and we picked up two kids, a guy and a chick going to Central America. They flashed the peace sign and everything, which, incidentally, Charlie doesn't go for. He doesn't dig holding up the two fingers, just one, standing for ME, The One, all of us are one.

And Charlie asked the kids, "How much money do you have?" And they said, "Not much." And Charlie told them, "Take the car."

That night they stayed at the house, and the next day Charlie asked them again, "How much money do you have?" And they replied, "About \$20." And he said, "How are you going to drive the car to Central America on \$20? I'll tell

—Continued from Preceding Page
you what I'll do. I'll give you \$50 for your car." So they sold him back his car for \$50 and hitched to Central America.

That was the same car he later gave to the landlady of this house we were all living in, in Topanga. We had fixed up the house and everybody had a hand in it. One day the landlady came over and just freaked out. She yelled, "Man, what are you doing to my house?" and all that shit. In five minutes she was on the floor, and the girls were peeling grapes for her and Charlie was singing her songs. And she said, "That's a nice stereo you have there," and when she got in the car she had the stereo. And all the records. This happened in April, '68.

Once George Spahn was at the ranch, man, he needed bread. They gave him \$8000 to pay his back taxes, else it would have been snatched from under him. Charlie never keeps anything, that's the thing. Motorcycles, televisions, never keep anything. I mean, he just keeps it till somebody wants it.

The most shaken I've ever seen Charlie was when they said he couldn't defend himself. It was like they tricked him, they wanted to shut him up. It was a well-calculated plan. They not only gave him a public defender, but they gave him one of the best, which is bullshit. They're afraid to hear Charlie talk. He wants justice, he wants to be heard. But justice and the law are not the same thing.

Twice they took Mary's child away. They took Sadie's and they took Linda Kasabian's. Now they're going to give back Linda's and drop all charges against her.

They took Linda to a Chinese dinner. The assistant district attorney took her out of jail last week, took her to the scene of the two alleged crimes and on the way back bought her a Chinese dinner in a restaurant. They're dropping the charges if she gives them information.

Charlie and I have never discussed the case, but I don't think he did it. I don't think the killers are still at large, but I don't think he was in on it.

They say he beat the girls at the ranch. He never beat the girls, that's all in the cops' heads. They don't dig somebody having a good time.

They say he went in and tied up the people at the La Bianca house. That doesn't sound like Charlie. If something like that happened, I don't think he'd like to be present for it.

If Charlie were a murderer, he would have done a lot better job than these people who did the Tate thing. It wasn't done right. It was a straight dumb senseless murder. That's why I don't think he was in on it.

Charlie never took any dope till he got out of prison, and it completely changed his head. He got himself together in jail, and when he got out, he began practicing it. He is powerful, he is together, and he has a direction. And young people who don't dig the Establishment but don't have an alternative would dig him. He's so together with himself that he projects that. There are no doubts when he talks. He lets you know it, he believes it, and he's practicing it.

Charlie's not going to argue points of law, and that's going to fuck up the court. All the witnesses, all the girls in the family, their value structure is so different from those prosecuting them, that when the prosecution starts asking them about apples, they're going to be answering bananas. When they answer a question, you're not going to be able to tell what the hell they're talking about. Their frame of reference is so esoteric that only they know what they're talking about.

I don't think there are 12 people in the world where Charlie couldn't get to somebody. I don't think there are 12 people in the world who could convict Charles Manson, if Charles Manson is talking for himself.

But it's not getting out of jail that is important to Charlie. It's just taking care of the business that is at hand.

Once when Charlie was walking across the yard at Terminal Island, this cop came up to him and said, "Manson, you ain't never gonna get out of here." And Charlie looked at him and said, "Out of where, man?"

And that wasn't jive, he meant that. Because Charlie lives every minute of his life, wherever it is, whether it's in solitary or if he's bulling 87 girls, or eating garbage. That's living. That's life. That's how it's going at that time.

According to Gary Stromberg

How Gary Stromberg came to know Phil Kaufman is not entirely clear, but that they were close friends for years has been verified by many sources. Stromberg, like Kaufman, was devoted to Manson's music, but he also, perhaps even more than Kaufman, was devoted to Manson's teachings and personal magnetism. Unlike Kaufman, however, Stromberg never actually became a follower of Manson, which probably accounts for the brief, spotty nature of the history he left us. Stromberg and Manson spent most of their time together at Universal Studios in North Hollywood, a huge television film factory that specialized in sightseeing tours. Stromberg worked there for a while as a young film director, later became a publicist with Public Relations Associates in Hollywood. While he was at Universal, Stromberg arranged Manson's

puffs. Someone had given them a case of cream puffs and every day that's what they existed on. We would all sit in the bus and listen to records or he would play. And we'd eat cream puffs.

The thing that really attracted me to Charlie was that I was working on a story at Universal for a film that took the premise that if Jesus came back today, in this country and this climate and current situation, that he most likely would or very well could have been a black man. We were going to construct a story about Christ returning as a black man in the South today. Naturally the white Christians would have been the Romans.

Charlie is very Christ-like and has a Christ-like philosophy. And he was technical advisor on what Christ's positions would have been relative to certain things. He got very into it because he liked the idea of being an authority on Christ. He has a very sophisticated knowledge of Biblical things. He doesn't read but he seemed well read. And we

Christ story, he demonstrated the submission thing. He turned to Lynne and said, "Lynne, come here and kiss my feet"; and she got down on her knees and kissed his feet and sat down. And then he said, "Now I will kiss yours," and he did. There was never any explanation or questioning. They just did it. They were so open and trusting.

Charlie had a tremendous feel for people and understanding of how they react. I think it's that street sense, from dealing with people in jail, being a fugitive and a criminal and living by his wits.

One day he was with a crowd of people on the beach, and he was rapping about how material possessions were evil. And one man in the crowd became angry and said to him, "You're full of shit! Here you say you don't need material possessions, yet you have this big fantastic bus." And Charlie replied, "Do you want the bus, man?" and the man said, "Yeah, I want the bus." And Charlie gave him the keys, saying, "Here, take it, I don't need the bus."

Hours later the man returned and told Charlie, "I don't really want your bus. I just wanted to see what you would do." And he returned the bus.

At another time, during the recording session, Charlie suddenly told a company executive, "You know what? The way out of a room is not through the door, partner." The executive was startled and asked him to repeat his words.

And Charlie said again, "The way out of a room is not through the door, because then you just go into another room, which leads into another room, which leads into a bigger room, and you're still inside your cave, man."

"You're still inside your cave," repeated the executive, not understanding the message. And Charlie explained, "Yeah, that's not the way out. The way out is to be willing to give it all up and love every bit of it as being perfect."

But the executive still was puzzled, saying, "You think that's important, huh? I want to get closer to it. I want to groove. I feel the vibrations."

To which Charlie replied sharply, "Yeah, you feel this. You feel your conditioning coming on. I'll tell you exactly what you feel. You've assumed the beingness of a social worker."

The executive became tense and defensive upon hearing this and said, "No, I'm the furthest thing from a social worker. But you see, to me all things are beautiful also. But when you said four walls and solitary confinement is beautiful, it was hard for me to groove with that for a minute."

Then Charlie, realizing that the man was ill at ease, comforted him with these words: "I believe you. I believe anything. You never can lie to me. You're perfect, you can never do any wrong. No mistakes. Each song I've been doing is just one mistake after another. I just take the mistake and groove on it and it becomes something else. And I keep making the same mistake until it becomes another thing."

When those in the studio heard these teachings, they were truly amazed and later told others what had happened.

According to Lance Fairweather

The true identity of Lance Fairweather has puzzled Mansonist scholars for years and probably never will be revealed. Apparently the man valued his anonymity as much as his life, for reasons that will become obvious from the following account. We do know that he was some kind of producer in Hollywood and an intimate friend of Beach Boy Dennis Wilson, producer Terry Melcher and, of course, Charles Manson. In fact, he is said to have met Manson while living at Wilson's extravagant Pacific Palisades home in early 1968. Like Phil Kaufman and Gary Stromberg—neither of whom he knew—Fairweather was a devotee of Manson's music, but he felt that Manson should first be introduced to the public by a documentary film before his music could be accepted. For this reason he brought Melcher to the Spahn movie ranch in the summer of 1969.

After the Tate-La Bianca murders and the arrest of Manson, Fairweather sold

—Continued on Next Page



He is your brother—and we are him. He's shown us the door to the love within each one of us—and now we are all keys. It's in you. Pass it on.



The family? Shucks—I fell in love with Bob. Bob was already in love with ~~that~~ Gwendolyn. In the meantime I fell in love with Paul. Paul was in love with Brenda and Snake and... ~~that~~ you see ~~Charlie~~ fell in love with ~~no wait a minute~~ Bruce fell in love with Sue. Sue fell in love with Clem. Clem was in love with...

Charlie was in love with all of us before he even met us. It's simple really—we're in love—so why choose one when there's only one? There's only one Man—one woman.

first recording session. The three-hour session proved to be an embarrassing failure even by the crude recording standards of those days. Manson was unable to understand the demands of the recording engineers, and the recording engineers were unable to understand Manson in any way whatsoever. At one point, it is said, Manson told Stromberg, "I ain't used to a lot of people." To which Stromberg replied, "And a lot of people ain't used to you."

Now when Charlie was paroled, he knew no one in the vicinity and he wanted to get into show business. So Phil told him I was in films and sent him to see me. He's a charming guy, he really had a charisma.

He used to come over two or three times a week in a bus which he had painted white. And he had painted HOLLYWOOD FILM COMPANY across the side so nobody would bother him. And inside it was really trippy. He had an icebox and a stereo system and a floating coffee table suspended from the ceiling. The only food they had was cream

would bounce things off Charlie in developing the story.

The movie was never made. Universal hated it, despised it.

I never saw anything that would indicate Charlie had racist feelings. He had this whole thing about submission. He felt the only way to totally free yourself was to totally submit, and the freest person in this country was the black slave. He was in a submissive position, and if he could totally submit he would free himself. When the master whipped him, if he could love that master and love that whip, who was the master whipping? But he used to get uptight because he felt the black man in this country was after the white man's ego. And he felt that was getting him nowhere.

When I first met him at Universal, I was taken aback by Charlie. He came in barefoot with his guitar and four girls and made himself at home. And it was amazing the respect these girls had for Charlie. They just lived and breathed by him.

Once when we were working on the

BOOK FIVE

—Continued from Preceding Page
his house and moved his family to a secret location in the San Fernando Valley. Both Wilson and Melcher moved and Melcher bought a gun and hired a fulltime bodyguard. These fearful actions may seem baffling, if not amusing, to Mansonists today; but one must consider the prevailing attitudes toward life and death that existed in those times.

There have been many dancers in this world that I have seen, but no one ever danced like Charlie. When Charlie danced, everyone else left the floor. He was like fire, a raw explosion, a mechanical toy that suddenly went crazy.

Charlie was certainly a fascinating cat. He represented a freedom that everybody liked to see. That is why we wanted to document him. He really was an active revolutionary of the time in that area. Like Castro in the hills before he overthrew the government. Charlie advocated the overthrow of the government, and the police force and everything. He thought it was all wrong, it was as simple as that. He wanted to do more than talk about it, but like so many revolutionaries, he really had no solution. And he didn't have the patience to really wait. Had he waited, he could have had so much more effect with his music. I would say to him, "Charlie, you can do so much more with your music and with film than you can ever fucking do running around in a bus with your girls and preaching the stuff."

And then in January or February of 1969, eight or nine months after I met him, we started recording him. Charlie was living at the ranch at that time, and Dennis and I fooled around recording him over at Brian Wilson's house. As you know, Brian has this studio in his house. But Charlie couldn't make it with those people. They're too stiff for him.

And Charlie always said, he just asked one thing, he said to me, "I don't care what you do with the music. Just don't let anybody change any of the lyrics." That was one of his big beefs with Dennis. Dennis had taken some of his songs and changed the lyrics around, which really infuriated him. Charlie had a big thing about the meaning of words that came out of your mouth. That is to say, to him all that a man is is what he says he is; so those words better be true. If Charlie said he would be someplace at 4 o'clock, he would be, even if he had to walk. And it used to infuriate him that Dennis would forget what he promised immediately. So Charlie and Dennis never got along that well.

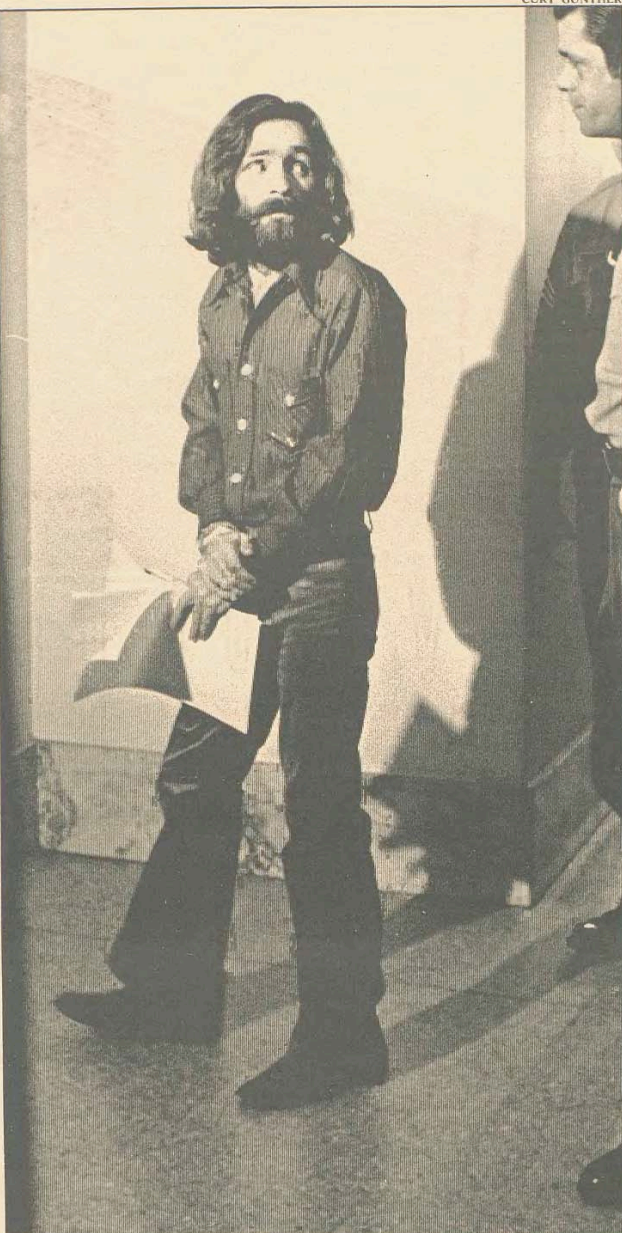
One day Charlie gave me a .45 slug to give to Dennis, saying, "Tell Dennis I got one more for him." Charlie was really bugged with him because Dennis ran off at the mouth so much.

Sometime later I started recording Charlie at a little studio here called Wilder Studio. And the owner, George Wilder, was leery of Charlie because he knew Charlie was an ex-con, and because Charlie to a straight person is sort of a wild looking guy—his eyes, his hair, his movements and everything. So he was a little leery of Charlie and he kept bugging me, saying, "Listen, this guy is an ex-con. I don't know what he's going to do. He might flip out or beat me up or something. And what about my money?"

So Charlie turned to him and said, "Aw, don't worry about your money. You can have all these guitars." And Wilder, dumbfounded, said, "Wait a minute. What does he mean I can have all these guitars?" It really blew his mind. Charlie just walked out, saying, "You can have 'em, man." He was bugged. He left him two or three amplifiers, two electric guitars, an acoustic guitar and some other instruments.

Here is one thing to remember about Charlie's attitude toward giving: Everything Charlie gave away he eventually got back. Only more so. At the ranch one day he demonstrated this attitude by casting a handful of gravel into the air. When the pebbles landed, he reached down and began gathering them up one by one, saying, "You pick up what you want—here, and here, and here."

I wanted Terry Melcher to meet Charlie and make this film of him. If we could sell the man, his music would emerge, so I wanted some backing for



Dancing like fire, a raw explosion, a mechanical toy that suddenly went crazy

the film. I used to think of Charlie almost as a missionary who would take his people out and start communities.

In fact, one thing that locked me into Charlie and made me think he was really a humanitarian was his great compassion for young girls on their way to San Francisco and the Haight. He wanted to stop them because he knew what the Haight had turned into and that these naive, dumb, wide-eyed girls would be hopelessly lost in that jungle. He said they would be beaten up by the niggers, they'd be raped, they'd go on to speed and so on. And he wanted to put a song out, telling them, "Don't go to the Haight, come to me." And that made sense to me.

And Terry was impressed the first time he went to the ranch. But the second time he was a little leery of Charlie and didn't want to follow up the idea any more. Maybe it was the Randy Starr thing that scared him.

See, the second time at the ranch Terry and I and Charlie were sitting down by the stream, and Charlie was singing. And Randy Starr, this old Hollywood stuntman, was drunk and goofing off and waving his gun around. And Charlie yelled, "Don't draw on me, motherfucker!" and went over and beat the shit out of him right in front of us.

But it was in the spring of 1969 that Charlie really changed radically from what he had been the former year. He started collecting material things, accumulating motorcycles and desert vehicles and even weapons. He kept saying, "I got some great guns," and I'd say,

"What is this shit? I don't even want to hear about it." He used to say he needed money to go to the desert, he needed supplies, he wanted ropes to go down into these holes in the desert. He really believed there was an underground people living out there. That was Charlie's dream—to go underground, really live underground, to wait for the revolution.

He believed there would be an open revolution in the streets, the black man against the white man. He said the only people who survive will be the ones who get out of here and go into the desert. He said the black man doesn't want to go out in the desert in the hot sun; that's where he's been all of his life. He wants to be in the shade, in the city. He believed he would be continuing the race out there, because most of the race would die, as in Revelations 9.

And he believed that the Beatles were the spokesmen; Helter Skelter became a symbol. He believed they were singing about the same thing he already knew about. He believed they were all tuned in together. He thought he would meet the Beatles, he even sent some telegrams. This philosophy developed in the last year.

The last few times I saw Charlie, he was like a wild animal. I wasn't frightened, but I could just see it. It was like walking alongside a wild animal, his eyes . . . He wasn't handling the city at all. He said to me, "I gotta get out of here." And I said, "Go to the desert, man. That's where you belong."

After the Tate thing, he came to my house in the middle of the night a few times. It was as if you took an animal from its element. He was always looking around—like a wild person.

The police were looking for him. Also, he supposedly shot a spade in the stomach in Topanga. A friend called me up and said, "You know that crazy guy Charlie? He shot some spade in the stomach, then took his jacket, bent over, kissed his feet and said, 'I love you, brother.'" And I said, "That sounds like Charlie, all right."

None of this was reported to the police. This guy was a dealer, a big syndicate dealer, a real out and out criminal dealer who dealt everything. So these people wouldn't report it to the police; they just take care of it themselves. Charlie figured these people would be after him immediately. The spade lived, incidentally. This was early in the summer of '69, when Charlie was collecting weapons and hanging out with the motorcycle people.

Charlie had a big Negro thing. His color philosophy was that the black man was the last race to evolve and he was going to take whitey's place. And whitey was going to move up to a more spiritual level. The black man was here mainly to take care of the white man—the police department, the President would be a Negro, everything down to the waiters. They were really totally to serve the white man. Charlie said this is because they are stronger physically and more clever than we are, and they even have more love. They would enjoy to do that.

But he's completely against intermarriage. His philosophy here was a mind blower, too. In fact, when I heard it, I fucking broke out laughing. Charlie said you have to be very careful about selecting your mate, because you'd be making love to yourself. And then he jumped to a reincarnation level where you'd be making love to your own children. He believed in a master race philosophy, that you have to improve the race.

I don't think he's sane. He's a danger to society. He represents a danger to life. Charlie himself has no fear of death. I've seen him do some wild things.

He used to love to get me into the car and drive 100 miles an hour on Sunset in Dennis' Ferrari or in his dune buggy. And I'd just sit there. And finally he'd get the idea that I wasn't digging it but would put up with it, so he'd slow down and drive very slowly, 10 miles an hour.

One night, around midnight, Charlie came by the house when my wife was alone with the children. And he wanted to come inside and take a shower. She was frightened by him and refused to let him in. At this, Charlie went into a rage, shaking his fist and shouting, "If you weren't his wife, I'd beat your face in!" And she knew he meant it.

I think like most schizoids or insane people he walks a very thin line, and when he does walk over the line, he explodes momentarily and then he comes back in. He can get set off, but normally he walks the line all right.

Charlie used to say, "What would you do if I put a gun to your head and made you come and live in the desert with me?" And I'd say, "If you put a gun to my head, the worst you could do would be to kill me; and I'd just go with you till I could escape."

Charlie was always recruiting. He had the girls, and he was always looking for strong guys because all he ever got was young guys.

I'm sure that if that thing hadn't happened in August, maybe in a year or two we would hear about a whole town, like Lone Pine, being taken over by a tribe of people. Because he wasn't kidding. He had machine guns and walkie-talkies and dugouts. He really wanted to build a fortress up there.

During the past year I asked myself many times, "What made Charlie change? What was the main cause?" And one thought kept recurring: If *Abbey Road* had come out sooner, maybe there wouldn't have been a murder.

That's far out, I know. But *Sgt. Pepper* was such a happy album, such a happy, acid trip, and it made Charlie very happy. And then the white double album was such a down album. I know it affected Charlie deeply. And then *Abbey Road* was another happy one.

And I just can't help thinking: If *Abbey Road* had come out sooner, maybe Sharon Tate would be alive today.

THE MEMPHIS SOUND

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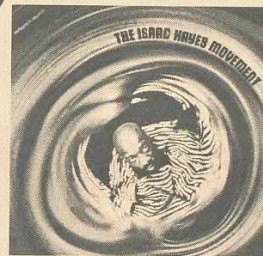
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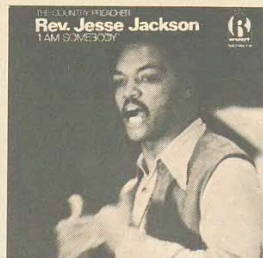
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BOOK SIX

IN THE LAND of the MINDLESS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID DALTON

Spahn Ranch →

"My friends don't drive. They don't have licenses or identification. They live at the side of the road, they don't have an address. The deputies call them odd looking people, but they're my brothers."

—Charles Manson to Judge William B. Keene.

The Spahn Movie Ranch tilts back from Santa Susana Pass Road as if it had been washed ashore by the primeval ocean that once covered most of Southern California. Tire-less farm trucks, grill-less, chrome-gilled autos rot in the late afternoon sun like dead beached whales. Here and there, piles of mechanical driftwood, rusty pipe and wire and parts of unknown furniture, hint at forgotten projects never finished. "I just sit here and watch the movies come and go," says Squeaky, resting on an old crate in front of the Longhorn Saloon. The movies she watches, of course, are a more cosmic variety. Life as seen in the road show version.

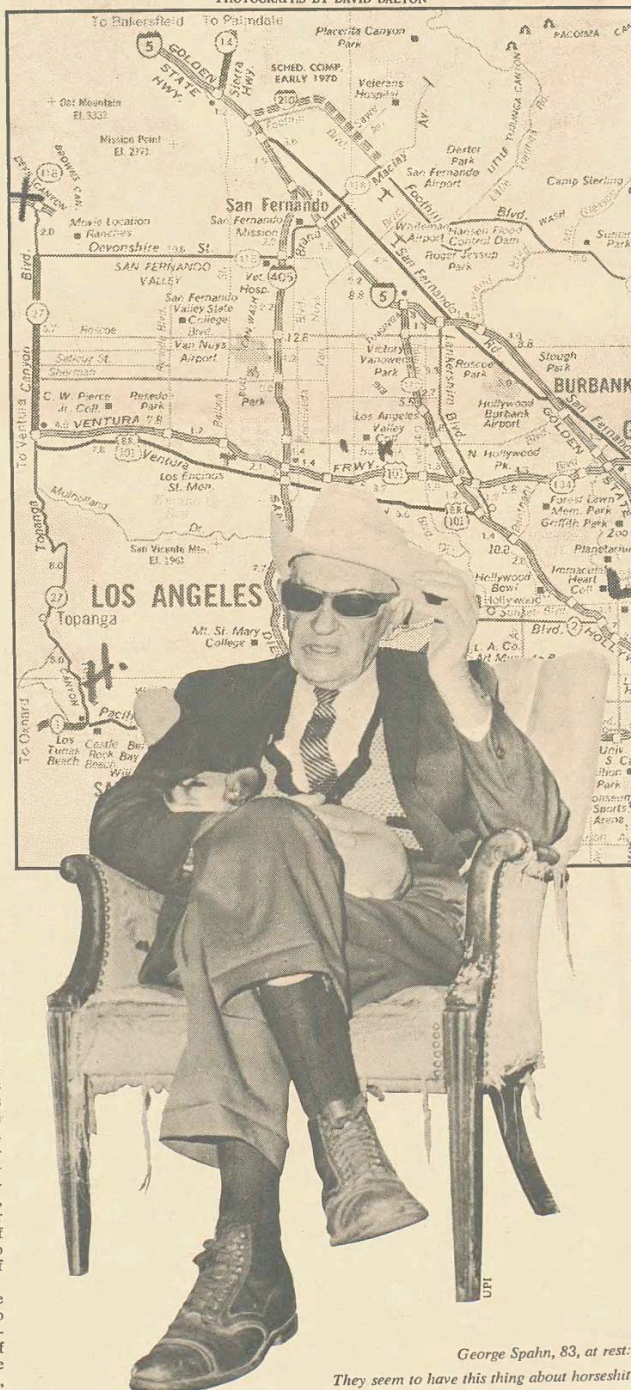
It's been some time since the last Hollywood filmmaker left the ranch, another Grade B quickie under his belt, and the Longhorn Saloon now entertains only a shiftless crowd of broken-down stoves and refrigerators inside its boarded doors.

The saloon, the entire warped frontier boardwalk, appears absurdly small and two-dimensional from the dirt road 20 yards away. It is a village for cartoon people.

Behind the boardwalk, maybe another 20 yards back, the land drops down to a shady riverbed. The greenness of its riverbank oak is matched only by the few puddly remnants of last month's creek. Beyond the river lie the hills, a surreal assortment of odd rock formations, twisted paths and treacherous midget cliffs where some of Hollywood's earliest and finest were ambushed—Tom Mix, Hopalong Cassidy, the Cisco Kid.

The stench of horse manure is everywhere at the Spahn ranch, mainly because the horse manure itself is everywhere—on the dirt of the parking area, on the paths, on the grass, on your shoes. The rugged young members of Charlie's family, of course, have no shoes, nor do they have a sense of stench.

For some reason they seem to have this thing about horseshit. They love to run through it in their bare feet, especially in the corrals at the east end of the ranch where the stuff covers the ground several inches deep—a warm,



George Spahn, 83, at rest:

They seem to have this thing about horseshit

steaming, wall-to-wall carpet of horseshit. Shoveling horseshit is one of the few chores the family really gets into in an organized way, shoveling horseshit and searching for garbage. They've shoveled it in Malibu, in Topanga Canyon, and at the ranch, sometimes working in shifts to pay the rent. And at the ranch, you know where they dump it? That shady green creekbed behind the saloon.

Not exactly the magic of Hollywood, but there is a kind of magic here nonetheless—a sense of intimacy with the universe. Lazy afternoon cosmic buzz. Motion slowed to the beat of natural change. Kevin and Marc sleeping on an understuffed Thirties sofa, posting guard outside the hollow fake jail with its bars of wood.

Actually, there are a couple of celebrity types still kicking 'round these parts, come to think of it. Show people, you know. There's Pearl, George Spahn's sweetheart, she used to be in the circus.

And there's old Randy Starr, Hollywood stuntman and friend of the famous, he lives here. Right now he's getting himself together, sorting out gear in the back of his black Cadillac. You can tell he's been around. His name is printed in gold on the outside of the car.

"I'm goin' on location, see," he drawls. "Got this movie coming up, *Reverse of the Magnificent Seven*. See, these guys take over the town. . . . Then I come along, I'm the lead heavy. They always get me to play the heavy."

And you can see why—the thin mustache, a face creased and pitted from a lifetime of biting dust. In person, though, his grisly features, his huge nose and sad eyes give him a friendly, even humorous look. He resembles an elderly Ringo when he grins.

"But in the end, see, I wipe out nine of 'em before they get me," he says with outlaw pride.

Randy straps on his chaps, branded with images of guns and horseshoes, and ties down his reinforced steel holster "that all them quick-draw guys use." From his briefcase he pulls a newspaper clipping, "Rodeo Rider to Appear at Fete," an old monster magazine showing Randy pursued by an amorphous blob called the Creeping Terror, and some snapshots.

"Here's a piccher of me when I was really ripped," he recalls wistfully. "That was my birthday last year. Boy, was I ever in my reincarnation then. Whew, I'm telling you!"

Randy has been in about a hundred

Squeaky: She thought it looked like the choicest cop beat in Los Angeles

rodeos. One of his favorite acts is hanging himself, actually jumping off a platform and hanging himself with a rope around his neck. He says it's a real crowd pleaser, especially since he doesn't use a protective harness or any of that other sissy stuff.

Then there's the neck drag act. Randy calls it the Death Drag. It's like the hanging act only instead of jumping off a platform, he ties the other end of the rope to a horse and lets it drag him around the ground for a spell. "Just plain stupidity, I keep doin' it," he admits with a sheepish drawl.

"I played a rock and roll star one time in this nudie cutie movie called *The Invisible Man*. I take this tab of acid, see, and they show me gettin' on this aeroplane. I get up in this plane, and they get shots of me makin' it with these girls, havin' an orgy, kind of. Then the plane crashes and I get reincarnated into this gardener in a girls' college.

"And these girls, see, they sit around chantin', tryin' to bring me back in my other reincarnation as a rock star. They're chantin', and at the end, this picture of me comes on and I'm gone."

Clem Tufts lopes over to offer an alternative ending: "You coulda been the sun and like exploded into a thousand trillion billion pieces, KA-POW!" Clem falls about, miming the primal void collecting itself, "like a zillion tiny molecules, man, swirling about in space. And they you could've like come together, like all these atoms in a spiral, and then ... you could've become the sun again," and he crashes blissfully into the fin of the Cadillac like an off-course binary star.

Nearby, the horses, of which there are dozens and dozens—two corrals full—take in the scene, digest it without reaction. A silent order of stoic witnesses, they have seen everything that has happened at the ranch for years. All the answers to all the terrible rumors and questions about this place, all the missing pieces, they have seen first hand.

Do they understand? What must they think of this strange family of children that moved in on them two years ago? What must they think of Clem, the midnight dancer, the grinning blond boy with infantile eyes who spends his days in endless dry fucking—clutching the simply clothed hips of ever-ready sisters—and his nights in solo flights, prancing under the moonlight and hooting his animal songs? Clem claims he can talk



to the horses. What has he told them?

The horses are the ranch's true family; it's really their ranch. They provide George Spahn's only source of income. For \$3 an hour they carry renting weekend riders over trails that wind through an infinite bill of private Westerns.

But in recent months the horses have noticed a new crop of visitors, day-tripping tourists come to have their pictures taken in front of an old wagon with a sign above it reading SPAHN'S MOVIE RANCH. Postcards of the hanging, a souvenir piece of the Devil's coat. Is this where that bastard really lived? Are those the kids he's ruined, hypnotizing them into taking marijuana and having premarital sex with him?

Their righteousness gives them courage. Onward, Christian soldiers. They don't just slow down, they actually stop their cars! Gray-haired, middle-aged couples actually stopping and getting out, grabbing their snapshots with instamatic boldness, then splitting. A new adventure bagged, another conversation piece when the television's over.

Around a hilltop water tower a mile away, a jeep with a citizens' band radio slowly circles, checking out another "false alarm." "This is the choicest cop beat in L.A.," says Squeaky. "I bet they cast lots for it."

A bunch of bikers come screaming down the road. "Hoorah for Charlie!" they shout and zoom away.

The sun is starting to set now, robbing things of their color. The green and brown brush-covered hills pale to blue-gray, eventually to black. Because of the hills that surround the ranch, the sun rises later and sets earlier than it does for the rest of Los Angeles. The days are shorter for the family, the time less marked.

In the twilight, the tribe gathers for a council meeting on the steps of one of the shabbier shacks at the ranch, located at the extreme west end, apparently used as makeshift sleeping quarters for temporary hired hands. There is no light inside, the electricity having been disconnected from the ranch long ago, and no plumbing. A broken picket fence leads to an outhouse where an amateur arrangement of pipes that once drained into the river has since stopped up.

Where there used to be a formal front door, a huge sign from a hot dog stand now keeps out the cold evening breezes, which already have started to whip up from the riverbed.

— Continued on Page 45

BOOK SIX



The inhabitant & inheritors on-site (including, top of the opposite page, the movie set from behind): Above is Pearl. Below & adjacent, Randy Starr, specialist in neckdrags, horsefalls & death drags. The dude with the chipped tooth is Clem.

Randy Starr

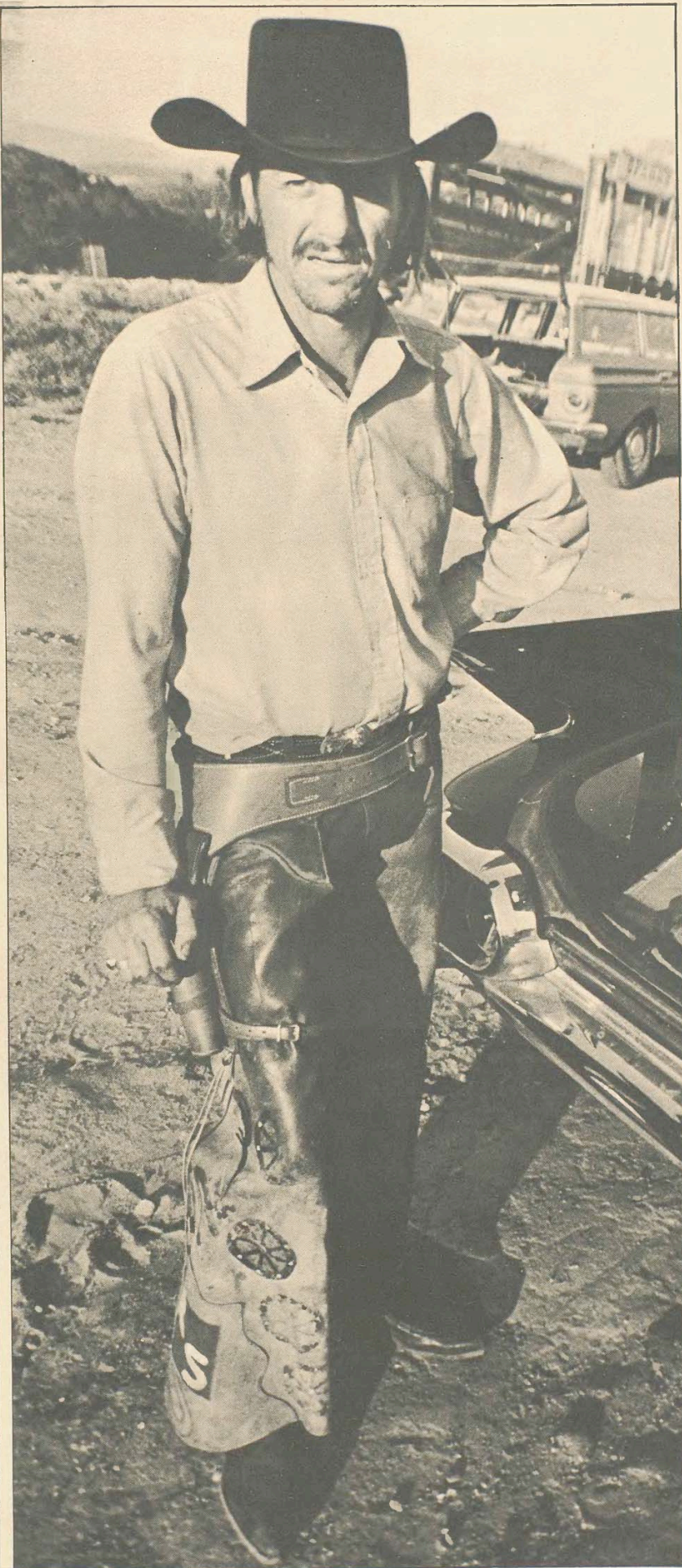
Hollywood Stuntmen

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ANTHONY HEDGECOCK
VOICERALS
DEATH DRAGS





—Continued from Page 43

The council of elders has assembled, and Gypsy—eldest and earthiest of the women—rises to speak.

"God is all experience, God is love, love is everything and everything is nothing, because it all comes from nothing and goes back to nothing," intones Gypsy as if it was the text from which tonight's sermon will be taken.

"The reality is what is happening to this planet. We can close our eyes to it, sleep through it and watch it die. We can play all the games, put on a suit and tie and become part of the lie. Or we can stand off from it and do what is natural and good, as trees do, as fruit does, as the grass does—as animals, not as civilized, machine-made plastic people.

"They try to stop you because you are jeopardizing their way of life. Because they depend on the machine, they are machines themselves. And the two can't live together very long. The machine has just about done in all the plant life, there's hardly any good clean earth anymore. It's two strong forces—one is the negative and one is the positive—and they're destroying each other."

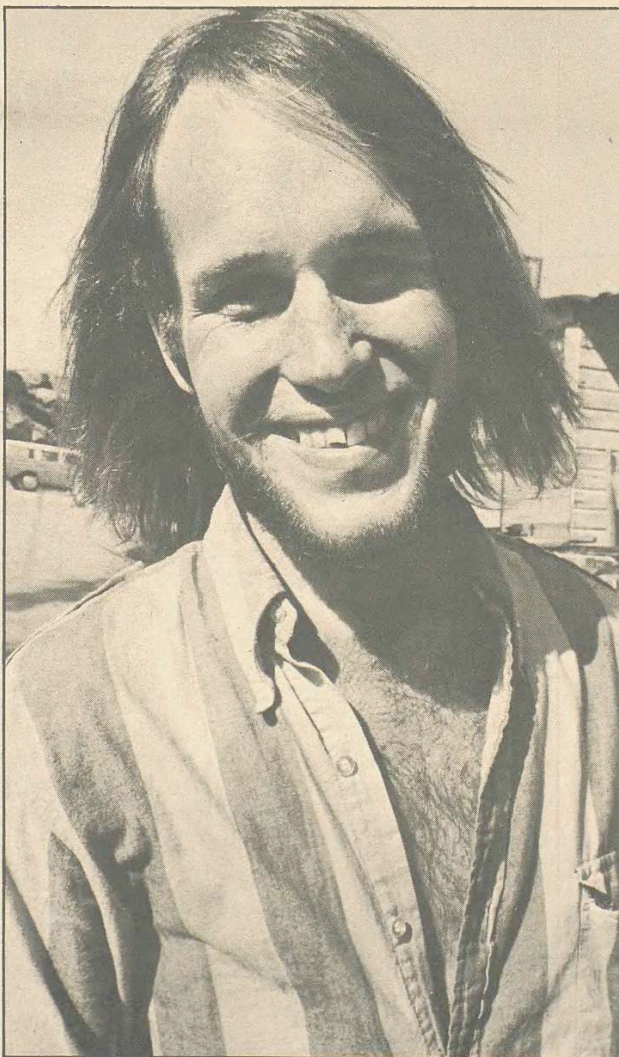
The words come from Gypsy's mouth, but it is Charlie who is speaking. The phrases, the ideas, the rhymes, the gestures, are exactly the same, as if Gypsy's own identity had been erased. Gypsy, also known as Charlie, also known as Squeaky, also known as Clem, also known as Sandy . . . the frightening list includes them all. A dozen or so little Charlie Mansons are living at that ranch right now! And who knows how many are not living at that ranch?

"Charlie is the only person I've ever met who just tells you the truth and doesn't even understand someone having bad feelings about it," continues Gypsy. "It's hard to live with a person who tells the truth all the time. Why? Because lots of time we don't want to hear the truth.

"Charlie knows the truth because he knows nothing. He knows the power of an empty head.

"Charlie taught us that instead of dying slowly and treacherously—aging—you can speed up the process and do it in your mind. Because you're right at the point of life and death all the time. Every time you're totally willing to die, it brings you right back into living. The point of death is rebirth.

"In order to love someone, you have to be willing to die for them. I'd do it. I'd give up my life for you. That's what Charlie's doing. He's giving his life for



the whole world!"

The others nod in affirmation. Amen, brothers. For God so loved the world he gave his only begotten Charlie. They already know all the words to this sermon. They all know all the words to all the sermons. It's just Gypsy's turn tonight. Tell us about the paranoia, Gypsy. Tell us about the rabbits, George. No, no, tell us about the vision, the vision of the desert. Yeah, the desert, and the part about the Beatles.

"In the desert you can forget your mind completely," begins Gypsy. "When we were in the desert, we learned to sit on rocks all day like coyotes. We got so we reduced all our wants, we found out we could live on very little because we had to.

"The desert is heaven. The rocks are pink and mint green and baby blue. There are cactus pears and cactus apples and berries you can eat, and little leaves rolled up like cigarettes you can smoke, and rivers that run away from the ocean that are always warm, and blind fish that swim there.

"There's a whole part of Death Valley that's a pine forest that nobody knows about. Everything hides under its opposite, you know. It's really paradise, and it's an old legend, an old dream.

"The desert is the perfect place because no one else wants it. If you go to the forest or into the mountains, someone is going to come along and want what you've got. Nobody wants the desert, so that's the last place they will come.

"We are going to make another pilgrimage. We know we will be the last people. When we see L.A. in flames, then we'll split for the desert. Everything is there that we need. You know that part in the Bible:

Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death

I will fear no evil: for thou art with me and maketh me to lie down in green pastures, and leadeth me beside the still waters.

"There are these old legends among the Indians that when the Spanish came, that's where Montezuma went, Eldorado. There are Indian tribes that they followed into Death Valley that were never found because they went down to the center of the earth through this passage.

"The lowest part of the earth is in Death Valley. There have been these

—Continued on Next Page

BOOK SIX

—Continued from Preceding Page

gigantic explosions there. A whole mountain will fly off and leave this giant hole. The Fault runs right through Death Valley, and in the last time, there will be an earthquake that will open up the earth for all those who love.

"There is this pool in Death Valley which goes down to the center of the earth, where the aware live forever. They sent divers down this pool to find out what it was, and they never came back. Now the government has put a wire fence around it.

"There will be a door of water that will open up for us to enter. You know the Beatles song, 'Glass Onion'? Well, the glass onion is the door of water, and the 'hole in the ocean' is the pool in Death Valley."

Suddenly a loud shriek interrupts the sermon. Something has just shot out of the shack, hit Marc on the shoulder and bounced a good 10 feet into the darkness. It is a cat. The whole thing happens so fast, in such a cartoon fashion, that the council breaks up for a moment, laughing and shouting a chorus of wows and pshews.

"Wow!" is the way Clem puts it. "A cat! Pshew!" Clem really knows how to tell a story. Meanwhile, what was Gypsy saying about the Beatles?

"The dream can be real when you see it, and when you live it. And that's what the Beatles are singing about. They're singing it's all a dream, life passes by on a screen. They're singing it, but they're still asleep singing it. They haven't woken up to the fact that what they're singing about is more than a song. They could be living it.

"They have the power—and this is directed to them—if they would realize how much they're the ones, then just the point of their finger could send 144,000 people back to the desert. They could point to Charlie and say, 'This is the man who's saying what we're saying. Let's all get together on it.'

"They had the power to make everyone love each other. When Sgt. Pepper came out there was so much love—everyone in the street and in the parks loving and hugging each other. There was no end to it.

"Then all of a sudden people stopped taking acid. Everyone went back to the plastic city, went back to their jobs, went back to their wives. Their egos got fat again. We were the only people who stuck with it.

"Give up everything and follow me," Christ said, and we have given up a lot to follow our dream. There are other communes, but everyone has their old lady and their old man. It's just the same old song in different costumes.



"There are no couples here. We are all just one woman and one man. 'All you need is love.' We were the only ones gullible enough to take the Beatles seriously. We were the only people stupid enough to believe every word of it."

When Gypsy says *stupid*, she means it in the family's positive way, like *empty-headed* or *mindless* or *innocent*.

Or does she? It's possible at times to detect faintly a darker wisdom about her, a sort of motherly cynicism; as if she, more than any of the others, understands the terrible thought that must be growing daily at the ranch—that the chances of ever being with Charlie again are not very good at all.

"What can I say to the damn Beatles?" asks Gypsy, slightly exasperated. "Just get in touch, man. This is their trial. And all the things they've been hearing—there's something happening here; they should see it by now. It's hard to see through the negative, but just tell them to call. Give them our number."

"It's not that there's anything to say except hello to your brother, and how are we going to get this thing together? Because it's coming down fast. Don't let it break you."

During these last few words of Gypsy's, everyone for some reason starts leaving the steps, quickly jumping off and standing at the side in mock formation. What is going on?

Someone—Marc or Clem—sings a fanfare, "Dum da DAH," and announces: "The king is coming!"

The king? Where? Everyone is staring at the shack. Has somebody been in there all this time? Listening? One of the hands?

It gets weirder. Now the hot dog sign starts to move, to open, revealing a vague outline in the dim candlelight from inside. What is that, a stick? Yes, a stick, followed by a hand, followed by the bent-over body of a man—an ancient man—wearing a suit, tie, stetson, gloves and large dark glasses.

Squeaky runs up the stairs, grabs his arm and chides gently, "Is Pearl still pickin' on ya, George?"

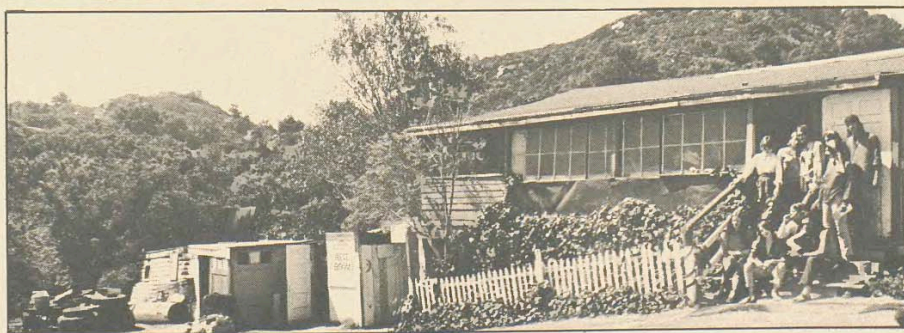
This is George Spahn. Blind George Spahn, 83 years old and dressed like a cowboy stud. And this shack, this pathetic excuse for a bunkhouse, is where he's lived in darkness all these years.

George doesn't reply to Squeaky, he doesn't say anything. No one does. Pearl is there, she takes his other arm; and together the three of them prepare to descend the palace steps.

The trip takes ages—he is so old and uncertain, like a palsied Lazarus not sure the miracle was such a hot idea. He takes the steps one at a time, testing each one first with his stick, then his left foot, his right foot, the next step, his stick, his left foot, his right foot, the next step.

And all this time no one says a word. The kids stare back and forth at each

Gypsy's message to the Beatles: 'Tell them to call. Give them our number. It's not that there's anything to say except hello to your brother, and how are we going to get this thing together? Because it's coming down fast.'



other and grin, half in respect, half in mockery. One almost expects a legendary child to dart from the gathering and yell, "Look, mom, he's naked, he's not wearing any clothes!"

When they reach the bottom of the stairs, Squeaky says goodbye, and George and Pearl trudge on to their station wagon and dinner at some Chatsworth coffee shop.

It's dinner time for the family, too. They all pile into the red and white trailer near the road and sit in a huddle at one end. The area is about seven feet square and serves as living room, dining room, bedroom and playpen for "the elf."

The elf is Sandy Good's baby, Ivan. To the family, all babies are elves. They are considered the true leaders, little gods. Their actions are sacred.

Clem will sit for hours with Ivan, flopping his head from side to side, imitating his sounds, falling on the ground and screaming when he screams, crawling, sucking bottles.

"I have an oral fixation," says Clem as he jerks off an empty coke bottle. He even gets behind Ivan's strained peaches.

One of Clem's favorite tricks with Ivan is holding him by his leg high in the air, dropping him and catching him again by the leg when his face reaches an inch above the ground. "Sometimes his legs get funny and stiff and he can't move them," Sandy explains. "But we just shake him out by the feet, and in a few days he's OK again."

All the other babies have been taken away. Sadie's kid, Zo Ze Se C Zadfrack, is in Juvenile Hall. The others were confiscated by parents, often with the help of the District Attorney. Only Crazy-legs Ivan is left to lead them into the promised land, the hole in the ocean.

After everyone finds a comfortable position on the wall-to-wall blanket in the living room—not an easy task in these cramped circumstances—the women bring on the food. The dinner is remarkable. It's really a feast, a half dozen potfuls of different preparations—steaming hot stews and crisp salads—all made from fresh garbage vegetables, plus various sauces and seasonings. Delicious.

Since there are no tables in the trailer, there's no point in having plates or silverware. The pots themselves are passed around, with serving spoons, each diner scooping out what he wants for the moment, knowing it will be passed around again. And again. For dessert the girls have baked two giant apple pies.

While eating, the family discusses one of their favorite endless subjects: how fucked up everything is.

"When we were out in the desert," recalls Marc, "the cops came down and said, 'Where's your permit for nudity?' Wow! Can you dig that? You have to

have a permit to take off your fucking clothes." The anecdote earns much gleeful laughter, even though most of the kids were presumably there when it happened.

"You even have to have a permit to make love," Marc adds. "That's what a marriage license is."

The conversation becomes kind of a show-and-tell indictment of the world. Next up—Brenda, one of the prettiest members of the family.

"You can still get put in jail for sucking someone's dick," she informs them with a childish smile. "I was in court the other day, and I wandered into this room, and I didn't know what was going on. Everyone was looking horrified, and there was this girl on the witness stand saying, 'I don't know how to say it. . . . It was awful. He made me get down and . . . and she starts crying.'"

"It turned out that this guy had asked her for a blow job. Shit, you'd think she'd been made to swallow poison. Everyone in the court was making noises—'shocking, disgusting,' etc. And it's all about sucking someone's dick, for Christ's sake."

Now it's Clem's turn. Clem really is on his own trip, or at least, he's much further advanced than the others.

"I was in jail with a bunch of Panthers," he says, "and they'd tell me it was coming down. They had this chant, 'Look out, whitey, we're coming to get you.'"

"They have this plan, and they will take over because the white man's karma is almost used up. If you read Revelations, Chapter 9, it's there. They are going to open up the bottomless pit, and the only people that will escape are the people that go to the desert. There won't be very many who make it—144,000, that's all."

So far it's the same story that all the kids in the family tell at one time or another. But now it gets to be pure Clem.

"The Beatles know about it," he continues. "At the end of Revolution 9 there's that shout, 'Block that kick! Block that dick!'"

Block that dick? Is that what he said? Block that dick?

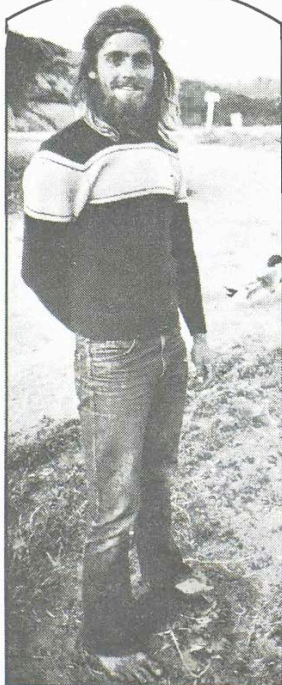
"Yeah, you know, near the end, 'Block that kick! Block that dick!'"

Somewhere in the mind's arena a crowd goes wild. The score is tied, the clock is running out. The goalie for the Tottenham Hotspurs has performed beautifully today against this visiting team of cunning Africans, but the tension mounts. Suddenly . . . Mother of God! . . . it can't be . . . a giant black phallus mushrooms out of center field . . . intercepts the ball . . . bounds toward the vaginal goal. The crowd, like a million screaming banshees, cries out, "Block that dick! Block that dick! Block that dick!"

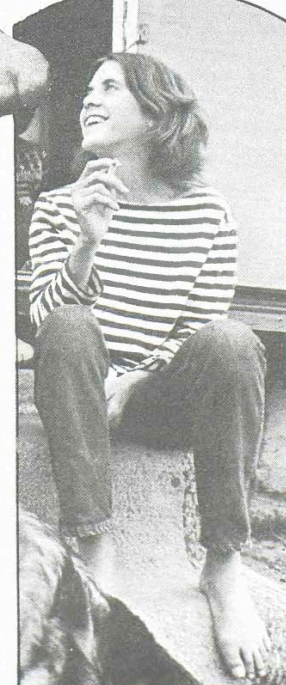
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Sandy & Ivan: Sometimes his legs get funny & stiff & he can't move them



Kevin



Brenda

BOOK SIX

—Continued from Preceding Page

But Clem has his own bizarre vision, and he's not joking.

"There are a lot of black men who want to put their pricks in white women," he continues. "For hundreds of years the white man has been saying, 'Don't touch my woman!' That's like saying, 'You want her, don't you? And so the black man finally believed it and now he's going to get it.'"

"So you have to preserve the species, you can't mix everything up. It's like robins mate with robins. How would you like everything in the world to be gray? That's what would happen if every species mated with every other species. Just a gray glob."

"If God had planned it that way, he would have made us gray to begin with."

The strangest thing about Clem's vision is that everyone else in the trailer agrees with it, nodding affirmatively throughout. That realization brings with it a vaguely unhealthy feeling, the sense that a final barrier has fallen. One can now believe almost anything about this family. Not exactly a comforting supper-time thought.

After the evening meal, the family usually gathers under Charlie's picture on the living room wall, singing his music and feeling the good love energy that flows between them. At least that's what they tell us.

But there's something different on tonight's agenda. A young man in a starched white shirt arrives, calling himself a TV producer. Apparently he has met Gypsy and Marc before, and they introduce him to the group.

"We're doing this hour-long TV special for ABC," Gypsy announces after demanding everyone's attention. "It's just going to blow everybody's mind. It'll be just us—singing, eating, being together."

The family mulls this over for a moment, then Sandy asks:

"How much are we getting for it?"

"\$50,000—minimum!" brags Marc.

"Only \$50,000?" she asks.

"That's just the *minimum*, you understand. That's the least we'll get."

Sandy's newborn business sense makes her suspicious. "Is it signed? Do we know we are getting that money?"

"Well, no," interrupts the producer, choosing his words slowly. "We haven't actually signed the contracts . . . but it's pretty much of a sure thing."

"It works this way," Gypsy explains. "He gets 50% and we get 50%. Now that's fair. After all, we are using all his equipment."

Clem begins to calculate. "So you mean . . . we would get \$25,000 of that?"

"Minimum!" says Marc.

More calculating by Clem. "Wow!" he says. "That means we could each get a dune buggy! We could get like ten of them!"

"Yeah! And we'll get them built to Bruce's design," adds Gypsy, "when he gets out of jail."

Right! Everyone lies back and savors the tasty picture. This is going to be an Apocalypse to end all Apocalypses, if you can dig that! Los Angeles in flames—cops and judges and mums and dads all turning into bacon—and each of us in our own, shiny, brand fucking new dune buggy, tooling out to Death Valley to save the white race. Far out!

What is it about these kids? For the first time in hours, maybe months, they've suddenly come alive, become enthused as a group. The talk of money and material goods has somehow struck a nerve. A passion or two has been stirred. Is this their true love energy? Whatever it is, it keeps building.

After the producer leaves, Gypsy asks to hear the tape of an interview we did with her earlier in the day. Actually, we have no choice, since she took the cassette and has refused to give it back until she censored it. That in itself seemed a little incongruous at the time.

She says she wants to hear it back to "make sure the world is ready" for what was being laid down. And, well, there were a few lines that *could* be misinterpreted, you know, like that phrase "all the people we've tortured, all the people we've killed." That refers to the whole of Western civilization, not just a personal trip. Except that it is that, too, if you understand, because

'Look,' said Sandy, 'It's quite simple. If we give away all our stories in interviews, we are going to have nothing to put in our book. . . . This is just like pouring all our good material down the drain.'



we're all one and you are me and I am you. But it could be misinterpreted.

Earlier, when Sandy first heard about the tape, there had been some hesitation in her head. A whole hour of Gypsy rapping? Who wants to listen to that? Why don't we all just write something instead, and you can pay for it?

As a matter of fact, the interview wasn't that valuable; Charlie had already said most of it. The whole matter is so petty—petty theft versus petty jealousy.

Anyway, the tape starts and Sandy strides coldly into the main bedroom at the other end of the trailer. But she keeps the door open.

Gypsy listens to her own words, digging herself completely. She is her best audience, laughing at some remarks, agreeing vehemently with others, never losing a look of awe at the mystery of the woman she is hearing.

Finally Sandy can stand it no longer. She storms in, points to the machine and declares, "That tape is not going out of here!"

The family stares up at Sandy, not knowing what to say. Gypsy shuts off the machine. "Why not?" she asks.

"I don't have to tell you why. That tape is staying here and that's that! It's not leaving here because we don't want it to."

Dig that? We don't want it to, and she's not even on the tape.

"Sandy, where's your head at tonight?" Gypsy snaps. "You know, you've still got a lot of your mother in you."

"Look, it's quite simple," says Sandy. "If we give away all our stories in interviews, we are going to have nothing to put in our book. I thought we were going to put it all down and get a publisher to give us a big chance. This is just like pouring all our good material down the drain."

"Anyway, what do we need ROLLING STONE for when we're going to do this TV special for ABC and we'll reach maybe 20 million people?"

Now the whole family joins in, throwing all her inconsistencies and shortsightedness back at her. The tape doesn't belong to her, they say. You couldn't possibly make a book from the scant material it contains. Charlie himself agreed to a two-hour interview—the longest one yet—and asked nothing. What about this idea of giving? Of keeping nothing?

To which Sandy's answer is as simple as it is final: "Look, I don't have to argue about this. I *know*. And when you know, you know." And she stomps back into the bedroom.

Wow, man, a supreme bummer. The party's over. Everyone gets up to go outside. There's a fantastic full moon out there, in case anyone wants to go bare-back riding. Clem leads the way with dancing feet.

As the family files out, Sandy with great care places a manuscript on the center of her bed and lies down beside it. Slowly she reads each page silently to herself, almost secretly. It is a letter from Charlie.

He gave it to her that morning when she visited him in jail. He told her to take it to the Los Angeles Free Press where they would print it for all his followers to read. Next week he would have another one, he told her. And another one a week later.

She is pleased that so many readers will now be able to see Charlie's words, his teachings. What was it Charlie said about words? Something that rhymes, she recalls, something about nail or betrayal or something. Oh, but that was about Jesus, anyway.

When people read Charlie's words, things will start to change, she thinks to herself. The world will start going through some heavy changes, you can count on that. And even if the Free Press won't pay any money, the letters should help sell a few records. It's all to the good.

Tomorrow the letter will become public; Sandy will take it over first thing in the morning. But tonight, she realizes, Charlie's own words and his own handwriting belong exclusively to her.

She finishes the last page, closes the manuscript, and starts reading the first page again. Only this time she grabs a pencil and starts boldly marking up the page here and there with words of her own.

"I've got to put it in better English," she tells Brenda in the kitchen. "Charlie's spelling is terrible and he doesn't know how to write properly at all. But we'll fix it up."

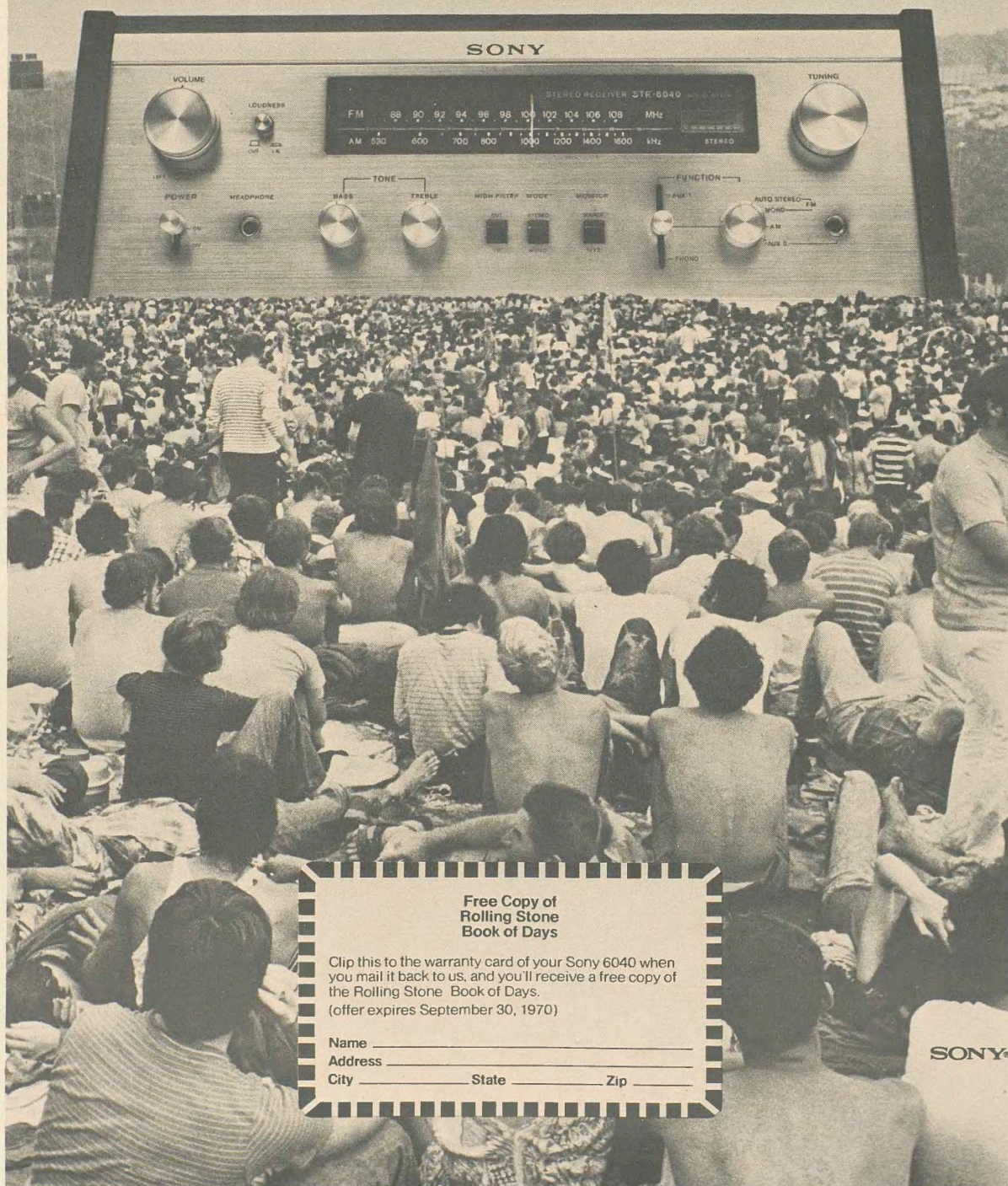
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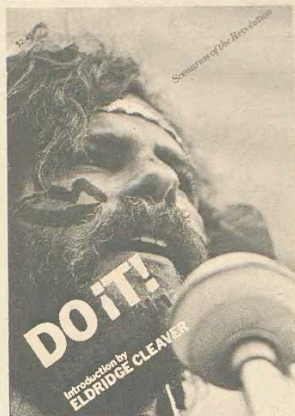
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BOOKS



DO IT! (Jerry Rubin. Simon & Schuster paperback. 256 pp., \$2.45.)

I have always found the Yippies the most appealing splinter-group on the radical Left—appealing because of their stress on liberation through outrageous gesture which explodes in laughter, and because of their avowed goal of pulling down Uncle Sam's pants to reveal his naked stunts to the world.

But they are also appealing because they cut through all the doctrinaire ideologies of a moribund Left to reveal, as Jerry does in this immensely entertaining book, in being "everything the Daily News, Birchers, Wallace, Buckley and your local Right Wingers say we are."

The greatest thing about *Do It!* is the exuberance with which it orchestrates all the anti-doctrines of the Freek left into a document that could almost convince you, if you didn't do some hard abstract-critical thinking of the kind Rubin abjures, to join this revolution, which he freely admits to be a media hype: "The media does not report news, it creates it. An event happens when it goes on TV and becomes a myth . . . Yippies would use the Democratic Party and the Chicago theater to build our stage and make the myth; we'd steal the media away from the Democrats and create the spectre of Yippies 'overthrowing Amerika.'"

Jerry claims at one point that the Yippies have no "program." I disagree—they have a most definite program, but it is a program with very specific and limited goals—bug the straights (*epater le bourgeois* finally coming into its own as a mass movement—or mass myth) by manipulating the media to saturate America with the hip radical scare image, and build a sense of grass-revolutionary community through the repression that will inevitably rebound from the taut nerves of Middle America. This is basically a pretty cold power-trip with potentially nightmarish consequences, but it includes so many policies and games that appeal to our sense of rebellion and laughter on such a deep level: grass destroying the minority Left and creating a youth culture of potential power; the TV juggernaut harnessed for two-minute "news" commercials for the new life-style; the idea that revolution is "what you do all day"—turning on, digging rock, just being; the glorification of stealing because "all money represents theft"; and the notion that only the Right Wing truly understands and promotes the revolution by glorifying it with headlines like BOPEX RIOTS.

The only trouble with all this is that, however good it may look on paper, it's still mainly a myth which must inevitably intersect vicious realities. The old order is far from crumbling, and the new culture is split into innumerable squabbling factions—where it has not disengaged itself to the point of vegetation, that is. Near the end of the book, Jerry declares: "We must get middle-class Amerika all whipped up emotionally. Amerika suffers from a great cancer; it's called APATHY." True, but what of the even greater apathy of all the young stoners lost to involvement in revolution or anything else, droning through life content to get high and plug into that TV tit which Jerry worships even though it is much more of a pacifier than a radicalizer. I suspect

that the future, far from realizing Jerry's hip Elysium, will be much closer to Abbie Hoffman's terrifying flash in *Woodstock Nation*—when the politicians finally realize that it would be much wiser to simply give the kids all the grass and rock and roll they can consume, let them fuck in the streets, because then the "troublemakers" will no longer have a base for recruitment and can be separated and dealt with.

And even the present begins to look pretty grim when Jerry's acid-ecstatic radicalization leads him to echo Eldridge Cleaver's cold demands: "It is time for Amerika's children to start killing and dying for themselves . . ."

Jerry's razzing and his pipe-dreams of an inspired Looney Tune cultural revolution hit like a healthy whiff of laughing gas. But just as it remains to be seen whether Woodstock or Altamont more truly represents the sense of community in the "counter-culture," it also remains to be seen whether the deaths of even four Ohio students will be worth all these pipe-dreams. —LESTER BANGS

THE STUDIO (John Gregory Dunne. Farrar, Strauss & Giroux. 255 pp., \$5.95.)

The last years of the Sixties were filled with newspaper reports of the enormous financial losses of many of the major motion picture studios. The newswalkies ran titillating stories of the boardroom and bedroom intrigues of the movie moguls, stories of millions of dollars gambled and often lost, on a single picture.

Like a lot of us, John Gregory Dunne, the 36-year-old author of *Delano*, a 1967 book about the California grape strike, was fascinated. He decided to write about the moviemakers and he chose Twentieth Century Fox as a representative example. "Five years before," he tells us, "the Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation had been flat on its back. In 1962, Fox lost \$39.8 million after taxes, and in the three preceding years the company had lost an additional \$48.5 million in feature film production." At this juncture President Spyros Skouras was fired, and after a threatened proxy fight, old Darryl Zanuck returned from Paris to take command of the troubled company.

In researching *The Studio*, Dunne accompanied studio executives (principally Richard Zanuck, son of President Darryl, and executive vice-president in charge of world-wide production) and producers, directors and screenwriters to boardrooms, casting conferences, filming locations and to Minneapolis for the first sneak preview of *Dr. Dolittle*, in which Fox had invested \$18 million. In his time at Fox, he observed the making of *The Boston Strangler*, *Hello, Dolly*, and the ill-fated *Star!* (with Julie Andrews).

The Studio is a competent, interesting, if not a very revelatory report. It tells us what we suspected all along that financial considerations outweigh artistic ones, and that Hollywood may die because it can't change, can't rid itself of the idea that Big spending on Big pictures equals Big profits.

Dunne chronicles some grim scenes in Fox's executive offices. For instance, the studio was considering financing and distributing foreign films.

Harry McIntyre, secretary of Fox, dropped in to talk to Richard Zanuck about the idea. "It's okay with French and Italian pictures, Dick," he [McIntyre] said. "A lot of those people, you know their track record. You take a Fellini, a

Truffaut, you know what those fellows can do. It's the other countries I'm afraid of . . . I mean, who do you know makes pictures in Yugoslavia? I'm not saying they're not good, but you got to consider the track record, it seems to me, Dick."

In another episode, after a screening of *Tony Rome*, a European distributor, visiting Hollywood for a Fox convention, asked the cost of the picture. When told, Dunne reports, "he mused that *Alfie*, *Georgie Girl*, *Morgan and Blow-Up* combined had not cost so much, and all were enormously successful. As if talking to himself, he wondered if it weren't sometimes better to make a small picture and hope for a large return."

"Sure, *Alfie* was successful," said James Denton, the head of the studio's West Coast publicity department . . . "But think what it could have done if it had stars. Jack Lemmon, for instance, and Shirley MacLaine."

—NICK ALLEN



SPEED. (William Burroughs Jr. The Olympia Press. 191 pp., \$1.25.)

What has Honest Bill Jr., been up to? We start out with Burroughs, Jr., living in West Palm Beach with his grandmother soon after his grandfather's death. Bill, Sr., is not mentioned. Junior's extracurricular activities consist mainly of hassling his granny by coming in at unearthly hours, zonked.

Later, in New York City, Burroughs yo-yos from East to West Village in a picturesque speed odyssey—scoring, shooting, crashing—amidst a score of like-minded companions. He gets busted for drug-related raps twice, bailed out and berated by Allen Ginsberg, (called simply Allen in the book), and at the end of several months of big city hard-knocks, speeds home to Florida.

Throughout, the first person narrative is characterized by supreme detachment—the old story. Alienated youth finds chemical means to reinforce and/or explore his alienation. Bill, Jr., has no viable relationships with anyone. He lets his best friend Chad rot in a Brooklyn house of detention without a word of solace, once he himself has been sprung by Ginsberg. (Actually, they are not best friends, but "blood brothers" of the needle.) Junior knows several chicks, and alludes to past relationships—but, in no sense of the word, makes it with any of them. And to what can we attribute this extreme disassociation of character? Almost too pat an answer—The Broken Home.

Junior indicates a complete void in his relationship with his old man. At Ginsberg's, the poet phones Bill, Sr., apropos Junior's legal situation. Senior will cover the finances from England, but that's the extent of his involvement. Junior intones, "I . . . I couldn't talk to him. 'How's the weather in London?' I would have asked." More bizarre familiar revelations follow: the second time Ginsberg bails out young Burroughs, he rejects the poet's offer to show him a "morgue photograph of my mother with the bullet hole in her head . . ." The fantastic and previously suspect tale of Bill, Sr., doing the unsuccessful William Tell number with his wife strikes with the impact this heritage must have imparted on Burroughs, Jr. On both sides of the family he is a child of doom.

As the receiver of the legacy of one of the giants of Beatdom, Bill, Jr., is not

at a loss to tell us what he is about. In one of the better sustained passages, he lays it right out:

"Brooding is not generally my style, but for a long time I stared . . . thinking about how really dumb I was, and remembered that I was just a kid run away from home, drugging my brains out and getting in trouble out of sheer stupidity. What did I think I was doing here? I asked, disgusted at my disgusted self, and knew it was nothing—only grubby rooms, staggering highs, and what roaring incompetence. . . ."

"I was trying to be something—anything, and not being very successful even at that. No great wonder that 'Who am I?' was difficult, I thought, because when I boil it down I get a screwed-up kid and try putting that in your works and shooting it. And the humiliation of that, the help jammed at you from all quarters, the laughable attempts at understanding, the timeless, endless studies made on me and others are too, too much to face. Far better to retreat truly into a thousand tragic selves than to be a teen-ager in reality, and scream under scrutiny. . . ."

Not only has Burroughs, Jr., derived his basic life-style from his father and his father's generation, but his prose style contains echoes of Burroughs, Sr.'s pre-cut works: "So I was hack coughing along in the rain feeling small to the point of folding up into nothing, when a pincer grabbed my sleeve. 'Gimme a quarter, y'know?' Well, I hauled back and hit him in the teeth." Throughout the narrative he demonstrates a superb tragicomic understanding of the grotesque inherent in his father's style.

As Ginsberg indicates in the Introduction, *Speed* strikingly resembles Burroughs, Sr.'s *Junkie* (published in 1953). Except for a few topical references (Dylan's motorcycle accident is mentioned) and for the modernity of methedrine addiction itself, *Speed*, as opposed to a book like *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*, is not rooted in time. The only change from the *Junkie* ethos appears to be a slight translation of general alienation into a more genuinely political form. Where the elder Burroughs seems to see heroin and addiction as just one manifestation of traditional power relationships, as in the "control addict" concept, the younger Burroughs seems to consciously use speed to detach himself from these traditional power set-ups. In jail he self-evaluates, "I'd committed a crime for my own reasons and I wasn't sorry. I knew my position was rotten and for the first time I knew that it was imposed on me by the other side. Up until then, I'd thought I'd been breaking rules and never even knew what side I was on. But now it was pretty clear who made the laws . . . everybody [in jail] knew more about American power orientation than the most intelligent of political professors." In the junk universe, the prisoners are blind to the notion that their addiction is an extension of the nefarious political machine. For the speed freak, the needle represents a subversive weapon.

Whether or not the speed freak-drop-off riff can be considered as a positive political action has yet to be answered by history, but Burroughs, Jr., seems to view himself in revolt against "the system." And I think a lot of young people will be able to identify with his compelling mind-fogged narrative that balances the meth horrors (abcesses, hallucinations, physical decay) with the outcast's romantic search for self-identity.

So what can we expect from the next generation of Burroughses? Senior wrote *Junkie* at age 28, Junior his *Speed* at 18. Can we attribute the difference in ages to our speeded up culture? And as Ginsberg wonders, "Where will consciousness go next generation?"

Despite Ginsberg's excited exultation of the sensitivity of the artists Burroughs Pere and Fils, the evidence overwhelms us that in the slightly less than twenty years between father and son's books, the human condition, especially the American variety, has remained unchanged. Even were the book a put-on, it would drive home that point. So, we've traded speed for skag . . . Hooray!

Perhaps, whatever the societal or cultural conditions, there will always exist gifted outcasts whose special quality lies in acting as distorting lenses through whom we can see our culture and ourselves more clearly. But, I can't help but hope that William Burroughs III doesn't have to write his book.

—ROGER SHATZKIN



ROLLING STONE

PAGE 51



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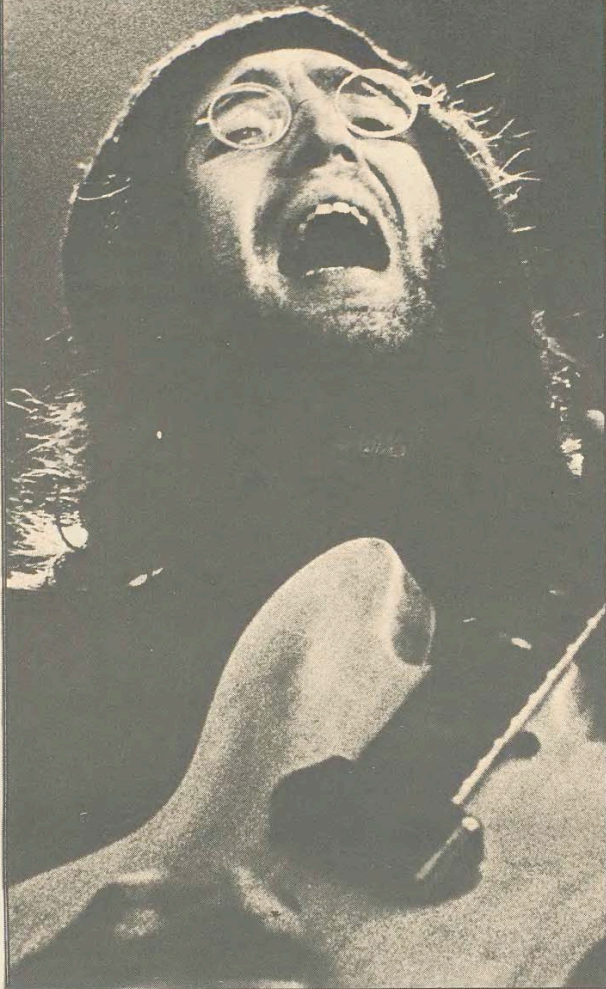
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CINEMA



LET IT BE (directed by Michael Lindsay-Hogg; United Artists)

BY MICHAEL GOODWIN

Let It Be is a bad movie. Although the music is groovy, the film itself is so formless and badly made that the final effect is simple, crashing boredom. The worst of it is that a fine flick *could* have been made—if only there had been a director.

Of course there *was* a director—Michael Lindsay-Hogg—but it's hard to say exactly what he did, except to make sure the cameras were loaded and the tape recorders were running. That much is cool, but after that . . . disaster.

One of the delights of watching a movie made by a good director is that you can sit back and relax, knowing the filmmaker has got everything under control. Here, you are constantly busy doing work that Lindsay-Hogg should have done, but didn't: cutting the bad stuff, rearranging the good stuff, placing the camera properly—really basic directorial responsibilities. You have to use so much energy doing his job for him, that by the end of the film you've put in your hard day's night and ought to get paid.

Lindsay-Hogg shoots in such a way that you get pushed farther and farther away from the simple reality of the music going down. For most of the film, the cameras are in tight closeups or (at best) medium closeups of Paul's nose or John's tonsils—a technique which painfully misses the point that music is a *collective* activity in which musicians work together. Richard Lester (who directed *A Hard Day's Night* and *Help!*) got away with the closeup technique because he used it sparingly; after an hour of Lindsay-Hogg's self-conscious attempts at being "cinematic," I found myself wishing he would pull the camera back far enough to get everybody in the shot at once, and go out for a sandwich. He could take lessons from Warhol on the subject of documentaries.

As if the pointless photography isn't bad enough, you get hit with pointless editing as well—rapid, rhythmless cutting for lack of anything else better to do. I think Lindsay-Hogg was worried that people would be bored, just sitting and watching four cats play, so he really worked out making it "interesting." Except it isn't interesting; it's a drag.

Just one more point: In the last part of the film, a sequence where the Beatles play on the rooftop of the Apple building, there are these cops who come up to investigate the noise. We first see them outside, on the street, as they walk up to the front door of the building. They open the door (this is shot from outside), and as they do so there is a cut to a reverse angle, in which we see them complete the action (opening the door) from the inside. Now this is a perfectly reasonable editing sequence for a film shot in a studio, with actors, but I find it a little hard to believe that such a perfect matching shot could have been made in a documentary situation. So the next logical question is: Were those cops or . . . actors? Gasp.

Well, it isn't *all that bad*. The rooftop sequence is a treat (especially in contrast with the rest of the flick): well shot, well edited, and relaxed. It's a groove to dig the Beatles playing in front of an audience again—the people who come from adjoining rooftops to listen. If this session is any indication, they must have been a gas in Liverpool. Lennon ties it up when the set is over: "I want to thank you on behalf of the band and myself, and . . . uh . . . I hope we passed the audition."

The music, including a great deal of material which isn't on the record, definitely passes. The new songs are good, but the best action goes down on a couple of oldies-type numbers—especially a fantastic Little Richard medley.

If you can get past the movie and into the music, congratulations.

MA NUIT CHEZ MAUD (directed by Eric Rohmer; Pathe-Contemporary Films)

BY NAOMI WISE

Eric Rohmer's *Ma Nuit Chez Maud* is like a winter evening spent with close friends—it's snowing outside, but the living room is warm and comfortable, the wine is good, the rap is interesting and the company is charming. You forget that you're sitting in a theatre reading subtitles; instead, you feel like one of Maud's dinner guests.

I first saw *Maud* at the San Francisco Film Festival, where it stood out like a small, clear light among the flashier Art Films so typical of festivals. The Art Film is, too often, an attempt to impress the audience; this attitude seems to me as contemptuous as the Hollywood extravaganza's attempt to "entertain." Rohmer's style, on the other hand, carries an implicit assumption that his audience is as intelligent and thoughtful as the characters in his movie. Scrupulously avoiding spectacular cinematic effects, Rohmer prefers to make a small, unpretentious film with a lucid intelligence.

Rohmer's cinema is a cinema of ideas; his movies are essays as well as stories. *Ma Nuit Chez Maud* is the third of a projected series of "Six Moral Tales," of which four films are now complete; each of the six films will deal with varying types of moral commitment in respect to the characters' love affairs. In *Ma Nuit Chez Maud*, Jean-Louis, a Catholic engineer, Vidal, a Marxist professor, and Maud, a free-thinking pediatrician, spend an evening together discussing their beliefs. They reveal their conflicts, they meet the temptations represented by the others, they act or refuse to act according to their principles. The next day they go skiing together and they part, each of them to continue attempting to live according to the self-imposed principles which have been clarified and confirmed by the previous evening's discussion. Jean-Louis rejects the temptation of an affair with the lovely, witty Maud, preferring to court (and marry) a less spectacular girl whose Catholicism is as devout as his own; Vidal goes on to a new affair, and Maud to a second unsuccessful marriage.

There is very little action, but a great deal of revelation—the characters are articulate, interesting adults, willing and able to express the ideological bases for their decisions. Rohmer takes no sides; in a film essay, it is necessary for the filmmaker to remain impersonal. Although *Maud* is presented as an altogether superior person—rational, brilliant, good-humored and sexy—she makes a muddle of her life in the end. She is at a disadvantage, but her disadvantage stems from her best qualities: her warm and accepting nature leads her to love the wrong people. Jean-Louis, on the other hand, chooses love only when it accords with his principles; he marries a rather ordinary girl, but manages to construct a *modus vivendi* which contents him. Rohmer makes no comment—he merely presents the characters and their situations, and leaves us to choose.

Until 1963, Rohmer was editor of the formidable French film journal, *Cahiers du Cinema*. As *Cahiers* veered to the Left, Rohmer, essentially a conservative, was forced out, and in 1964, he found new employment as a director of television documentaries. The objectivity of *Maud* may derive, in part, from Rohmer's work in TV, a medium in which the appearance, at least, of objectivity is *de rigueur*.

The visual style of *Ma Nuit Chez Maud* also reflects the influence of television. It is shot in the soft, rounded, black-white-and-grey of the TV image—an effect which is surprisingly attractive on a movie screen. Certainly, the subtle familiarity of the image (coupled with the purposeful exclusion of background music) lends itself to the creation of the comfortable illusion that the viewer is in a living room rather than a movie house. (While *Maud* has a lot more class than the programs on the tube, it brings the *associations* of TV-watching into the theatre.) And, like most television plays, *Maud* could not exist without a soundtrack. Since the film centers on philosophical discussion rather than on fictional narrative, the dialogue, rather than the image, provides the chief method of exposition. The subtitles, you will be glad to know, are unusually adequate.

The performances in *Maud* are tasty:

Jean-Louis Trintignant is sweetly shy as the religious engineer, and Francoise Fabian, as Maud, combines a radiant sensuality with an equally radiant intelligence to create a type of woman seen very seldom on the screen.

Partial Filmography of Eric Rohmer

Le Signe de Lion (1959); *La Boulangere de Monceau* (1962); *La Carriere de Suzanne* (1963); *Place d'Etoile* (sketch in *Paris Vu Par*) (1965); *La Collectionneuse* (1967); *Ma Nuit Chez Maud* (1969).

Film Notes



According to Dennis Hopper, speaking on a recent San Francisco TV show, *Easy Rider* is having a few little problems south of the Mason-Dixon line. It's been banned outright in two states, but that's not the worst of it; there are reports of theater audiences rising to their feet and cheering when Billy and Captain America are blown off their bikes by a couple of rednecks. Whew!

Howard Hawks is one of the giants of the American movies. His first feature, *The Road To Glory*, was shot in 1926, and his most recent, *El Dorado*, was made in 1966. In between, he has made over forty films (averaging one a year), including such masterpieces as *Only Angels Have Wings*, *To Have And Have Not*, *The Big Sleep*, *Red River*, *The Big Sky*, *Hatari!* and *Rio Bravo*.

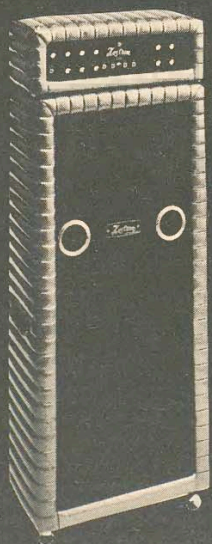
For many years Hawks was not even recognized as a genius-filmmaker—only as one of Hollywood's grind-em-out technicians. A series of articles in the European film journals finally established his position in the upper echelon of creative filmmakers, and there have been several books on his films published in the last year or two. (If you're interested, one of the best is *Howard Hawks*, by Robin Wood.)

All this is just to underscore the importance of the fact that after four years of inactivity, Hawks is working again—at the age of 75! His new film, *Rio Lobo*, stars John Wayne (as have so many of his films over the years), and is currently shooting in Mexico and Arizona.

Stranger in a Strange Land, Robert Heinlein's great science fiction novel, is going to be a movie. Finally. Jerry Brand, who founded the Electric Circus in New York, is preparing a production for Warner Bros., with a script by Louis Carino.

Scott Bartlett, the 26-year-old experimental filmmaker from San Francisco, has received a \$10,000 grant from the American Film Institute to make a 20-minute color film utilizing videotape techniques. Bartlett's previous work includes *Off-On*, a mind-blower of a short which gets a lot closer to a trip than anything in 2001.

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THE SOUND OUT FRONT



Big Band Rock: In the beginning there was Blood, Sweat & Tears. But right now the band to hear is Illustration, a unique and infectious group personality.

OBVIOUSLY, BEING A MUSICAL GENIUS HELPS

CHICAGO (Columbia KGP-24)
PEACING IT ALL TOGETHER
Lighthouse (RCA LSP-4325)
ILLUSTRATION (Janus JLS 3010)
AMBERGRIS (Paramount PAS-5014)

"Blood, Sweat and Tears is embarrassing to me. They try to be slick, they're not... I know what they try to do: they try to get Basie's sound with knowledge."

—Miles Davis

In the beginning there was Blood Sweat and Tears. Everything else here follows from that commercial premise. What was interesting about BS&T was not their style alone, but that their style succeeded; that several million fans bought their record, although their music was casually acquainted with rock at best. Nine studio musicians from New York, with completely different instrumentation, repertoire, arrangements, and riffs from any other group that had come down the pike.

What gave them appeal, I think, was the eclecticism and integrity of their music. Every note they played had a distinct reason for being there; each was meaningfully placed and clearly executed. BS&T upheld the integrity and potency of the single note in the midst of an idiom not marked by economy of statement. They respected their own tunes more than most groups, devoting to each cut the full attention and labor of love due an "A" side. Their style succeeded, enough at least to make somebody feel there was a potential market. Quickly setting the machine in motion, they have strung together, rushed into the studio, and dumped on our heads, a dozen new groups of this genre. The ones considered here were simply the closest at hand.

For label freaks, the music is Big Band Rock. Newest addition to the rock mutation family:raga, folk, acid, country, and probably just as short-lived. Short-lived because most of the groups here, it is safe to guess, do not form because they dug jamming together, because some arranger had raging ideas expressible only by a big band, or some composer thought it would be "far-out" to experiment with an enlarged rock-jazz format. Most likely, it was because they wanted bread. What can we expect from a style based on dubious musical motivation, filling a synthetic need? An unvital, undirected, unfocused sound. Which is pretty much what these records give us, with rare exception.

These groups range from seven to thirteen members, and all have in their arsenal: bass, guitar, drums, keyboard, sax, trumpet, trombone, lead vocalist and chorus, with occasional other miscellaneous instruments. In addition, most had dubbing equipment at their disposal during the recording session so that theoretically they could have as many of whatever instrument or voice they wanted on every track. This has the double effect of adding to the group's size and power, while diminishing its ability to swing and stay loose. Playing to a pre-recorded track is like playing to a metronome. Rhythmically (and spiritually) that added player must stay beat for beat with the section being played back, with no possibility of mutual inspiration, communication or time warp.

Do this dubbing frequently or unskillfully enough, and the final effort will either sound murky, layered or un-driving, which is a syndrome to be found on the albums of Ambergris and Lighthouse. It should be kept in mind that all this instrumentation does not make these simply large-sized rock

groups, but the bastard off-spring of the big band and the rock group frolicking in the recording studio.

The bulk of the responsibility for keeping one of these leviathans going lies with the drummer, who can make or bust the live group and the arrangements. Big band drumming, the ability to flow propulsively or "swing" a large group of musicians, regardless of the idiom, has a long tradition with its own historic figures such as Buddy Rich, Louis Bellson, Sonny Payne, and Mel Lewis. Drummers experienced in small groups cannot sit behind a big band and expect to strap it right on; it's a pursuit that takes extended practice and experience. For example, Larry Harlow, Ambergris's drummer, does as good a job as any in providing the beat, but when it comes to fills indicating phrase or section transitions, he falls short. He flubs his cues, and, when given an opportunity to show some flash, he gives us the same old thing that he's been using all along, with a minor variation here or there.

Daniel Seraphine's drumming is noteworthy simply because he plays specifically for his group, Chicago. The music on this, their second album, calls for complex rhythm transitions, which Seraphine handles well. He fulfills the delicate role defined for him by Chicago's playing and arrangements.

And then there's Illustration's drummer, Claude Roy, who is so fine... He plays for his group and with the music. He relates to the rhythm in a different way for parallel sections of a given tune, he swings, he's got chops, he listens.

Although the rhythm sections seem to come to these groups through rock experience and gigs, the brass and reed men generally sound like they have jazz backgrounds, and their arrangements have been written in the style of jazz wind sections. The presence of brass and reed players provides most of the jazz feeling in this music, and their mode of playing is highly specialized, with its repertoire of riffs and articulations. When the chart calls for trumpet riffs or sax smears that are carefully done, the effect is just beautiful, and some of these groups (certainly Illustration and Chicago) have mastered the playing of tight wind sections. Lighthouse's section is made particularly strong through the lead trumpet of Bruce Cassidy. His riffs soar off into space, bringing the whole brass section along.

Any big band rock record needs a series of tunes or compositions which are strong vehicles for the group's playing. Good compositions are a string of right decisions, bad compositions are a string of wrong decisions. Wrong, like stamped, uninteresting, unmemorable, dull. With this in mind, it's clear that some of these groups fail through the use of too few good compositions. Ambergris is especially burdened by weak

tunes which would take nothing less than a Joe Cocker arrangement to make them sound. Their best numbers, "Forget It, I Got It" and "Walking on the Water," are memorable mostly because they are snappy, up-tempo tunes, not because they are good compositions. Lighthouse too relies upon tunes which are not so much poor as outstandingly mediocre.

Another important factor in good compositions involves the writer's composing for the group that will be playing the tunes. Duke Ellington used to write tunes displaying the specific musical personalities of his band members. Similarly, Chicago's main writer and pianist, Robert Lamm, composes not so much for specific instrumentalists, as for the general capabilities of his group. "Wake Up Sunshine," "Fancy Colours," and "25 or 6 to 4" are the strongest tunes on the album and are all by Lamm. He has developed a sensitive ear for Chicago's abilities, and his tunes show them at their wiltingest.

James Pankow, their trombonist, penned their most complex piece, a musical excursion through a range of moods and musics, including exuberant pieces ("Now More than Ever") and peaceful, serene sections ("Color My World"). They flow together smoothly enough, but "Baller for a Girl in Buchanan" suffers from too much complexity and change of mood within each movement and within the opus. One of the ways Chicago uses four sides of recording time so well is through long, tension-building introductions and solo sections that help suck the listener into whatever is happening. Had Pankow used this technique to establish one mood before moving on to another, "Baller..." would have been more successful.

Illustration's tunes are generally right on. Bill Ledster, their vocalist, wrote a couple ("The Road," funkily sloppy, and "Box of Glass") which are outstanding, and organist John Ranger wrote one called "Life Tasters" which I like. Mostly, they are engaging compositions, not just space fillers, which musically give this band the right vehicle for expressing themselves. And along with better compositions, Illustration gives us relief from the banality of the usual rock lyrics. Not too profound, but easily above the level of the other groups' lyrics. Ambergris's "Chocolate Pudding," on the other hand, is an example of the bullshit you need a shovel to get through on some of these sides. "Just a spoonful of chocolate pudding/Oh and you know you'll never stand a chance/You'll sell your soul for one more bowl/Boy you'll even take down your pants."

Arrangements: what will be played when and by whom. The average rock band can take a tune and, without writing down a note, slowly mold its final form through processes of musical alteration and addition. Most of the arrangements on these records, however,

were probably written out, each player receiving a lead sheet on which the part for his horn was musically notated. These parts are often altered during rehearsals, but the basic premise of a big band arrangement is usually a written score (or chart) with written parts, to be played as written.

High responsibility for the group's final sound, then, lies with the big band arranger. He's got to know each composition thoroughly, the melody, harmony, and what the mood of the tune and lyrics are trying to convey. He must know music theory cold, have a good ear for voicings, and be able to write for the specific instruments best suited for the piece; generally, possess the formidable skill of creating a unique, exact sound for about ten musicians—his ten musicians. The individual strengths, weaknesses and working range of each instrumentalist and vocalist, the musical personality of each man, must be considered in his scores. Any weakness in any of this and it all comes out as shitty music. The tradition the arranger joins has been passed on by Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Gil Evans, Oliver Nelson. Obviously, being a musical genius helps.

Lighthouse is one group whose weak arrangements are particularly damaging because they obscure the considerable number of elements this group has going for them, even extra-musically. Lighthouse has this double jacket album, right, which opens up to a beautiful photograph of them playing live, thirteen hard working cuts, having a good time. Slashed inside is a one-page blurb by their manager, printed over a peace symbol, which explains how Lighthouse "speaks out for the world wide peace movement." Also quotes from news reviews of live performances attesting to their infectious good vibes. It gets heavy, but generally the blurb, the photograph, the cover photo, the whole visual-verbal package which precedes the record, predisposes you to enjoying their sounds.

They also have a large group—13 musicians—and instrumentation which promises an exciting range of styles and effects. Lighthouse can be thought of as having three sections: a string quartet of two cello, violin and viola, a wind quartet with two trumpets, sax and trombones, and a rock/rhythm nucleus of keyboard, bass, drums and guitar. These are led, moreover, by good players. Cassidy, as I mentioned, is an exceptionally strong lead trumpet, pianist Paul Hoffer heads the rhythm section, and violinist Paul Armin, who has country as well as classical chops, leads the strings. They all play spiritedly and in spite of shitty over-dubbing and mixing, their enthusiasm for playing cuts through.

All this potential, however, is lost through their arrangements. Their large size is over-utilized, resulting too often in a wash of sound that sets the whole spectrum vibrating. Some string and wind

ensemble passages are scattered through the album, cleverly written too, but mostly the strings get drowned in the flood of volume. The four vocalists are tight but their harmonies are too saccharine and lulling against the considerably harder instrumental voicings that back and surround them. The continual use of this type of vocal harmony overlooks the occasions on which it is uncalled-for. "Country Song" for instance, is a sensitively adapted country-western tune which starts with an authentic enough country fiddle break, and features a duet lead on the verses. But then the chorus comes in with that style again, sweet, sliding and totally foreign to the rest of the arrangement. It is this kind of unfocused, undefined arranging which most hurts Lighthouse's effort.

Chicago is Columbia's entry in the big band race and it was from their first album that we learned those now old favorites like "Beginnings" and "Does Anybody Really Know..." and through that album's jacket that we were unavoidably introduced to the verbiage of James William Guercio, Chicago's producer and eighth phantom member. Their second album is another Guercio double record extravaganza, dedicated (remember this) on Columbia, the monster of the record industry "to the people of the Revolution..." and the Revolution in all of its forms.

But then there's the music. Chicago fans will dig this album, because musically Chicago has simply extended its effort another four sides, with little change in approach. The playing is just as tight and polished, the arrangements are in the same groove, the lead vocals are as ever, only the tunes have changed, and they have improved. Chicago is for the fans who enjoyed CTA. Rip off a copy from your local record store, since, after all, it is dedicated to the Revolution.

"Ambergris is whale puke," it says right here in their advertisement. Produced by Steve Cropper, guitars for Booker T and most of Stax/Volt, which impresses me, anyway. Their arrangements, most by Jerry Weiss, are uniformly heavy-handed and thick. Loud and brassy, stamped harmonies and effects that get to be grating by the end: Fred Lewis' two arrangements are more authoritatively brash and colorful.

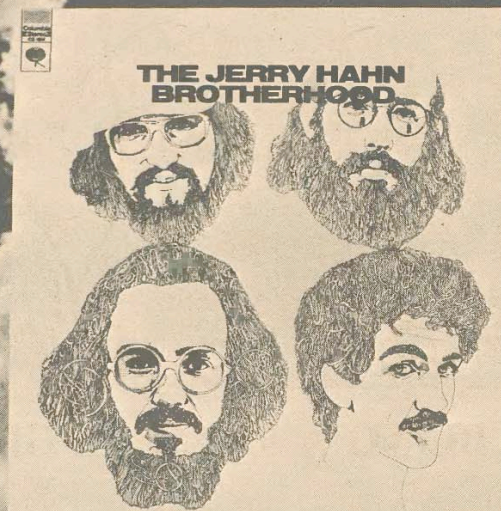
Illustration is definitely the most creative, together group in this collection. They have two lead vocalists: the guy, Bill Ledster, sounds like Tom Jones on his high notes and David Clayton Thomas on his lows, and the uncredited chick singer is heavily influenced by Janis Joplin and Diana Ross, but they both retain their own identity and sing unpretentiously. The ten musicians are also unusually strong players. They sound as though they've gelled together for a while, and they stay on top of each tune from the first note with snappy, tight playing. Claude Roy is at the root of that, and he's got the magic for big band drumming, as well as a good assist from bassist Richard Terry.

The arrangements are exceptionally together too. Delicate use and balance of colors, fine sounding wind ensembles, and baritone, cutting in funky/raspy at the bottom. The arranger had the balls to scale down when needed and score for just organ trio or double pianos when delicacy was called for. It is through his arrangements that Illustration succeeds more than any other band here in projecting a unique and infectious group personality. Hopefully, their record will get some of the attention it deserves and survive the initial wave of big band groups.

BILL AMATNEK



Somewhere out there is a group that does it all.



They call themselves the Jerry Hahn Brotherhood.

"The initial impact of Brotherhood is one of overwhelming intensity of sound, the organ sustaining notes behind Jerry's sizzling guitar solos and the drums kicking up a sandstorm among them. Then Mike Finnegan sings. It's

a voice that is neither country nor blues... he sounds like he dug the band from Big Pink. "Jerry Hahn could very well emerge as one of the most important contributors in all of contemporary pop music."

—Ralph Gleason, San Francisco Chronicle.

On Columbia Records

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Arthur Bicknelli on Scott

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BURRITO DELUXE, The Flying Burrito Brothers (A & M SP 4258)

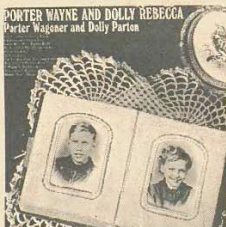
The Burrito Brothers are basically second-generation Byrds. Gram Parsons, Chris Hillman and Mike Clark all are refugees from that heralded Sixties combo and have attempted to bring some of that magic with them. This is the Burrito's second A & M album and, while full of country/folk echoes and Sneaky Pete's pedal steel whinnies, fares not much better than their first.

This is not to deny the enthusiasm and rhythmic Carl Perkins/Jerry Lee Lewis-type bravado that pervades most of the cuts, but a lot of the material (most authored or co-authored by Parsons) is pretty weak. The various instruments are not together at times and the vocals, sung two or three-part harmony, are very repetitive from cut to cut. This last fault would seem fairly easy to correct (if you can't change keys, at least vary the harmonies), but most of the cuts seem to have Parsons singing the verses, with Hillman and/or Bernie Leadon coming in for the choruses. Cut after cut—and when their moves into sound and just like their "Man in the Face" then something is wrong. Even the addition of accordion, tuba and Leon Russell on piano on the latter cut can't save it from that dum-dum-dum dreariness.

Pointless and inane lyrics ruin more than a few of their efforts. "Older Guys" sounds like a Beach Boys reject, while "Lazy Days" comes on like a super-charged Lovin' Spoonful imitation and includes these memorable lyrics: "I'm gonna make you worry/Not about your income tax/No, there's no need to hurry/I think I'll teach you how to relax." "Down in the Churchyard" and "High Fashion Queen," while a step above those two, still have forced rhymes and a confusion of (albeit classic) country imagery.

Some tunes survive in fine fashion. "Cody, Cody" has the old Byrds sound with excellent use of dynamics and the Burrito's version of the Jagger/Richards "Wild Horses" is brilliant. The latter stretch out more than six minutes, highlight the emotive vocal and the forlorn lyrics, pause for Stonesian guitar and piano solos, then bring their languorous harmony to a head with the final chorus. It is the last cut on the album and if the rest of it had started there, this would have been a superb effort.

GARY VETTER



TOGETHER, Jerry Lee Lewis and Linda Gail Lewis (Smash SRS-67126)

PORTER WAYNE AND DOLLY REBECCA, Porter Wagoner and Dolly Parton (RCA LSP-4305)

If you listen to country music at all, you probably know just what I'm going to say about these two albums, since you probably have them yourself. If you don't listen to country music but have always been interested, then here are two fantastic albums to start your collection with.

The male-female duo is a genre that is as old as country music (exactly as old, if you consider the Carter Family to be the ones who started it all), and it is still one of the most vital parts of the country scene. Artists working in the genre include Johnny Cash and June Carter, Buck Owens and Susan Raye, Waylon Jennings and Jessi Colter, Johnnie and Jonny Mosby, and Dottie West and Don Gibson, to name a few, but it is these two duos who will probably excite a rock audience the most—that is, until Bob and Sarah Dylan start recording together.

Linda Gail Lewis is Jerry Lee's sister, and she is as country as they come, with a powerful voice and a delivery that can even obscure the lyrics (a rare thing in country music) when she's really belting them out, which is most of the time. If you listen closely to the line "Our love is like a ship at sea that's tossed by stormy weather" in "Secret Places," you can even hear the microphone buckling

under the strain. Jerry Lee Lewis, of course, needs no introduction, and he is in rare form on this album, pumping away at the piano and getting so carried away with himself that you can't help but have fun listening to him. There's not a wasted track on *Together*, even though some of the numbers sound like one-take versions of classics ("Gotta Travel On," "Roll Over Beethoven") that were recorded just for fun.

The quintessence of this album, and, in many ways, of Jerry Lee's whole rocking country style, can be found on two cuts—"Sweet Thing" and "Jackson." The latter is a classic about the poor guy who is pursued by his over-protective mama lookin' for her "sweet thing" is made doubly amusing by Linda Gail's busing in with her "Weeelllll has anybody here seen my sweet thing?" Jeez. She musta bused every glass in the bar. And if you've only heard Nancy Sinatra doing "Jackson" you certainly don't have any idea what a great song it is. Jerry Lee and Linda Gail sound genuinely angry: "... in Jackson/I'll be dancin' on a pony keg (GO AHEAD)/I'll be leadin' you around like a dog/With your tail between your legs." (Like I said, some of the words are unintelligible because of how she sings.) You really can't afford to miss this one.

Porter Wagoner and Dolly Parton, on the other hand, are more sedate and dignified. Dolly would never be found dancing on a pony keg—she'd probably go off somewhere and drink herself to death instead. And Porter would probably be next door in the same sleazy hotel contemplating doing it, too. Their music is much more mainstream-country; it has strings, brass, and big choruses, but in spite of all that, it retains the basic country feel so well that you may not even notice the backup. What is especially pleasing about them is the way their voices fit together, effortlessly again, executing little fills as if they were nothing, really.

What may put you off about them at first is something that Porter Wagoner has become famous for—a decided lack of coo. On stage, he may follow up a drinking-away-my-problems song with a Song of Faith and Inspiration without batting an eye, and chances are you won't either because he can make it seem like the natural thing to do. If you can ignore or accept a song about a little crippled girl finding happiness in death (because then she can finally get to wear the silver sandals she's been asking for since the moment she learned to talk), you can get behind this album.

Almost all the songs are great. "Forty Miles From Poplar Bluff" has basically the same message as "Oke From Muskogee," but without putting down anyone except adulterers, and they're being fair game for years. "Run That By Me One More Time" is a dialogue filled with fantastic country repartee. "Tomorrow Is Forever" has Dolly wailing at the absolute peak of her abilities, and "No Love Left" has some incredible steel-guitar work. There's even a hippie song here, "Mendy Never Sleeps," which is told from the viewpoint of Mendy's parents, who are concerned with her involvement with the "in-crowd" and managed to get off so many puns on poor Mendy's name that you begin to understand why she's always somewhere other than home.

Both of these albums are essential for the serious country fan, but they have an appeal that stretches beyond that of country music. What with the dearth of good rock albums these days, you could be spending your money on worse things than these, and who knows—you might even end up enjoying them...

ED WARD



SILK PURSE, Linda Ronstadt, (Capitol ST-407)

Country-rock is turning out to be a pleasant surprise. At first, it seemed like just another case of the rock genre ransacking the world of indigenous music for gimmickry, but it seems to be a more natural union than most, and one that's capable of supporting a lot of experimentation. There's been quite a rash of country-rock albums of late, and it's rare to hear one that is actually irritating, which is more than can be said for white blues. Some are positively brilliant, like Neil Young's *Crazy Horse* album, and a few others are merely excellent. *Silk Purse* is the latter.

Some may see the cover as a trifle pretentious, but it's just beautiful. Linda Ronstadt playing Moonbeam McSwine. The comparison can be carried to the record itself, but there it gets a little more complicated. Some of the material is raw imitation and some is more original, but none is very far from the soul of the singer. It is Linda Ronstadt's

voice that makes this record; she endows the songs with a feeling that she has shown since the first Stone Pony's album, and she has developed her Country style considerably since her last album.

When she tries a Brenda Lee-type rocker like "Lovesick Blues," she handles it pretty well. In fact, I'd say that most people would not be able to tell whether this was a "real" Country singer or a hippie chick singing Country. The only trouble is, in neither case is the song terribly good.

The same is true, only more so, on her Appalachian ballad, "Life Is Like A Mountain Railway," sung with the Beechwood Rangers, whoever they are. It's very Country but that's all.

While neither of the above cuts is a drag to listen to, the ones that bring real pleasure are the ones that add rock and soul to Country. "Will I Love Me Tomorrow," the old Shirelles hit, sounds here like country Ronettes, but Linda's tremulous voice gives it even more meaning than it had. It was released as a single, but apparently America wasn't ready for it.

"Long Long Time" is the best cut on the record, but wasn't released as a single (funny about record companies). If part of the purpose of country music is to help tears flow from otherwise hard men, then this cut succeeds as country music. It's a bit self-pitying and almost tearful, but it wears well—convincing to be put down. If it isn't just pretty, it's beautiful.

Likewise, "He Dark The Sun" and "Nobody's" are heavy, almost devotional songs that in the hands of a less soulful singer wouldn't make it. Musical director, ex-Pauper Adam Mitchell, has put some ingenious arrangements around those cuts, but the credit must go to Miss Ronstadt.

Actually, one of the nicest cuts, "Louise," has no arrangement at all, just an acoustic guitar. It sounds almost too lazy to be good, but it wears well—the more I hear it, the better it gets.

In fact, the same goes for the album: it seems as though Linda Ronstadt is really doing the right kind of material. If she gets hold of some super songs and learns how to sort out the dull material, she could do very well.



I DO NOT PLAY NO ROCK 'N' ROLL, Mississippi Fred McDowell (Capitol ST-409)

"They call me Mississippi Fred McDowell, but my home's in Rossville Tennessee. But it don't make any difference—it sound good to me, and I seem like I'm at home there when I'm in Mississippi. And I do not play no rock and roll, y'all—I just play straight and natural blues. And whenever you get somebody, you know, you want to play for you, you just call for Fred McDowell."

Well, do you have to hear any more? Fred McDowell is the finest living blues singer still working in the delta style, and he has a new record. Actually, in the recent years since his "discovery," McDowell has been pretty well recorded, mostly for Chris Strachwitz's Arhoolie Records. This time he's on Capitol, but aside from a jazzier album cover the music is the same as always.

Which is to say if you dig blues, if you understand why McDowell doesn't play no rock and roll, you've probably already bought this record. If you haven't, read on.

Most of what passes for delta blues these days is nothing more than a pale shadow of the real stuff. Either it's a reissue of an old record (which was probably miserably recorded in the first place)—"Sing right into this horn, boy!"—and then mistreated, scratched, played a million times, worn out long before Origin Jazz Library got hold of it, or it's like Berkeley and get to hear some cat at the Blues Festival who probably doesn't play much anymore, and even if he can play he just hasn't got the chops he had when he was 25.

Then there's McDowell, who is 65, but it's new in my mind when I found it. I figured him for 40 at the outside. McDowell plays the blues, plays them wide-open and full-out, plays them because he has to, the way Robert Johnson had to (except that we'll never know what Johnson played except into that horn). McDowell is a bluesman who towers above the electric garbage that floods from the studios and the radio stations. Albert King shouts, "Let me hear you say yeah," and Fred McDowell murmurs, "Play it now," softly, to himself. Oh, mama!

McDowell is a fine guitarist; he plays bottleneck style, stinging slides and precise quarter-tones supported by a driving beat so strong it could overpower a full rhythm section of electric rock

and rollers with the volume all the way up. The beat comes from somewhere deep inside, and it has an incredible power behind it—a power that comes close to tearing McDowell's songs to pieces. But the songs themselves are so deeply personal, so much a part of that power, that what you end up with is a directed explosion, an emotional catharsis that defines precisely and existentially what the blues are for, as well as all about.

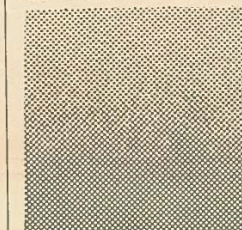
It's hard to single out individual tracks, since there isn't a song on the record that falls short of being a masterpiece. Well, a random choice: "Red Cross Store" is almost unbearably intense, the guitar roaring out a repeated figure that builds relentlessly until you are practically hanging onto the floor to keep from being swept away, all this while McDowell sings, and shouts words that I haven't listened to yet, and I've played this track at least 40 times. The words are almost beside the point—it's all there in the music, in the sound and movement of McDowell's voice. I mean, this isn't a performance—it's real.

Most of the songs are traditional blues like "Baby Please Don't Go" and "Good Morning Little Schoolgirl," but McDowell has worked them over some to make them personal statements. "Kokomo Me Baby," though credited to McDowell, is yet another version of Robert Johnson's "Sweet Home Chicago," only this time it's sweet home Kokomo.

There is one original, a beautiful gospel song called "Jesus Is On The Mainline." I got hung up on it and went around for a week or two singing:

Well my Jesus is on the mainline
Tell Him what you want
Jesus is on the mainline
Tell Him what you want
Yeah Jesus is on the mainline
Tell Him what you want
Call Him up and tell Him what you want.

And do you know what? Jesus was on the mainline, and I told Him what I wanted and He arranged to get it to me. I don't know how much more of a testimonial you want—this is one mother-fucker of a record. MICHAEL GOODWIN



KILLING FLOOR (Sire SES 97019)

OPEN, Blues Image (A&M SD 33-317)

FRIED PINK (Parrot PAS 71033)

LITTLE WOMAN YOU'RE SO SWEET, Shaggy Vick (Janus JLS-300)

1970 is not shaping up as a very momentous year for rock and roll. With or without putting down anyone or releasing bland albums like *Deja Vu*, and the latest crop of gushingly hyped supergroups proving dreadfully predictable, I went back to the most predictable music of all: white English and American blues bands.

Some of their work, like *Like Love Sculpture's* stunning pre-experiments *Blues Helping* and *Taste's* finely wrought second album, is on a par with the very best music being played today. Much of the rest, however, falls somewhere between the intermittent excitement of unevenly-inspired conviction and the zombie-like drills of the totally untalented and uninspired.

Killing Floor are a more than competent British group who frustrate precisely because for all the considerable excitement in their music they fail to show the slightest glimmer of originality. Their style is largely patterned on the Yardbirds, and a weather model could not be found.

"Forget It," for instance, is extremely reminiscent of the classic "I Wish You Would," and "People Change Your Mind" lacks solemn Eric Burdonian preachments ("You try to impress people in your neighborhood/By buying cars and furs you know it ain't no good/Why don't you try to help the needy/Instead of acting just like wood") on a patented Yardbirds raveup. For all its familiarity, though, their sound is always driving and on occasion blisteringly exciting.

Blues Image's second album presents similar strengths and weaknesses. Here a bunch of subtle, seasoned musicians have lost themselves in a dietitian's salad of styles without direction. At their best they are warm, bracingly methodical and rock-solid, as in the hit "Ride Captain Ride," which overcomes an awkward similarity in the chorus line to the Moody Blues' "Ride My See-Saw" and makes good listening anytime. Too much of the rest of the album, however, is sessionman-competent and stylistically confused, from the long boring blues jam on "Clean Love" to the boringly obvious on "Parchman Farm" and "La Bamba," two standards definitely due for retirement.

Frijid Pink, on the other hand, are so inept they make it. I first suspected there was something vital happening here when

some Blood Sweat and Tears fan told me that this was the worst album he'd heard in months, and one listening confirmed their place in an unsung rock tradition. They combine the punk raunch of Detroit with the exquisite stiff case blues of a great Texas band like the Shadows of Knight ("You can have your drugs, baby/Don't inject 'em in me... 'Cuz I'm a lover man!" they declare), and the result compensates in charm for what it lacks in authority. Rigid rhythms, crashing fury, and a vocalist who is flat in more of the right places than anybody since Sly Saxson of the Seeds. I know that sounds condescending, but I really like this music, and you may too if you keep in mind that it comes out of teen suburbia with its own specialized traditions—or, as Frijid Pink so aptly puts it in "I'm On My Way": "Boogie Canned Heat/Boogie Savoy Brown/Boogie Frijid Pink now/Gotta put the boogie down!" Right on, Frijid Pink—all power to the pukes!

The jiving enthusiasm of Frijid Pink is especially heartening when compared with the leaden pretensions of Shaggy Vick's first American album, which must rank as one of the most pedestrian attempts in the spotty history of British blues. It's all recorded live in a Birmingham club to the polite applause of an audience that could only be convinced of zealots. The music itself is nothing more than a singularly uninspired recitation of the hoariest country blues clichés, delivered with a rote detachment that is numbingly infectious. A pointless record, and far more characteristic of the transatlantic blues revival than the fire of Killing Floor or the artless wit of Frijid Pink. What we need is more bands willing to perch on the very ends of the limbs—enough of this ceaseless burrowing around dry roots.

LESTER BANGS



KOOPER SESSION: AL KOOPER INTRODUCES SHUGGIE OTIS (Columbia CS 9551)

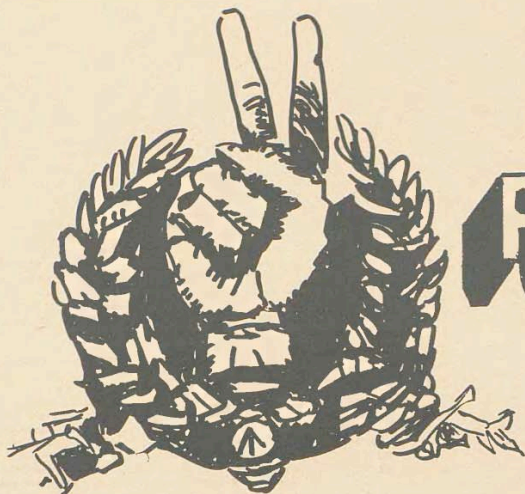
HERE COMES SHUGGIE OTIS (Epic BN 26511)

Without a doubt, the blues debut of last year was that of Shugie Otis. Shugie was introduced to the music world a little over a year ago by his father on *Cold Shot* by the Johnny Otis Show (Cand 534), recorded when he was 14 years old, which showed him to be already conversant with the language of blues and a variety of blues and rhythm-and-blues styles. His most recent albums will confirm the opinion held by some that he is some kind of wunderkind. It is not just the fact that he is so young. When a musician grows up in a strong musical tradition, he often starts young, and Shuggie, as the son of Johnny Otis, Sr., certainly grew up in blues and R&B. It is also the fact that he is really good in so many ways: he has an accurate ear, a keen grasp of musical styles, and a tasteful, sensitive way of interpreting them.

Kooper Session was the first record Shuggie made after his debut. The session consists of Shuggie on guitar, Wells Kelly on drums, Stu Woods on bass and Mark Kingman on piano part-time, with the Harris Robinson Singers providing the female back-up vocals. Kooper, of course, takes care of piano, organ and vocals. Shuggie is all right, but the session doesn't make it. Part of the problem is the sound, which is flat and dull, and the mix, which is muddy. The female choir is virtually inaudible, and there are times, especially on Side One, when even the solo instrument is indistinct. One cut, "Shuggie's Old-Time de-lee-dee-dee Slide Boogie," has hiss and surface noise dubbed over as "an attempt at re-creating the bottleneck-piano duets available only on old 78s. This piece of camp is unnecessary as well as inaccurate. Another part of the problem is the ensemble performance itself, which somehow lacks the tight, vital quality of a good blues session. The rhythm section is rigid and unimaginative, and as a result, nothing ever really gets off the ground.

As to the individual cuts, Kooper says it all describing them as "four quickly arranged pieces" (Side One), and "three unprepared jams" (Side Two). It's strange the way the word "improvised" as applied to blues is sometimes mistaken to mean "hastily or carelessly assembled." Shuggie's best work is on side two, mainly because he gets lost in the mix on the first side. "Shuggie's Shuffle" and especially "12:15 Slow Goonbush Blues" feature some very nice post-B. King style guitar work, and on "Shuggie's Old Time... Slide Boogie" he reveals that he can play bottleneck guitar too.

Here Comes Shuggie Otis is an improvement all the way around. The album was produced and arranged by the senior Otis, who has done an excellent job as usual. The arrangements



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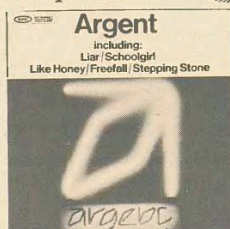
You'll notice a lot of echoes when you listen to Argent. Not of other groups, but of other styles. In a way, it's as if four incredibly accomplished musicians had pushed the classic form of the Top 40 Song to its farthest musical extreme. Each cut has a beginning, middle and end. And what's in between is always a breathless exploration. Of rhythm. Of texture. Even of production technique.

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feeling that there's a reason for every note and pause. And that feeling gives you a reason to feel your own feelings stronger. Or put it this way: Argent records in stereo in more senses than one. There's enough sound there for two heads.

Argent. Music you hear twice. Especially when you listen for the first time. The second time's a pretty good trip, too.

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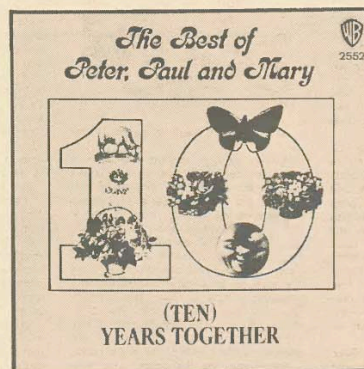


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Peter, Paul & Mary Freaks

Puff, The Magic Dragon/Blowin' in the Wind/
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and Roll Music/If I Had a Hammer/Too Much
of Nothing/Leaving on a Jet Plane/& Others.

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RECORDS

range from typical blues band instrumentation to more ambitious orchestration including flutes, horns, tympani, and a full range of strings. On several cuts Shuggie extends his talents to the keyboard (piano, organ, harpsichord and celeste).

Shuggie tries a few new things on this album. He sings for the first time, his soft, mellow voice at its best on the lyrical ballad "Jenny Lee." He also tries a few numbers in what you might call the light rock vein ("Knowing," "Baby I Needed You"), but for my money he is at his very best with the blues. In this idiom he is completely at home. He plays smooth, seemingly effortless solos, creating subtle variations on established blues licks and runs. A fine example of his effortless riffing and lucid tone is "Shuggie's Blues." This cut begins with a short rap by Shuggie on his musical influences (a Who's Who beginning with Robert Johnson and Son House and continuing with Elmore James, T. Bone Walker and B. B. King) and his first gigs. He started out performing in dives with his father's R&B group, wearing dark glasses and painting on a mustache so he would look older. His band included Delmar Evans and electric violinist Don "Sugar-cane" Harris both of whom, along with Shuggie, form the nucleus of the Johnny Otis Show. Other good ones are "Boogie Cooler," "Gospel Groove" (a slow blues) and "Oxford Grey," a more ambitious piece alternating and blending psychedelic blues, classical modes and impressionistic bottleneck playing. This album is the true successor to his first. The next one should be interesting too.

MARINA BOKELMAN



TWO TRIPS WITH JESSE COLIN YOUNG, The Youngbloods (Mercury SR 61273)

In early 1965, Jesse Colin Young recorded an excellent solo album on Mercury (now out-of-print) called *Young Blood*. Trunked along in relative obscurity in the folk field, Jesse nevertheless was the subject of a three-page article in the November 1965 *Hit Parade*: "The Rockfolk Revolution: Jesse Colin Young and Fred Neil." (!) Shortly thereafter in Boston, Jesse met bluesgrass musician Banana, jazz drummer Joe Bauer, and folkie Jerry Corbett of Tifton, Georgia and ragtime fame. They all got together, amazingly, and said, "Hey man, why don't we all play together and be the best American rock group there'll ever be?" And so they were, hassles and all.

This new Mercury album is not pirated garbage; it is not a re-recording of the Youngbloods tuning up at their first rehearsal; it is not a re-rehearsed version of the early Youngbloods' practice tapes being run backwards. What it is, is a very good album—historically invaluable and in some ways equal to any of the Youngbloods' albums.

Side one has five performances by the Youngbloods: one Jerry Corbett song and four Jesse Colin Young originals. Three of the songs are gently rocking ballads, all beautiful and excellent in the classic Youngbloods vein, featuring their fantastic group singing. The fourth, "Another Strange Town," is a marginal hard rock song with solo vocal by Jesse. "Rider," the last, is a blues with Jesse singing alone again.

The second side consists of six cuts taken from the old *Young Blood* album: "Nobody's Dirty Business," "Doc Geiger," "Brother Can You Spare a Dime," and three of Jesse's eight originals on the album. Every one of the six songs is good. For that matter, the five which have been left off are also excellent. The striking thing is that Jesse Colin Young's singing here is as good as he has ever done, if not perhaps even better: clear and unaffected. The music (flute and harp and Pete Childs on dobro) is really varied: some blues-type songs, some straight folk material, and other songs tending to bluesgrass. In a nutshell, it is amazingly good; and this disc, good as it is, only hints at the depth and larger mood of *Young Blood*. But good it is.

And so, what we have here is not a junky re-issue, but a beautiful and valid album that chronologically comes right before the Youngbloods' first RCA album. And, brothers and sisters, if you still haven't listened to the Youngbloods, if you still don't have some of the Youngbloods' albums—is there something wrong with you? Have a heart, give the Youngbloods a chance. The Youngbloods' music has enough heart to go around for everyone.

MIKE SAUNDERS



SANDERS' TRUCKSTOP, Ed Sanders (Reprise, RS 6374)

Sanders going solo suggests the ultimate fate of the Fugs proper, and his decision to apply his special madness to the down-home idioms reflects a commercial wisdom as well as a satiric socio-political updating the better to poke at the guts of Middle (i.e., dumb shit) America.

The original Fugs had a sick persistence in an atmosphere of slick crap—although they were far from competent. By the time of *It Crawled Out of My Hand, Honest*, they were still trying to scandalize the hip. But by then their audacity seemed trivial; they were facing away their "revolutionary" talent and persuasive potential by a diarrhetic discharge of random absurdities. Not was there much "musical" interest to salvage their performance. It wasn't an album to listen to. But Sanders was still, at moments, a savagely funny person, and if you slit the album open in the back of some Woolworth or other, his liner prose was worth looking at.

Belle of *Avenue A* was a really nice album—funny, graceful, gay, and indiscriminate in its ridicule. Sanders' "country" vocals were judiciously interspersed with other stuff. But that's the whole of *Sanders' Truckstop*. His burlesque twang becomes, after four or five tracks, more insufferable than the real thing, as a parody naturally accentuates the mannerisms of its source. Sure, there are laughs—but like comedy albums, the second time around isn't so hot, the third's a drag, and a fourth isn't possible without a year's layoff. Also, the simple arrangements throw into relief the frequent pretentiousness of Sanders' humor, its labored quality.

For my taste, Sanders' limited, skin-deep outrageousness can't go for two whole sides. On the other hand, genuinely mocking spirits are all too rare, and in this day and age, I suppose we should champion people like Sanders while we got them. So here's hoping for a less monotonous context in future recordings for Sanders, some sensible editing of the goofy strain that threatens to disintegrate the persona, and a long life filling fools and swine.

JACK SHADLOAN



STONE THE CROWS (Polydor 24-4019)

Stone the Crows sounds so American you know they must be British. They are a new group and haven't quite gotten it together. The musicianship is good if a little loose. The group knows how to play the silences and they have the sense to avoid the hysteria that seems to afflict so many first albums.

They rely heavily on their vocalists, Maggie Bell and Jim Dewar. They both have excellent voices: Maggie Bell has Janis Joplin's, and Jim Dewar has David Clayton-Thomas'. The resemblance is truly amazing, especially on the more commercial tracks that make up Side one. Maggie Bell sounds like Janis Joplin on a Honey-Tone 3-transistor radio with the treble turned up all the way. Jim Dewar has mastered Clayton-Thomas' art of singing with and around the teeth. On Side Two, the less commercial and better side, they sound more like themselves—and themselves can sing very well.

Side One is rather ordinary and empty. It consists of a variety of songs intended to demonstrate the group's versatility. "The Touch of Your Loving Hand" is a neo-Oris Redding ballad. Maggie and Jim trade lines, and the balance is nice, but the music is far too long, slow and empty to sustain itself. "Raining in Your Heart" is hard-rock ala Santana. Good singing, good guitar but dull. Their version of "Blind Man" is interesting—it isn't (thank God) the same version that Janis Joplin now owns. They stick close to the Joplin White version, including some mellow and antique acoustic work.

The second side, "I Saw America" is far better. It is, among other things, an e-ample of a traditional game played by European visitors called Analyzing the American. The piece is a montage

including roughly eight sections, dealing with various aspects of American Society. The piece begins with a minority statement of the social nihilism this country often generates: "young men cry for America," etc. It moves to a soul-like section, sung by Jim Dewar, about "Detroit City" and moving to San Francisco. Next, an instrumental blues, leading into a slow section about America's true anarchist-revolutionaries, the street people. Next a weird instrumental—the best moment on the album—based on mechanical rhythms played by artificial instruments—a robot music for an inhuman society. "I Saw America" closes with San Francisco—a vision of a future of "Children of a new religion, in love with everything." The music is almost a parody of the typically overdone San Francisco Sound.

As the piece progresses it loses structure, tries to get shorter and shorter, the transitions get vaguer, and the whole piece succumbs to a confusion as American as twisting the dial on an AM radio. An ambitious and moving 18 minutes.

What Stone the Crows needs more than anything is an editor: someone with taste to keep what's good and cut what's bad. Too many of the songs are pointless long and discursive. They dissipate the power that the group is innately capable of. DAVID GANCHER



TOM PAXTON 6, Tom Paxton (Elektra EKS 74066)

This album is one of the better examples of how a producer can screw up a talented performer. Tom Paxton, like Dylan and Ochs, began as a folk-styled protest song writer. He kept the faith long after "My Back Pages" and Dylan's defection, followed by nearly the whole folk scene, to rock music, holding out and labeling the hybrid "folk rock." His pen remained folk and his songs political until 1967, when he followed Judy Collins' lead and incorporated the Josh Rifkin formula of the French-German story-song put to a semi-string quartet arrangement. For Miss Collins this approach worked, since most of the lyrics were not political, but experiential in the tradition of Leonard Cohen and Joni Mitchell. Paxton endeavored to politicize the Rifkin sound by creating a contemporary Brecht-rock.

The *Things I Notice Now*, Paxton's first attempt at this failed, since Brecht stressed the message, while Rifkin was totally absorbed by the potency of the musical arrangement. The current album, *Tom Paxton 6*, has most of the defects of this last effort. It is overarranged and mixed into a form of musical mush with the social significance being lost in violin solos. "Jimmy Newman," a song about a dead GI, is typically one of the most poignant statements against the Johnson-Nixon adventure ever written. Unfortunately, the song comes out like a World War II Kate Smith piece on seeing Jefferson at Guadalcanal accompanied by Norman Luboff. Even Paxton's ode to Forest Lawn lacks the simplicity to make it work. John Denver has recorded both of these pieces with far better results. As a singer, Denver, unhappily for Paxton, is just another run-of-the-mill ballad interpreter following in the steps of Dion and Jeff Connor.

Occasionally the old simplicity creeps through the piano riffs, as in "Cindy's Crying," which chronicles the attempt of a New York hooker to break her habit. "Annie's Going To Sing Her Song" (no relation to the Midnighters' Annie) and the antipollution "Whose Garden Was This?" also show flashes of the past. If one subtracts the violin, the harpsichord, etc., *Tom Paxton 6* is a good record.

R. SERGE DENISOFF



THE DELFONICS' SUPER HITS (Philly Groove PG 1152)

One thing that can get to you in listening to minor soul groups is the way so many of them sound like nothing more than second-rate imitations of the Temptations, or even first-rate imitations of the Temptations. That's not a bad deal if you like the Temptations, but all

the same it's a pleasure to come upon a group like the Delfonics, one that has its own individual and immediately recognizable sound.

As much as I like the Delfonics, I wouldn't want to recommend them unequivocally to those who have never caught them on the radio, at least not without mentioning some of their obvious limitations. Their expression is mostly banal—no great flexibility or personal warmth—and not everyone will be equally charmed by their ponderous arrangements which cry out "Made in Philadelphia" with every pregnant pause. On top of all this, their sugary vocals must understandably make some listeners regard them as merely soul bubblegum music.

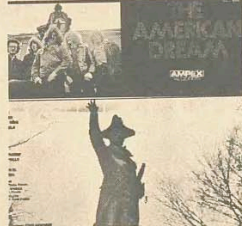
To me, though, they represent much more—an intelligent and refreshing approach to Top 40 rock and Top 40 soul. The success of the sound they put together comes from its emphasis on simplicity and clarity of contrast. A drum roll in the right place, an unexpected touch of harmony, and the song is right in there. Some of the most effective moments in the hit "La La Means I Love You," for example, just grow out of the interaction between the lead singer and the bass line.

So I dig the Delfonics' music, but I'm not so sure about their marketing procedures, which gives us three albums out of two albums' worth of songs, with some of their best material left out. The songs on this new album are taken entirely from two earlier albums, *La La Means I Love You* and *Sound of Sexy Soul*, which are now rendered unnecessary, since almost all the other songs on them are schmaltz pop remakes rather than original Delfonics songs. Even so, the current collection doesn't quite make it as a *Greatest Hits*, lacking both the recent "Don't Let Me Be This Way" and the very early and very fine "He Don't Really Love You," which is not on any of the albums.

As it stands, *Super Hits* does dull the best of the previously collected material and features three outstanding cuts—"La La," which saved my life back in the spring of 1968 when it filtered through to the white AM stations in Texas; "I'm Sorry," the followup to "La La" and essentially the same song, but with a better and more elaborate melody line; and the more recent "You Got Yours and I'll Get Mine," a highly complex, dress rehearsal for the triumphant success of "Didn't I." Winding through a seemingly inexhaustible variety of climates, "You Got Yours" gets at the pleasure centers by more different routes than anything short of a full-scale orgy. Nothing else stands out the way these do, but almost everything is quite adequate. If only "He Don't Really Love You" had been included in place of "With These Hands!"

The Delfonics have been entertaining their AM fans, black and white, with a steady string of hits for some two or three years now. For those who count themselves among the entertained, *Super Hits* is the album to buy and hear.

ARNOLD BRODSKY



THE AMERICAN DREAM, the American Dream (Amplex A-10101)

SWEET STAVIN' CHAIN, Sweet Stavin' Chain (Coillion SD 9021)

BLESS YOU DOCTOR WOODWARD, Edison Electric Band (Coillion SD 9022)

Once a scene dies, it's hard for it to be born again. Philadelphia is a good example. Once the seat of rock power in America (Dick Clark, American Bandstand, Frankie Avalon, Bernie Lowe, etc.), it hasn't been heard from in years. In terms of soul music, that is changing—largely because of a couple of guys named Gamble and Huff. In terms of white rock, a change is still to come.

The American Dream, five Northeast corner rowdies, could be the beginning. Professionally, their new Amplex album is far above recent releases by fellow Philly groups, Edison Electric Band and Sweet Stavin' Chain. They've evolved something of a distinctive sound and defined an area to work in. They know their depth (not deep), and they are happy in it.

The Dream's strength is in precision harmonies, instrumental tightness and nuttiness. Nick Jameson knows every rock guitar lick going and quite a few country licks as well. On the LP's first cut, "Good News," he uses most of them, layering Don Van Vliet's se- cular moving beyond and lagging behind Mickey Brook's rickchet drumming. Crazy, it works. "Good News" makes you laugh, which is the idea.

"Credemphel" is even zanier. Nicky Indelicato, the lead singer, gets into a German officer parody on a line as

unlikely as "I'm gonna get you, hook, line and zinker." The speed of the song alone is manic and the Dream almost transcends itself (with a few exceptions, like "I'm gonna get you, hook, line and zinker," sounding near the end like a freaking jug band that has gotten stoned on Spike Jones).

On the slower stuff, mostly Jameson's, the Dream is mellow and direct. They have the straightforwardness of a nice 19-year-old, in love for the first time. Because of this, their inevitable put-downs of war, inhumanity, etc. are listenable.

It should be noted that the Dream was the first group signed by Albert Grossman's new Bearsville production outfit, and, no matter what you may think of Albert, he is not known for backing losers.

On the other hand there are Sweet Stavin' Chain and Edison Electric. In the former case, we have an example of a band that doesn't know where it's going; in the latter, a band that is going nowhere, but doesn't know it.

Sweet Stavin' Chain possesses one of the freest blues guitarists in the country in Danny Starobin, as well as a fine horn section. Neither Starobin's blues or freak prowess are used to advantage however, and the hornmen lay back for most of the record, contenting themselves with occasional blasts of Deep South soul, like a too-tired, early Ray Charles band. Particularly bad is an over-long track of "Stormy Monday," normally Chain's best piece in live performance. Maybe the fault is with Shel Kagan's production, a failure to psyche out where the band is at, or should be.

Edison Electric suffers from pretension and a lack of balls. What is the point of having a nice, earthy blues voice like lead singer T. J. Tindall's, if you can't forget for a moment that you have it? What value is there in learning all those complex blues and jazz riffs, like keyboard man Mark Jordan, if you don't take time to feel them? Why cut a song like "Ship of the Future," which sounds just like Crosby, Stills and all those guys.

There are a couple of Philadelphia bands around that are worth listening to, but unfortunately they aren't recording. One is the reformed Elizabeth, a former folk-rock act that used to record for Vanguard and is now into jazz-rock. The other is PILT, a genuine prole band. The money spent on Edison and Chain would have been better used on these two groups but of course there is no justice in rock and roll.

JOHN LOMBARDI



ROBIN'S REIGN, Robin Gibb (Atco SD-35-323)

CUCUMBER CASTLE, Bee Gees (Atco SD-33-327)

So you thought that the Bee Gees had orchestrated and harmonized themselves out for a while after *Odesa*? Well, not so. In fact, they have multiplied. Within the last two months two more albums in the continuing Bee Gees odyssey have appeared. The first of these is a Robin Gibb solo album, the other features the remaining two brothers, Maurice and Barry, involved in a quasi sound-track album.

Needless to say, it is very difficult to distinguish one from the other. Both feature evocative, nostalgic, melodic gestures and literal sweeps of sound, sensitive (sometimes contrived) gestures, harmonies and a brilliant mingling of classical and Spectorian gimmickry that dynamizes each tune. But what really makes both albums succeed is the lyrics. All the songs on both albums were composed by the brother, or brothers, involved. Most are negative ballads about either wasted lives or wasted loves, although on the Robin Gibb album this is varied quite a few times. "Farmer Ferdinand Hudson" is a surreal, have-to-hear-that-one-again-for-the-tenth-time tune to the tune from "Odesa," while "Lord Bless All" features an over-dubbed choir and has a beatific preoccupation about it. Other effective efforts on this album include "The Worst Girl in This Town," which sounds like something the Crystals got to record in the mid-Sixties; also "Mother and Jack," which is, surprisingly enough, a calypso-oriented tune that Robin expands and adds to expertly. The rest of the songs are undiluted forlorn/lonely ballads that range from the succinct "Weekend" or "Gone" to the repetitious "Most of My Life" or the confusing "Down Came the Sun." Whatever you want to say about Robin Gibb's moving from Bee Gees to go solo you have to give him credit—he has put together a well-balanced, appealing album. Except for the beautiful cover of *Cucumber Castle* has its merits also. Actually, it's a pseudo sound-track, half (five cuts) is from a Bee Gees television spectacular; the other half in-

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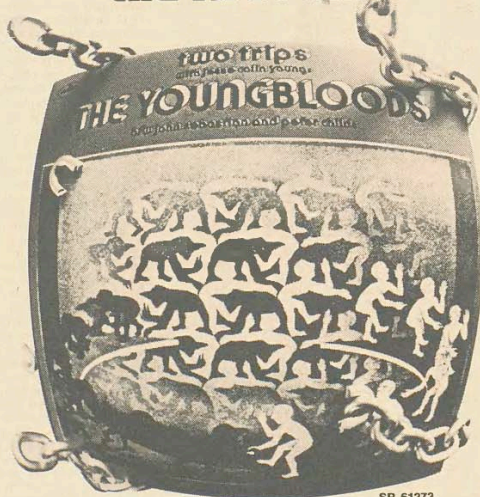
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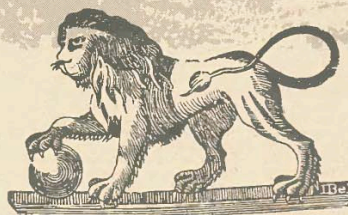
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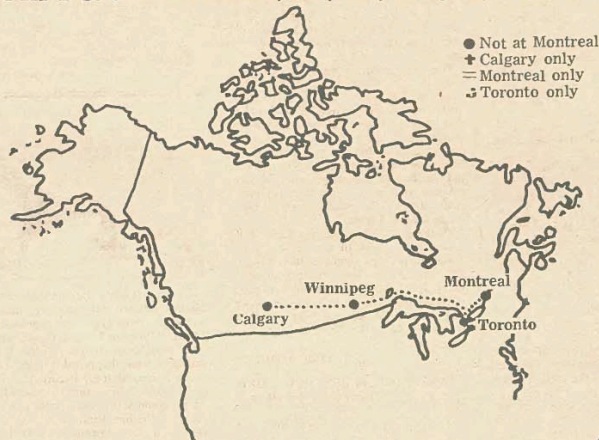
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Short shit: Woodstockers Kornfeld and Long have started their own label, Eleuthera (Greek for "freedom"), to be distributed by Buddah. Kim Fowley has left the employ of Liberty Records, and may be considered as being at large. Jimi Hendrix is apparently all over the new album, and good new stuff due soon will include a second Elektra DeNey & Bonnie set and King Crimson's second, which I bet you'll have a hard time dancing to . . .

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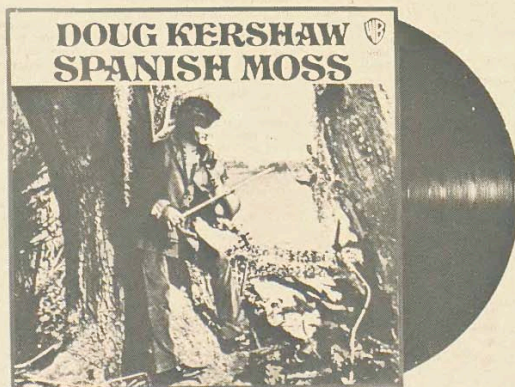
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KYBD. SPECIALIST wants female vocaliset for great blues group with connections. Dennis—547-1664, Bronx.

ORGANIST & BASS wanted. Must be versatile & under 18. Steve—665-2064, Bay Shore L.I., NY.

RHYTHM GUITARIST, organist & singer wanted for hard rock group. Must have good equip. Steve—663-3824, Bronx.

EXP'D LEAD guitarist seeks musicians to start blues/rock group in NY City this summer. Mitch—881-6123, Bronx.

BASS GUITARIST with recording exp. & good equip. needs to join/form prof. group. Marc—c/o Greene, Crescent Beach Rd., Glen Cove, L.I., NY.

VOCALIST, 20-25, needed to complete group from Byrds to blues. Rick—296-2601, Jamaica, NY.

WANTED: LEAD singer & bassist with equip. and exp. Must be able to travel. Hard, expanding rock. Greg—442-7575, Rochester, NY.

DRUMMER seeks female guitarist & good bass player (male) to start a unique together group. Larry—874-1688, NY.

FOLK/BLUES Guitarist—singer seeks blues country, folk singer to form group for orig. mat. John—738-0191, Peutnam Manor.

DRUMMER wanted for group with orig. mat. Must be versed in all rhythms. Vic—964-1072, Union, NJ.

ESTAB'D MALE singer seeks to form or join group of versatile musicians. Todd—245-4272, NY.

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CONGA DRUMMER seeks group. Can travel. 8 yrs. exp. in Latin, Afro. rock. George—472-4600, Brooklyn.

MALE VOCALIST needed for hard rock blues type group. John—767-1217, Damariscott, NY.

SAN FRANCISCO

VERSATILE Exp'd bass player seeks group doing orig. mat. with prof. outlook & exp. Michael—655-2985, Oakland.

WANTED: LEAD singer, exp'd, over 21, for blues-rock group. Chuck—751-8241 or 861-8849, SF.

ANYONE INTERESTED in getting it together by ear training/sight singing thing with small group call Jim—647-7652, SF.

GUITARIST needed, pref. singer to carry some parts. Must play nice. Lee—467-7344, SF.

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ORGANIST INTO blues & rock seeks band. 4 yrs. exp. & dbl on harp. John—232-3106, Richmond.

WORKING LEAD Guitarist—songwriter seeks better gig with tight group. Into C&W, R&B, blues and mellow. Good mat. backup vocal. Tony—843-9701, Berkeley.

ROCK & ROLL singer seeks group. Rob—282-8069 or 862-6430, SF.

EXP'D TRUMPET player needed for jazz-soul group. Gigs imminent. Arnie—527-1658 or Ray—332-7459, Oakland.

GUITARIST INTO Sandy Bull style stuff seeks people to jam with, possible group. Phil—567-6432, SF.

WORKING BAND with character seeks really together singer-bass player to carry on. John—843-9701, Berkeley.

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WANTED: A-1 Rock & Roll drummer for creative LA based rock group with album. Larry—278-5900, LA.

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FUNKY CHICK organist or lead guitar really needed by group with contract, to do orig. mat. All sing. 656-3962, LA.

DRUMMER, 5 yrs. exp., reads, seeks heavy musicians into orig. mat. to form solid rock group. Don—636-4830, LA.

JAZZ-ROCK trumpet & trombone players seek creative musicians. Wayne—465-1862, 4500 Oxford, La Mesa.

ORGAN, BASS & Rhythm wanted by drummer & lead guitarist. Mugs & Mike—652-7810, Pittsburg.

YOUNG CHICK Singer seeks folk-rock guitarist with no prof. exp. Dinky—444-3685, 200 Paradox Lane, San Diego.

SHO-BUD pedal steel guitar—beautiful. \$1100. P.O. Box 1668, South Lake Tahoe.

EAST COAST

ZAPPA-IST seeks people for band. Steven—946-8555, Colts Neck, NJ.

DRUMMER AVAILABLE: Exp'd, solid, plays harp & sings harmony. Seeks group. Howard—349-2085, Toms River, NJ.

GUTSY MALE blues-belter, 17, seeks 10 Yrs. After/Zeppelin group. Will answer all letters, will travel. Jeff De Baun—c/o R. Heller, 1892 Pinewood Rd., Eau Gallie, Florida.

FREE LEAD guitarist seeks people/group to record. Will travel. Karl Anderson—438-0348, Providence, R.I.

EXP'D DRUMMER wants to start/join band. Into heavy blues & jazz. Can travel. Stan Saxl—456-8754, Harvard, Mass.

1-Y HEAVY rock drummer seeks orig. group with creativity. Lem—387-6919, Millburn, NJ.

DRUMMER & RHYTHM player with own style, ambitions, long hair who can dig rhythm & blues wanted for group doing orig. mat. 18/over. Ken—778-1632, Lodi, NJ.

LEAD GUITARIST into British blues with own equip. seeks group to gig with. Jim—289-1632, Boston, Mass.

DRUMMER, 5 yrs. exp., own equip. & transportation who sings, seeks to gig. Gordon—499-1176, Virginia Beach, Virginia.

DRUMMER MOVING to Honolulu looking for group that digs Santana, Procol Harum & the Boogie. Harry Salzberg—505 Honaker Ave., Richmond, Virginia.

BASSIST NEEDED: **WINTER CONSOET**, A&M Records, looking for dynamic classically trained bassist, with equal devotion to Bach and to concepts of rock bass, to play amplified acoustic upright. Uppawag Road, West Redding, Conn. 06896. (203) 535-2059.

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STRUNG DRUMMER, 24, 9 yrs. exp., seeks hard rock band who is looking for a Will travel. Ray Mucci—427-2419, 17 Delle Ave., Boston, Mass.

FEMALE VOCALIST, acoustic guitarist seeks music for drummers for country rock group. Carol—325-2352, Boston, Mass.

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LEAD GUITARIST, exp'd in blues, jazz, R&B, needs group for serious music. W. Hamann, RR No. 1, Jerseyville, Ontario, Canada (416) 648-8433.

MOUTH HARP & Autoharp player seeks people to make music with. No large amps needed. Mark—928-0946, Chicago, Ill.

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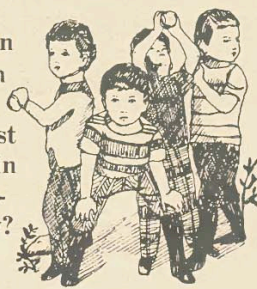
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DETROIT'S HEAVIEST rock group seeks exp'd guitarist & creative kybd. Victor—283-7658, Detroit, Michigan.

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CREATIVE SINGER and funky drummer needed for rock and blues band with gigs. John—651-3436, Toronto, Ontario.

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EXP'D DRUMMER seeks musicians in St. Louis area. Jim Hammers—822-9178, St. Louis, Missouri.

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WANTED: EXCEPTIONAL, heavy stoned-soul drummer, exp'd, to play with dynamic trio. MGM contract. No draft, school, or family hang-ups. Flower children need not apply. Call 964-7978, Bass River, Ma.

WANTED: GOOD steel guitar or country lead player for country rock group. Tradit., folk, Byrds & orig. matter. Call Otto—865-5706, No. Bergen, N.J.

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